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JAMES FRASER.

PREFACE.

THE thanks of the readers of this book, and of the Author, are due to Mrs. Fraser, and to the friends of the late Bishop who have kindly allowed selections from their letters to be published, or have furnished memoranda of their intercourse with him.

Nothing else seems to be needed in the way of preface to a biography of this class. No one can doubt that this time has need of men of faith, simplicity, and courage, and of these qualities Bishop Fraser was a bright example. My work has been only to let him paint his own picture: "good wine needs no bush."

T. H.

JAMES FRASER

SECOND BISHOP OF MANCHESTER

A Memoir

1818—1885

BY

THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

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"He that would understand England must understand her Church, for that is half the whole matter."

Carlyle's Journals, FROUDE'S *Life*.

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"England felt the full heat of the Christianity which fermented Europe, and "drew, like the chemistry of fire, a firm line between barbarism and culture.

"The Church was the mediator, check, and democratic principle in Europe— "Latimer, Wicliffe, Arundel, Cobham, Anthony Parsons, Sir Harry Vane, "George Fox, Penn, Bunyan, are the democrats, as well as the saints, of their "times. The Catholic Church, thrown on this toiling, serious people, has "made in fourteen centuries a massive system, close fitted to the manners and "genius of the country, at once domestical and stately. In the long time it has "blended with everything in heaven above and the earth beneath."

—EMERSON'S *English Traits*—"Religion."

PART I.

"He who would understand England must understand her Church, for that is half of the whole matter."—CARLYLE'S "Journal," FROUDE'S *Life*, vol. ii. p. 73.

LIFE OF BISHOP FRASER.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them! who in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work and know it not."

WORDSWORTH, *Ode to Duty.*

EARLY YEARS. BRIDGENORTH AND SHREWSBURY SCHOOLS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD. 1818—1840.

JAMES FRASER was born on the 18th of August 1818, at Oaklands House in the parish of Prestbury, a Gloucestershire village nestling under the Cotswolds. His father, a cadet of the Frasers of Durris, in Forfarshire, had gone to India when very young and been successful as a merchant. He was thus able to return home, and settle, at a comparatively early age. He married a daughter of Mr. John Willim, a leading Solicitor at Bilston, Staffordshire, and James was the eldest of their seven children, the others being five boys and one girl. 1818 to 1832

For several years after his early childhood he spent most of his time at his grandfather's at Bilston, where he soon began to show the ability which marked him all his life. His early

1818 to 1832 lessons gave him no trouble.—"James seems always to be whistling about the house," his aunt said to a friend; "and when I ask him if it is not time to begin his lessons, his answer is always the same, 'Oh, I finished them long ago.'"—In 1824, when he was six years old, his parents moved to 5, Baring Crescent, Heavitree, near Exeter; for the educational and economical advantages of that neighbourhood, and to be near old Indian friends of his father settled in that western city.

Here James was sent to his first school, at Mount Radford (another neighbouring suburb of Exeter). "There I remained till I was fourteen. The Rev. C. R. Roper was my master, and an excellent one he was." So the Bishop of Manchester wrote forty years later, with his usual kindliness, of one who may have been a good teacher but was scarcely fit for his post in other respects. One day, for instance, the boy had his head buried in his desk during school hours, after the manner of boys, with the heavy lid hanging over him. The head master, passing along, tilted it, and let it fall on the boy's head, happily with no worse result than a bad headache.

While at Mount Radford, Mr. Willim, his grandfather, writes of him to his mother (1825): "Your pleasing accounts of all the dear children, and particularly the progress dear James is making in his learning, are most gratifying to us. That boy is a blessing to us all, and some day will be our pride and boast; at least I fully anticipate this."

His father died in 1832, when he was fourteen. Like other successful Indians, used to a busy life, and finding unemployed leisure unendurable, James Fraser the elder embarked the greater part of his property in iron mines, and other properties, which his experience did not enable him to manage successfully. The consequence was, that his widow found herself comparatively poor, with six sons to bring up. She lived on at Heavitree, but both she herself and the boys now spent much time with her own family at Bewdley in Staffordshire, where

her brother, John Willim, was now established as a Solicitor. Under his advice James was sent to Bridgenorth School, of which Dr. Rowley was then head master. The two years he spent there were quiet and profitable, owing mainly to the ability of the doctor, but in part to the stimulating society of several school-fellows equally able with himself. These were, the present Lord Lingen, Osborne Gordon, and Pulling, all afterwards with himself highly distinguished at Oxford, where Lord Lingen became Ireland scholar and a Fellow of Trinity, Osborne Gordon censor and tutor of Christ Church, and Pulling, Fellow of Brasenose. At Bridgenorth he got the nickname of 'peach' from his blooming complexion. He left with his school-fellows the impression of a good and good-humoured boy, whose career was likely to be distinguished. 1832 to 1834

The esteem in which Dr. Rowley held him appears by the following extract from the doctor's letter to his mother, dated May 12th, 1834, on his removal to Shrewsbury: "I am happy to say that your son is giving me very great satisfaction. I deeply regret his removal. Perhaps the master of a classical school is exposed to no severer mortification than that of seeing one of his most promising pupils removed to another school when he expects to reap the just reward of his past exertions and solicitude. But I have no reason to complain, and I confess the reason you give for placing your son under Dr. Butler is, without reference to the high merits of that excellent master, a most satisfactory one. I hope James will always continue to regard me as his sincere friend, and will visit me whenever he feels disposed to do so. Allow me in conclusion to say that if you find any difficulty in completing his education I should be most happy at any time to resume the task, without any other remuneration than the pleasure I should derive from instructing a youth for whom I have a high regard." Forty-four years later, in the Autumn of 1878, Fraser preached the sermon at St. Leonard's Church, on the occasion of connecting the doctor's name with a painted window put

1830 to 1834 up in the Church by his old scholars. "Dr. Rowley," writes Lord Lingen, "eighty years old, but still vigorous, was present, and so were many of his scholars, including several, like the Bishop and myself, whose standing fell in the last lustrum of a half century. The Bishop referred to his own widowed mother, and to Dr. Rowley's consideration for her at the time when he first came to the school, and generally recalled in his best manner the old gentleman's many claims on the affection and gratitude of his scholars. Then, recovering himself from mere eulogium, 'but Dr. Rowley,' he added, 'was a passionate man,' and made us all smile at this completion of the portrait in the presence of the subject of it, and of so many who could appreciate how true it was in no bad sense. The turn of mind which dictated this passage, a mixture of simplicity and absolute sincerity, and of a disposition to see the funny at the same time as the serious side of things, characterizes his episcopal charges, each of which he sent me as they were published, and I have always thought them the most exact reflex I ever met with of a writer in his writings." Readers will excuse this anticipatory digression for the valuable light which they will find it throws on the character of our subject.

His own early letters, many of which have been preserved, are those of a bright, docile, vigorous boy, but not otherwise remarkable. One specimen will be enough, to his mother, temporarily absent from their Heavitree home, having left Aunt Lucy, her sister, in charge.

September 9th, 1830—"What do you think I want the kennel for? why, it is for a dog—I think you were not a good guesser to think a rabbit, for rabbits are always kept in hutches, not in kennels—Mr. Adams presented it to me on my birthday. We have named it Rover, and it is just three months old to-morrow. Aunt Lucy, John, Edward and I went out to pick mushrooms yesterday afternoon, it being a

half-holiday, and took the dog out with us. We picked none however, but had a most delightful walk as far as Salmon Pool. We set out at half-past three, and came home at six. Aunt Lucy has made some raised veal pies which are very nice. I am staying at home to-day having a bad cold, and have taken some calomel. Our school is going on very well —we have ninety-three boys, of whom forty are boarders. As we were at the Salmon Pool we met the Bishop (Philpotts) walking alone, and Edward, when we first saw him at a distance, said, 'Look at that funny old man with an apron on,' and, upon his coming nearer, ran up and came staring in his face. Aunt Lucy had met him at Colonel Macdonald's. Now I have finished my letter and am going to play with my little dog, as John and Edward are gone to school. Mr. Tucker thinks it is a mongrel, but I say he is very much mistaken." 1830 to 1834

The letters of this period, of which this is a fair specimen, leave the impression that the writer was young of his age. Undoubtedly this was so in some respects, and remained so all his life; but, on the other hand, in many ways his character was already mature while he was still a young boy. The desire to spare and help his mother in every way, above all in the care and training of his younger brothers, was the cause of this, and developed his remarkable instinct for management and business. As soon as the boys had any pocket-money "he always used to impress upon us," writes General Fraser, the last survivor, "the desirableness of great care with it, and to advise us never to spend all, but to put something aside for rainy days." And again, "He frequently organised pic-nics for us from Exeter to Star Cross, Powderham Castle, on the Exe and Ship Canal. We boys used to pull a heavy four-oar and our mother would steer, and with one or two other ladies, an aunt or cousin, we used to have very happy times. James would do the best part of the work though as stroke; and in this, as in most other things, we had to keep *his* time. But

1829 to 1834 we were all rather shy of going for a walk in the country with him, as he would stride along at such a pace that few cared to keep up with him. On the other hand, he didn't always care about walking in the town with us, as we were seldom 'got up' to his satisfaction." The walking habit lasted all his life. Forty years later, when the General was staying at Bishop's Court, he was rash enough to accept his brother's invitation to walk into Manchester. At the end of half a mile or so he had had enough, and came to a dead stop with, "I say, James, I see a 'bus coming down the hill, I think I'll get into that and meet you in the city."

His passion for horses, though kept sternly in check, was very strong. Their house in Heavitree, was near the London Road, and he was fond of taking his younger brothers to see the "Quicksilver" mail pass, which did the 176 miles within the eighteen hours; and the General, who generally went to see him start for school in later years, remarked that he always managed to get the box seat.

There are also signs in the early letters of a taste for shooting in the family of boys, which, however, was probably confined to small birds in that thickly inhabited and strictly preserved neighbourhood. "By the by," he writes to his mother from Shrewsbury, "has Ted taken over the gun to Mr. Short's? If not I wish he would do so directly, and take it over frequently, say once a fortnight or so, to let him see if it is clean or not" . . . "The Wonder—there's a coach for the money—came here this day (Saturday) week with all our fellows and their luggage on, as full as it could hold, in fourteen hours and three-quarters, 159 miles. The Antelope was fifteen hours."

Amongst the sedulously preserved packets of papers of this time, tied up and carefully labelled by his mother, are specimens of James's exercises, from which the following prophetic sentences (1829) may be taken as characteristic: "Education is the source of happiness to society. A man without education can be but little better than a beast. The

advantages of it are very evident, since it produces all the happiness of which man is possessed," &c., &c. 1829 to 1834

From the first Mrs. Fraser heard nothing but praise of her eldest boy, a much-needed support in presence of the loss of her husband and consequent embarrassments. How his reputation grew in the family circle may be gathered from an extract or two from the letters of this period.

Mr. J. Willim to Mrs. Fraser. July 19th, 1829.—"I will drive them (James and John) to Birmingham, and see them safely off. Probably I may meet with some gentleman on the coach under whose care I can place them, but if not I am satisfied they are both capable of taking care of themselves. And now, my dear Helen, having thus arranged for the departure of my two dear grandsons, it will give you heartfelt pleasure to hear what good boys they have been all the time they have been with us. Every one says what fine boys they are, and I assure you we are all quite proud of them. They are full of spirits, but have not, as you suspected, been too noisy for their grandmamma and me, who are well pleased to see them agree so well with each other. They are clever boys, especially James, who has talents of a very superior kind, and will show themselves to great advantage in a few years I have not the least doubt. They have greatly enjoyed themselves in the excursions to Dudley Castle, &c., and it is a great satisfaction to see them in such fine health —a sound mind in a sound body is the greatest blessing on earth."

Miss Lucy Willim to Mrs. Fraser (*same date*).—"You will be pleased to read dear father's account of the boys. They really have been very good children. Catherine has been quite astonished at James's talent and quickness in French, much more so than Anne even, and she was very quick. She says he has quite surprised her, he has such a clear head, strong memory, and good judgment. They have behaved

1833 very well indeed, particularly having been so confined to the house."

In January, 1833, Miss Willim writes to her sister, Mrs. Fraser:—"His grandfather is constantly exclaiming, 'What a nice lad James is, and what an excellent character he has gained himself! Do tell poor Helen about him, it will be so cheering to her. Write to-day.'" This Aunt Lucy does, nothing loath, adding, "Dear James left us yesterday morning, and I am happy to say in excellent spirits, nor did they flag, I understand, when his uncle parted from him. They went in John's gig, James driving. John dined at the Rowleys, and had a good deal of conversation with them. He first saw Mrs. Rowley, who spoke of dear James in the highest terms, and on John's saying how much gratified his poor mother was with Mr. Rowley's letter respecting him, she replied, 'I am sure he is every way deserving of what was said of him, for we never had a pleasanter boy in our house; and Mr. Rowley is equally satisfied with him in his studies.' She also said: 'I know that Mr. Rowley, rather than part with him, would sooner lower his terms if necessary.' Mr. Rowley, too, spoke most highly of James, as to his talents and industry as well as his general conduct. After he had read your letter" (telling of her husband's death, and her own reduced circumstances) "he immediately said, 'James shall have his single bed as usual'; and on being paid his bill, returned to John the charge that had been made for it for the last half year. He observed, too, that for the future he did not think his half-yearly bill would amount to more than 26*l.* or 27*l.*"

Here is a specimen extract from the Bridgenorth letters:—"February 22nd, 1833. A good many boys have left, and I am now in the study by right, but do not sit up there because those in the study do not like moving up into the head room, and I do not press them as I am very well contented where

I now am, being head boy of the lower room, and eighteenth in the school. I take one penny publication called the *Penny Cyclopædia*, which is to be completed in seven years, and one twopenny one *The Thief;* both of them I think are useful and entertaining, and I may as well lay out my money in those as in anything else. They are very cheap, and Mr. Rowley recommends them strongly. I should think John and Edward would like to take them in. As you see I here send you a copy of my will, which I have been advised to make by Uncle John, who told me I was of age to do so and to leave my property in what way I liked, as he said the uncertainty of life was so lamentable. As this will meet the eye of Aunt Willim, I must tell her that she put me up no soap, toothbrush or powder, which I have been obliged to buy and am now supplied. With me the time passes very quickly now, at first it was just the contrary. If any of you like it I will send you every month a part of *The Thief* and *Encyclopædia* as I can easily do so. I have covered all my books with brown paper and I hope they are in good order: they are all right, none missing when I came. We have had snow here and a great deal of snowballing, from which I caught a cold which I have at present. I believe this is the longest letter and the biggest sheet I ever wrote on, and having exhausted my news I must conclude, begging to be remembered to all friends, and hoping you are in better spirits than when I saw you last, and that John and Edward are industrious at school." 1834

The will, a copy of which was inclosed, was as follows: "I James Fraser, late of Baring Crescent, in the County of Devon, but now a student at Bridgenorth School, in the County of Salop, being in the fifteenth year of my age, do hereby give and bequeath all my property of what description soever to my dearly beloved mother Helen Fraser to be made use of by her according to her discretion." Uncle John by the same post informs his sister that "dear James has drawn it himself without any instructions from any of us."

1835, 1836 In 1834, James, as we have heard already, was removed to Shrewsbury, then enjoying a very high reputation under Dr. Butler. His mother, who was anxious to give him every possible advantage, at any sacrifice to herself, could not have chosen better. A neighbouring Squire, a friend of Mr. Willim, whose son, a year older than James, had been for several years at the school, volunteered that the new boy should go under this son's wing. The new boy, however, was at once placed a form or two above his protector, and otherwise proved himself, from the first, quite able to hold his own.

For eighteen months Dr. Butler continued head master, until the eve of his appointment to the Bishopric of Lichfield. Fraser had come under his own hand in the sixth form, and had gained his entire approval from the first. "It gives me great pleasure," he writes, on March 30th, 1835, "to continue my good reports of Fraser. No boy can be more attentive, or conduct himself better than he does. He cannot fail of doing well." At the previous Christmas, his mother had thought of allowing him at once to go up to Oxford, where she would seem to have had some offer of a Bible clerkship, or other position of that kind. As to this, however, Dr. Butler writes even peremptorily: "With regard to his admission at Oxford it must not be thought of this year. It is of consequence that he should go there with every possible advantage, which he will do with much greater prospects of success if he stays at school long enough to become an accomplished scholar. For he must be capable of offering himself for the highest distinctions, and these I flatter myself he is likely to attain. I am very anxious for his welfare and improvement, and desire to promote it by every means in my power."

In January, 1836, Dr. Butler informed the parents of boys at Shrewsbury that he intended to resign at midsummer. In reply, Mrs. Fraser writes, January 26th, 1836, thanking the doctor for his "continued liberality in allowing James the benefit of private tuition gratis"; and begs for the doctor's

influence with his successor, to continue "the interest which you have so warmly evinced towards him yourself; for, unaided by your influence and intercession, I cannot look for it at the hands of a stranger, who is totally unacquainted with my peculiar situation and limited means." 1835, 1836

Dr. Butler more than satisfied the widow's hopes. His successor, Dr. Kennedy, afterwards Professor of Greek at Cambridge, continued the private tuition, and even with better results than his more widely famous predecessor. Fraser declared again and again in later years, that his three months at Shrewsbury under Kennedy were more valuable than any other six, either at school or Oxford, for during that time, and under him, he "learnt how to read an ancient author."

His mother's trials, severe as they had been, were destined to be yet heavier. Almost before the mourning for her husband had ceased, she lost her only daughter, a girl of three, and Stewart, a boy of five, by scarlet fever. James was then at Shrewsbury, whence he wrote a letter which his mother always kept by her; and, showing it to a friend in Manchester shortly before her death, spoke of as having been her most precious treasure in all the intervening years. The part of it which may be published runs: "I am fully aware how you will miss her innocent prattle, her lisping tongue, her happy, affectionate looks. I full well know that you have drunk the cup of affliction to the dregs; and, though one who might have been a prop and solace to an affectionate mother's declining years has thus been untimely snatched away, yet I trust, my fondest mother, it will ever be the proudest boast of her six remaining sons to make the comfort and happiness of one, to whose maternal solicitude they are all so deeply indebted, their first attention and their earliest care. And be assured, my dearest mother, that, so long as it shall please God to prolong *my* days upon earth, it will be the happiest moment of my life to contribute to the comfort and to alleviate the cares of that mother who has

1834 to 1836 undergone so many trials, who has denied herself so many indulgences for, and who has bestowed so much attention on, her ever dutiful and most affectionate son, James Fraser."

To his Mother.—Oct. 16th, 1834.—"Uncle need not fuss himself about the Doctor becoming a Bishop, as it is all a fad. He came into the school the other day with a new gown, and I will relate to you as nearly as possible the speech he made on that occasion. 'When Lord Chesterfield,' said he, 'was Viceroy of Ireland, there was a report that he was going to leave, and as he did not know how to contradict the report, for he thought writing in the paper would be no good, he bethought himself of the following expedient. He called his gardener and told him to plant a whole field with asparagus, and as that is three years in coming to perfection so the people might know he was not going to leave them. In like manner,' said the Doctor, 'I have bought a new gown with the like intention, indeed I have long known who is to be appointed to the Bishopric, but I mean to remain master of this school so long as my health and strength will permit.' On which the boys with one accord gave a tremendous shout of applause. So my dear uncle need not trouble himself any further about the matter."

Although his mother was not certain that she should be able to send him to the University his name was entered at Balliol when he was seventeen; and Dr. Butler sent him up to compete soon afterwards for a scholarship at Corpus. He was not successful, to the great subsequent regret of the authorities of that College. In March 1836 he was again sent up, to try for a Lincoln Scholarship, worth 38*l.* a year. This time he was singularly successful, owing mainly to the fact that Richard Michell, the best known and most successful of all "coaches" of that day, was Dean of Lincoln College, and one of the examiners. With him, Fraser's first paper settled

the question, and he was elected by acclamation. The 1836
scholarship was an open one, and there were twenty-six candidates, of whom twenty were already in residence, and there was no limit as to age. The success therefore was a very great one.

Here is his letter to his mother on getting back to Shrewsbury: "You were doubtless somewhat surprised, and I hope delighted, to hear of my good fortune at Oxford in gaining the Lincoln scholarship, for it was rather a sudden thing altogether. I will, however, give you the whole history of the transaction. On Monday morning the Doctor called me up, and asked me if I was entered anywhere, as he thought it was time I should be. I answered 'no,' as I forgot at the time that I was entered at Balliol, or rather I did not know it till Uncle John wrote me word that such was the case. The Doctor then told me there were four vacant scholarships at Lincoln which he thought a very good opening, and that I must be up there on Thursday next. Now this was Monday. But as he did not know their value, whether they were worth the expense of going up for, he told me to write to Robert Dukes who was here, and is now a scholar of Lincoln, and make all requisite inquiries. I wrote immediately, and also to Uncle John, and received both their answers on Wednesday afternoon, viz.: Uncle John's that I should be guided by the Doctor; and Dukes', that the value of them was 38*l.*, which was worth 60*l.* at any other college, as Lincoln is a very cheap one, and that my expenses exclusive of my scholarship would not exceed 150*l.* On receipt of these I resolved to go, and accordingly the Doctor furnished me with 5*l.* for my expenses, which by the by was scarcely sufficient, as I had to stop a week in Oxford, and I started per the Nimrod to Birmingham, at five A.M. on Thursday, got there in time for the Oxford coach 'the Day,' and arrived at my destination at six P.M. Early next morning I presented myself to the subrector and gave in my credentials. We then went in for

1837 examination, which continued till Tuesday evening, when at four o'clock I was delightfully surprised to hear that I was elected first scholar of Lincoln. Next day I matriculated, and became a member of the ancient University of Oxford. I shall be obliged to reside in October, which is somewhat sooner than I expected."

Uncle Willim, who had sent the news to his sister, is, naturally enough, jubilant over "James's glorious success," the financial difficulty of an Oxford career being now satisfactorily settled. "James," as second boy in Shrewsbury School, his uncle goes on to say, "is one of a committee of three who are getting up the testimonial service of plate to Dr. Butler on his resignation. He has been asked to Archdeacon Bather's, to meet Mr. Whately, Q.C., leader of the circuit, and other barristers old Shrewsbury boys, who are also getting up a separate testimonial." James is quite a lion amongst all Shrewsbury boys, past and present, after his Lincoln feat; and Uncle Willim thinks "he ought now to add another guinea to his subscription of two guineas to the school testimonial if it can be done without being remarkable, several of the other sixth form boys having given three, and even four guineas."

He went into residence at Lincoln in January 1837. Probably no man's career as an undergraduate at Oxford was ever more creditable, or more monotonous, than his. His most intimate friend, and old schoolfellow, Sale, by this time a demy of Magdalen, who was with him almost daily, can recall nothing but their regular walks in the way of exercise and diversion. "We were good friends," Lord Lingen writes, "but not particularly intimate." He read hard from the first day of his residence, without a break. He could not afford a private tutor; but was in this matter really at no great disadvantage. For Michell, who from the day of his scholarship examination had formed a very high estimate of his

abilities, gave him constant advice and help without fee, for the credit of the college. The great "coach's" foresight and liberality were amply rewarded in the sequel. 1837 to 1840

His rigid economy, as creditable as it was rare in those days, is spoken to by all his friends. Even in the matter of books, Sale and others agree that his library was most inconveniently small. He never rode at Oxford till after he had taken his degree. And it must be remembered that he was not one of those who are born students, and who never appreciate the γυμναστικὴ in education. On the contrary, the testimony of all those contemporaries, who knew him most intimately, agrees, that he was never a student in the true sense of the word, though he had that most enviable power, which Charles Kingsley possessed perhaps in greater perfection than any other man of that generation, of drawing the heart out of a book on a slight, and apparently cursory, reading. He was indeed essentially (to use again his favourite Aristotelian language) ἀνὴρ πρακτικός rather than θεωρητικός. He had magnificent thews and sinews, and was by no means indifferent to their cultivation; though he chose deliberately to restrict himself, in that department, to the regular use of heavy dumb bells; while for horses, as has been already noted, he had something approaching to a passion. Then again, he was of an extremely social temperament, and made and kept friends with quite unusual ease. He was also decidedly fond of good dress as well as good company. But, as an undergraduate, he gave no parties, and went to none; and dressed with great economy. No man had greater natural taste for enjoyment, or allowed his natural taste less play.

The result was that the stern self-restraint of these three years gave him the most perfect self-control through life. Liberal and hospitable as he became the moment he felt his financial position a safe one, he never permitted himself, or would tolerate in others, silly or wasteful expenditure of any

1837 to 1840 kind. The Church of which he became so eminent a Pastor was said, half jestingly, half approvingly, by Emerson, "to believe in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling." Whether true or not of the body, the saying was certainly true of him. No part of his ministry was more remarkable, or more successful, as we shall see, than his teaching of thrift, by precept and example, to his poor.

In 1837 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Hertford Latin scholarship.

His first University distinction came in his second year, when he went in for the Ireland scholarship. Out of a large field, he and one other candidate were selected as unquestionably the best. The other was his old Bridgenorth schoolfellow, Lingen, now a scholar of Trinity. Additional papers were set to these two, and still the result remained doubtful. It was said at the time that the event was decided by counting the accents in a Greek paper. The recently published autobiography of Archdeacon Denison, however, has thrown new light on this famous contest, and does not confirm the contemporary story. The Archdeacon was one of the three examiners, and, it seems, was in favour of Lingen; while the other two inclined to Fraser They sat up till late in the night debating the matter, and the Archdeacon names it as a triumph of his powers of persuasion, or of his pertinacity, that he brought his colleagues round to his view. However this may be, Lingen was elected, but the words "Jacobus Fraser a coll. Linc. quàm proxime accessit" were added to the usual announcement. The next year he was "facile princeps" and duly elected Ireland scholar.

In the autumn of this year, 1839, the last before his degree, Michell took a reading party to Shanklin. Amongst them was Fraser, whom he was coaching for love and the honour of Lincoln. Mr. J. A. Froude was one of the party, and the result was a life-long intimacy between the two pupils, though in later years they met but seldom. "He was the lightest-

hearted of us all," writes Mr. Froude, "I used to think him 1840
even boyish; but Michell told me after the examination that he had done enough for ten firsts. When he stood for the Oriel Fellowship I recollect observing to Church" (then a tutor of Oriel, now Dean of St. Paul's), "that, however good a scholar he might be, he had no original thought. Church told me after the examination that his thought was young rather than absent. So it always remained."

He came out in the first class in the examination in November, 1839, when he took his bachelor's degree; and in April, 1840, was elected Fellow of Oriel. On this crowning triumph, his old schoolfellow and faithful friend, C. J. Sale, wrote thus to his mother:—"Now that your son has finished his ordeal at the University in the most brilliant and exemplary manner, I cannot refrain from offering you my heartfelt congratulations at the success of my sincerest friend, in which I am confident all his friends, by whom he is equally loved, will join. You have indeed reason to be proud of James, as it has never been my lot to see any young man bear his numerous honours in a manner so humble, and free from arrogance. I can only add my sincere prayer for his success through life; and with pleasure anticipate that it will equal, as it cannot surpass, that which he has already so nobly earned for himself. Your pleasure must have been doubly enhanced at hearing of his election, as he informed me you had given up nearly all hope, from his account of himself. But this event has now confirmed my idea, that the word 'fail' is not to be found in his dictionary. I do not fear its appearance there."

The allusion in Sale's letter is to the following letter from James to his mother:—

"LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXON.,
"*April 14th*, 1840.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—As in your letter before last you said you had been expecting to hear from me, which

1840 expectation has not yet been gratified, I sit down to write you a few hurried lines, hoping you will, upon due consideration of my existing circumstances, excuse their brevity and conciseness. Let me first ask you if you have had the April report from Addiscombe; if so, let me know the numbers and position which Ted occupies. I am reading as hard as I can, though I fear with little prospect of success; not, however, so much from the *number*, as from the *quality* of my rivals, or rather, *rival*. For though (it being nearly a close Fellowship) there are only four competitors for the same honour with myself, yet one of those is as formidable a one as could have been selected for me out of the whole University. He rejoices in the name of Mountague Bernard, and is a B.A. of Exeter College: he certainly only got a second class, but as that was nearly three years ago and he has been reading with this examination in prospect ever since, his acquirements at the present moment may be, and probably are, enough to give him a double or treble first in the schools, were such an honour attainable. In this interval he has gained two English essays (which are considered equal to a first class) and beat several superior first-class men for them, and as the style of the Oriel examination is *toto cælo* different from that in the schools which I passed in Michaelmas, and consists chiefly in essay-writing and metaphysics, wishing to make men display powers of deep and original thinking, I feel too perceptibly my own weakness on those points to entertain the least anticipations of success, however, "devoutly to be wished for" such a consummation might be; in fact my reading has not as yet been extensive enough to enable me to stand a good chance at this, by far the most trying examination in Oxford, so I hope you will be no more disappointed than I shall be, in case of a failure. As for what John Hughes says, I never heard such stuff in my life, nor was any man ever dignified here with such flattering appellatives as his imaginative and creative brain has invented for my unworthy self.

And as for its being considered certain that I shall get the Oriel, I myself heard two to one laid *against* such an event at a wine-party the other evening. The examination begins on Monday and concludes on Thursday, the result is declared on Friday. I was occupied all yesterday in writing Latin letters of recommendation to my sixteen future judges at Oriel, and you may imagine was tolerably tired at the conclusion. Best love to all, and believe me, my dear mother, 1840

"Your very affectionate son,

"JAMES FRASER."

On the eventful Friday the announcement of his success was made in Oriel Hall, and he wrote to his mother:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am delighted to be able to inform you that you may congratulate your first-born on being this day elected Fellow of Oriel. I have just paid my devoirs to the Provost and Fellows on the occasion, and shall be formally admitted in chapel at one o'clock, and conclude the day with them at dinner at six. The result was most unexpected, and consequently the more delightful, to me. I intend leaving this on my long promised visit to Pryse Gordon, Esq., on Monday next, as I cannot do so before, having various preliminary duties to discharge: from him I shall take a hasty peep at the Bilstonians. I am vain enough to believe my success will be the occasion of delight to many others out of my own immediate circle of acquaintance, in which comfortable self-conceit, being in a great hurry and having plenty of other letters to write, I will at present only subscribe myself, with best love to all, as your delighted and affectionate son,

"JAMES FRASER.

"*Friday Morning, twelve o'clock.*"

CHAPTER II.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
Even by ruling himself after thy word."
Ps. 119.

ORIEL, 1840—1848.

1840 ON April 24th, 1840, he was elected Fellow of Oriel with Mr. Christie and Canon Cornish. The latter became his life-long friend, and succeeded him thirty years later as rector of Ufton. An Oriel Fellowship was in those days the blue ribbon of the University. Balliol had indeed lately followed the lead of Oriel in this matter, but besides these two there was no other college in Oxford the Fellowships of which were in those days open.

Those of Oriel with the exception of five had been so for many years, with the result that quite an unusual number of the most eminent Oxonians of the early decades of the century had been, or still were, Fellows or members of the college. Under the government of such provosts and tutors as Eveleigh, Coplestone, Whately, Davison, and their colleagues, the picked men of the University, Oriel had carried off honours in the schools, prize poems, and essays, much in excess of the proportion which its scholars and undergraduates bore to those of other colleges. And this lead was not confined to the ordinary university curriculum. The Oriel common room was for more than a generation the centre of intellectual activity, and of religious and philosophical thought and speculation. There

is scarcely one of the modern heresies or orthodoxies which 1840
have moved England in this century which was not either born or nourished within its walls. There Whately's common-sense Christianity, Arnold's broad religious and liberal sympathies, Blanco White's and Hampden's speculations, had found voice ; and, in succession to them, the leaders of the High Church revival were now publishing the Tracts for the Times, and inaugurating the movement which, when Fraser was elected a Fellow, was stirring the College, the University, and the Church to their inmost depths.

Keble had indeed resigned his Fellowship for some years, but his influence was strong with his successors. Hurrell Froude was lately dead ; but Newman, though residing at Littlemore, of which he was vicar, still held his Fellowship, and was often in the common room ; while of younger men the late Charles Marriott and the present Dean of St. Paul's were tutors of the college, and amongst the most zealous and influential of the new school. A man of wide sympathies, and the power of guiding and ruling others, which so often springs from wide sympathies, might have turned such materials to the best account, and have used the exceptional zeal and talents of the staff from whom he had to select for the maintenance of the high character and traditions of the college ; but such a man in those years was not forthcoming. Dr. Hawkins, the provost, was a fine scholar and a high-bred gentleman ; but cold of temperament, and stiff and punctilious in manners ; a high and dry churchman of the old school, very methodical, very conservative, who looked even on his old friend Arnold with some misgiving, and was entirely out of sympathy with those who were now turning the academical and religious world upside down. Be the reason what it may, the battle which was raging in the Church and University round Tract XC. interested Provost and Fellows far more deeply than the ordinary routine work of the college, and that work suffered accordingly. The old tradition,

1840 which had obtained even amongst the undergraduates of Oriel who were content with the pass schools—that the cultivation of the intellect was at least one main object of life at the university—still lingered in the college, but only as a tradition. With the exception of Christ Church, there was at this juncture probably no college in Oxford less addicted to reading for the schools, or indeed to intellectual work of any kind.

The undergraduates in residence in these years (1840-47) were seldom above fifty in number, and of these an average of more than one in ten were gentlemen commoners, who, in consideration of the payment of double fees and battel bills, were arrayed in silk gowns and velvet caps (with gold tassels in the case of peers' sons), dined at the Fellows' table, and enjoyed considerable immunity as regards lectures. These young gentlemen as a rule dressed gorgeously; hunted in the two winter terms; and, in the summer, drove tandem, frequented the Bullingdon and Isis Clubs, and the not very respectable premises of Milky Bill, the dog fancier, where their bull terriers drew badgers, and they shot pigeons. With them naturally consorted the one or two rich men amongst the commoners. At the other end of the scale were the scholars, seldom more than four in number, the college endowments for that class being small, with whom consorted the one or two studious men.

The remaining three-fourths were entirely given over to athletics; and, as regards this important department of education, no accomplished young Aristotelian could have joined a more distinguished school. In the year in which Fraser became full Fellow the Oriel boat went to the head of the river, and contained two—stroke-oar and No. 5—of the famous University crew which in the following year won the Henley Challenge Cup with seven oars. There were two torpids, both well placed in their respective divisions. The eleven played colleges twice the size of Oriel, and won three matches out of four. Intercollegiate football matches had not yet been started, but several of the best players in Oxford were also of Oriel. But, above

all; the college was the accepted home of the noble science of 1840
self-defence in the University. It almost supported a retired prize fighter, who had been known in the ring as "the Flying Tailor" (a first-rate teacher of boxing, however moderate his sartorial talents might have been), and cordially welcomed any stray pugilist who might be training in the neighbourhood and was in need of a pound or two. There were regular meetings in some of the largest rooms two or three times a week, at which out-college men, of all weights from eight stone upwards, might find suitable matches; and occasional public gatherings at the Weirs, or Wheat Sheaf, promoted by Oriel men for the benefit of one or other of these professionals. In short, athletics were accepted as the main object of residence at the University, and the other branches of a polite education looked upon as subordinate and inferior.

Upon all the pursuits which thus absorbed the energies of their pupils, Provost, Dean, and tutors looked, not only without sympathy but with scarcely veiled dislike. No subscriptions however small ever came to boat club or cricket club from any of them; nor was any one of them ever seen on the river bank at the races, or on Cowley Marsh at a cricket match. Leave to dine in the middle of the day during the races was only granted to the racing crew after frequent applications, and at last grudgingly. All the tutors were in orders, and none of them, so far as was known, had ever used their legs except for a mild constitutional, or their arms for anything beyond handling editions of the classics and the fathers, and writing elegant prose or verse in the dead languages.

Into a society so disorganized and unsympathetic, the young Ireland scholar and first-class man was plunged at the early age of twenty-one. At the end of his year of probation he was appointed reader of sermon notes, and very soon afterwards college tutor. He came from a small and unpopular college, which had not at that time even a boat on the river. It was not known that he had ever pulled an oar, or played in

1840 a cricket match; as indeed very likely he never had since he left Shrewsbury, having during his undergraduate years been absorbed in the harder and nobler work of securing his own independence, and a position in which he might help his mother instead of being a drag upon her. Had this been known there was manliness and good feeling enough amongst the Oriel athletes to have made his reception a very different one.

As it was, the verdict of the majority was at first decidedly unfavourable. The captains of the boat and the eleven, and the best boxers in the college, looking at the fine setting on of his head, the breadth of his shoulders, and the splendid muscular development of loin and limb, shook their heads reproachfully. Some moral delinquency it was felt must be involved in the neglect of such natural gifts. True, he had been *facilè princeps* for the Ireland; but, if he had only used his talents conscientiously, a man of his build might no doubt have brought "the Diamond Sculls" (the blue ribbon of oarsmen of those days) from Henley to Oxford, and still have won that scholarship. You don't want to be *facilè princeps*. If your nose is six inches in front at the winning post it is as good as a whole boat's length. Besides, was he not a regular dandy?

This last criticism had a certain amount of foundation in fact. The junior fellow was beyond all question the best dressed man in college. Not but what Oriel contained more than a sprinkling of dressy men, particularly amongst the Gentlemen Commoners. But they were of the ornate type of those days, with magnificent plush waistcoats, and trousers of alarming pattern, and audacious cut. Fraser was always as neat as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. He habitually wore a blue frock coat of perfect cut, with velvet collar; and waistcoat and trousers of light colours—not excluding even buff and lavender—equally well made. Probably he thought as little of his clothes then as in later years; but it was his principle through life to have none but the best things from the best

tradesmen, and his instinct to put whatever he had to the very 1840
best use it was capable of. Then he had a fine white skin, which flushed like a girl's in answer to any emotion, and roused some suspicion, if not contempt, in the minds of young gentlemen, who had a sort of pride in being tanned, by constant exposure to sun and wind, until blushing had become impossible to them. There was a slight reaction in his favour when the hunting men reported that he owned one of the best hacks which stood at Simmond's; and, whenever the old Berkshire met within reach of Oxford, was in the habit of taking his ride in that direction. On the whole, however, there was a decided prejudice against him when he opened his lecture room.

Nor did his early lectures produce a favourable impression. He was shy and embarrassed, often blushed when a question was asked, and found great difficulty in coming down to the average level of his pupils. An early incident of an unusual kind even in those days undoubtedly did something to remove the prejudice of the majority. In order to get rooms big enough to accommodate his classes comfortably, he had taken a first floor set on the south west staircase of the outer quadrangle, generally inhabited by a Gentleman Commoner. The presence of a tutor on their staircase was by no means agreeable to these young persons, and one of them resolved to bring this home to the mind of the intruder, and proceeded to carry out his intention in the most ill-bred and offensive manner he could think of. He was in the lecture on Herodotus, the largest which Fraser had; and, selecting a crowded day, walked into the room amongst the last arrivals, in a silk-lined smoking jacket under his nobleman's gown, and bright coloured slippers on his feet. Thus clothed he sank into a corner of the sofa. There was a curious pause to see how Fraser would take it. His face flushed scarlet; but, after looking for a moment or two steadily at the intruder, whose eyes were as steadily averted and fixed on his Herodotus, he proceeded

1840 with his lecture, quietly ignoring the presence of the noble mountebank, and "jumping" him when it came to his turn to construe. "Why didn't he pitch him out neck and heels?" "Wouldn't I have done it for him with a will if he had given the hint!" "I think he got the best of it anyhow," the men commented, as they scattered across the quadrangle after lecture. But, on the whole, the popular judgment finally inclined to the verdict, that the studied insolence of the young aristocrat had been best met by simply ignoring him, and the young tutor rose a distinct peg in the estimation of the college.

A much more important step was gained when he was seen on the bank on several critical nights of the boat races, running by the side of the boat and cheering lustily. It was even reported that the club secretary, the most short-sighted man, and most zealous oar, in Oxford, had forthwith sounded him as to taking a seat at number five in the senior torpid, with a view if found competent to taking the place of the heaviest man in the racing boat, who was just going into the schools, and couldn't attend properly to his training: and, that the overtures, though unsuccessful, had been received in a friendly and sympathetic spirit.

Next term came a rumour that in the long vacation he had clubbed horses with a friend and driven tandem round North Wales; a feat regarded with distinct respect, both by sporting men and athletes. But it was not till he had been in harness for another term or two that the early prejudice disappeared, and it was on this wise. After large boating or cricketing suppers, when the usual songs had been sung and toasts given, it was often the habit of the more strenuous revellers to adjourn to the grass-plat in the back quadrangle, there to finish their symposia with leap-frog, jumping, or whatever high-jinks might be suggested at the moment. Upon this grass-plat the windows of the Provost's library looked out, and it was well known that he entertained an unreasonable objection to these healthy, though perhaps somewhat untimely,

educational exercises. Long experience had established that 1840
when the red curtains were suddenly drawn back and a white head appeared at the window, it was time to scatter as fast as possible, because even though it might be too dark for the Provost to recognize any one himself, the night porter might now be looked for at any moment, to take down names. Now amongst the Oriel athletes at this time was a Scotchman, a scholar of the college, James Mackie by name (afterwards M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire), a man of great strength and stature. He had brought with him from Rugby the name of "the Bear," from the closeness of his hug in wrestling, in which it was believed he had never been worsted. He was one of the party at a particularly festive supper, to celebrate the bringing home of the London and Henley challenge cups to Oriel, which had adjourned to the grass plat, when the usual warning signal was seen at the Provost's window. Mackie made off at once for his rooms, and, the night being dark, at the entrance of the passage between the two quadrangles, ran right up against some one whom he took for the under porter. Which of the two grappled the other was never accurately known, but the collision resulted in a spirited wrestling bout between them; and "the Bear" admitted that it was all he could do to get rid of his opponent, who after all was only left on hand and knee, no "fair fall" having been scored on either side. But the tussle had lasted long enough for Mackie to have recognized his adversary, and no doubt the recognition had been mutual; and grave were the fears of those in the secret for some days whether an untimely end might not be put to the career of the scholar, and so a vacancy hard to fill be created at number four in the college boat. But nothing happened: and so Fraser—who had been peaceably on his way to the library for a book—got the credit, not only of having held his own with the best wrestler in college, but of having kept the whole affair quietly to himself, knowing that the collision was an accident. From that time he was spoken of

1840 as "Jemmy," and attained to the equivalent of "the most favoured nation clause" in the undergraduate's tutorial code.

As tutor, however, he made no special mark in the College, never having attained anything approaching to the influence with his pupils, or the success in the schools, of such educators as Michell or Jowett, Goldwin Smith or Stanley.

It is difficult to account for this except on the ground of the great shyness which certainly embarrassed his relations with the men who attended his college lectures, and probably influenced those more intimate ones with his own pupils. One of these, Mr. Park Dickens, a first-class man in 1846, takes this view, saying that in his own case he got more good from Fraser in his last talk with him, when he was going out of college, a few months before his final examination, than in all their previous intercourse; and that what he did get then in the shape of advice as to his reading was of great value.

Of his career in the common room the testimony of such of his colleagues as still survive bears out the general impression, that it gave little promise of the very fruitful and remarkable character which he developed afterwards. In the elections which followed his own, Arthur Clough, and G. Buckle (now prebendary of Bristol and rector of Weston-super-Mare,) and Matthew Arnold, were successful, and brought quite new elements into the life of the common room. The two former became his colleagues as college tutors, and remained so during the rest of his residence in college. For the last three years, from January 1844, he was also sub-dean and librarian.

"Of course we were much together in the way of business," writes Mr. Buckle, "making out the lecture list and discussing the qualities and doings of our pupils. But we never got very close mentally in those days—my closer intimacy with him came at a later date. He did not then seem to care for the theological and philosophical topics which engrossed the rest of us. We regarded him as the finished scholar and cheery

companion, and hardly thought of him in any other light. 1840
Perhaps, too, he was a little separated from us by being more acceptable to the elder set, with whom we juniors in those days felt a little out of harmony. The Provost paid him the very unusual compliment of asking him to join a Club of Heads of Houses, and other great dons, who dined together once a week. Fraser's social qualities were always high"—And again, referring to the remarkable mixture of men in the Oriel common room in those years, "I remember no single instance of a clash between them—We all got on excellently together, but I think our intercourse with Fraser never went much below the surface." "Fraser rather represented the high-and-dry Church in common room," writes M. Arnold, "with an admixture of the world—so far at least as pleasure in riding and sport may be called worldly—of the ascetic and speculative side, nothing."

"My recollection of him," writes Dr. Chase, now Principal of St. Mary's Hall, "is of a genial companion; and I felt, when he left, that the corner stone was taken out of the Oriel common room, and no substitute was ever found."

I will add one other witness, an old friend and contemporary, not an Oriel man, as to these years of his residence at Oxford:—"We all used to have the greatest pleasure in his joyous society," writes T. Lonsdale, son of the late Bishop of Lichfield, "and well can those who are left remember his bright face and hearty manner—his good temper and loveable disposition. One of his oldest friends used to say that an utter want of affectation was his distinguishing characteristic, another, that it was 'loveableness,' another, 'transparent sincerity.' He was indeed 'pellucidior vitro.' It struck me that all he did was done with wonderful ease, as if it all came to him by instinct rather than effort, while doing it he always seemed so happy, and ready to turn to other things."

1840 As may readily be supposed, the family at Bilston were not a little proud of the success of their young relative, and by no means averse to the reflected credit which his academical honours shed on the home circle, in their quiet little country town and neighbourhood. Mr. Willim, the solicitor, and now the head of the family, was in the habit of communicating these things to the local paper, not, it must be confessed, without some connivance on the part of his sister. His nephew, who always winced under these well-meant eulogia, was at last roused to open remonstrance by an unusually grandiloquent paragraph on his becoming censor of Oriel.

To Mrs. Fraser, Feb. 10*th*, 1844.—"What a nuisance that Uncle John has a mania for spreading that puff far and wide! To complete the thing he should send it to the *Oxford Herald* and the *Times!* I think that would drive me mad 'intirely!' What satisfaction there can be to *anybody's* feelings to read a puffing paragraph written by themselves, or one of themselves, or of themselves, I cannot for the life of me imagine —but please don't send my letters, this or the former one, on to Bilston, as I am sure my uncle would be hurt at it, and that is the last thing that I should desire. I shall however write a quieter letter to him myself, lest he should be tempted to send a copy of the same to the Oxford paper. I do admire that youthful 'Jehu' of a brother of mine, risking his precious neck and spending his precious 'tin' with such a harum-scarum companion in a buggy! It would do him more good, and (I should think) cost him less money to take a good ride. Think of the difference in the pikes! My old friend Sale is coming up to take his M.A. degree next week, but he is so very connubial that he won't stay a single day amongst us, but returns to town, where he is taking a fortnight's holiday, the same night. I am very angry at this way of treating old friends, whether persons or places. I made my *début* in my new college office yesterday in presenting a

member of my college to the Vice-Chancellor and Proctor for his degree. You may perhaps have a chance of witnessing my performance of my duty in the summer. At present a verbal description of the process would, I fear, be unintelligible to you; nor do I know, as the whole is transacted in Latin, that a sight of it will make it much clearer." 1844

Probably, however, the best picture of his life during these years may be gathered from one of his long journal letters to his mother, which he was in the habit of writing regularly whenever absent from her.

"ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
"*April 17th*, 1844.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I came back from town last night to be in readiness for a busy day. In my capacity of Sub-Dean, I have already officiated in the presentation of three members of this college, for their M.A. degree: and at one o'clock I am to partake of a grand luncheon given by the Proctor Elect of this college, who enters upon the duties of his office on this, the first day of term, and whom, after his lunch, all the resident members of the college will accompany in formal procession to the Convocation House, there to see him sworn in and admitted to his office by the Vice-Chancellor, and the choice of the college approved and confirmed by the voice of Convocation. I shall then have a couple of idle days before the business of term recommences.

"I really had not time while in town to acknowledge the receipt of the interesting packet containing dear Edward's last letter, which by this time ought to have found its way into every hand that is privileged or entitled to receive it, and perhaps has even come back to you again. I will make at present no further comment upon it than merely to remark that your anticipations of the pleasure with which I should peruse it were more than realised. And now, I suppose, you

1844 will expect an account of my recent proceedings which, for the sake of clearness and convenience, I had better throw into the shape of a diary.

Monday, April 8th.—"Started from Oxford a quarter before eight, and had a pleasant ride to London, arriving there at half-past eleven. Made the best of my way from Paddington to Blackwall Railway, and thence to the Brunswick Wharf, where I found a steamer in readiness to convey me to Gravesend, at which place I arrived about half-past three. Forthwith mounted a 'bus, and was set down at Alex's room in Brompton Barracks at a quarter before five. The hero was out himself, having, as I subsequently found, in company with five others of his messmates gone up the river about fifteen miles, with some ladies, to whom these gallant sons of Mars gave a *fête champêtre* on the green and sunny banks of the Medway. He did not get back till nearly eight o'clock. I consoled myself during his absence, by strolling out on to "The Lines," where I was just in time to see the fag-end of a review of about 2,500 Infantry, who had been manœuvring there ever since two o'clock. It was a spectacle with which I was much gratified, as I do not think I had ever seen so many troops massed together before. I also lionised the town and neighbourhood of Chatham. Upon Alex's return, I dined with him and some half dozen of his comrades, who were also too late for mess, in what they call "the ante-room"—a kind of second edition, or *réchauffé* or *rifacimento* (to sport my French and Italian) of the mess dinner, and spent a very agreeable evening. I was disappointed in Alex's rooms—but from his description of them, I had compared them in my imagination with a set of college apartments, instead of which there is only one room, his bed being merely separated by a screen from the rest of the apartment, and his washing-stand, dressing-table, &c., &c., standing out in bold relief, and scorning concealment. However, the room is large and airy and I

could make myself very comfortable there—I only say I had 1844
expected to find a suite of rooms, and not a single solitary apartment.

"On *Tuesday* Alexander got leave of absence for the day, and we started for the Cathedral, where we attended the service, and it is an interesting edifice, especially the old Norman part. It is considerably spoilt, however, by some modern additions of a tower and windows. You know our Provost is *ex-officio* a prebendary of Rochester—the service there is not to be compared with the style of that at Exeter—the minor canon *reads*, instead of chanting—which mars the effect. After lionising the Cathedral, I drew Alexander on to Cobham Hall and park, the magnificent old baronial seat of the Earl of Darnley, of the very existence of which Master Alexander was before ignorant. This was about five miles from Chatham: so that, as we walked there and back and the day was very hot, you may suppose we had sufficient exercise. We were however both rewarded for our exertions; though we could not see the interior of the house, which is only shown on a Friday, and in which, I understand, there are some very fine pictures. We saw a very curious antique state carriage, about the date of James, or Elizabeth. Alexander stated his intention of lionising the interior on some future occasion. This day we dined at mess, where certainly those young fellows do live luxuriously: and it is no wonder they get dissatisfied with homely fare and family dinners. As I had never dined at mess before, I was very much gratified and interested with the spectacle it presents. I left Chatham on the *Wednesday* morning at twelve o'clock—both finding and leaving Alexander in apparently the best health, spirits and enjoyment, and I hope working hard. He seems anxious to leave as soon as possible,—and indeed I should think the monotony of the place must get somewhat wearisome. Of course he has written to you before this about the mistake we

1844 all made in reading *Flying Lass* for Flying Sap. But, although he said he took particular pains to write the word plainly, I assured him, that to our unscientific heads and eyes, who did not know the technical existence of the latter term, *Flying Lass* was the obvious reading of the writing that he thought was so plain as to preclude the possibility of mistake. I returned to town by the same route by which I had come down—and got to 22, Craven Street, Strand (where I found myself extremely comfortable) by four o'clock—and after a few moments' attention to my 'toilette' sallied forth to see what was to be seen—and, as my first sight, found myself looking in upon the American dwarf, little Tom Thumb, whose diminutiveness surpasses my powers of description, and who is certainly the most ridiculously tiny animal I ever saw or conceived. While here, one of the Ojibbeway Indians came in from an adjoining Exhibition-room in the Egyptian Hall, and I satisfied my curiosity on that score by giving him a good look over, without thinking it necessary afterwards to pay another shilling to see the whole 'quintette.' I forget how I spent the rest of the evening: but I think it was this day that I went to the Adelaide Gallery, where I could see nothing interesting except a pair of electrical eels. I did not however try the effects of a shock.

"On *Thursday* I rambled through the National Gallery (my favourite place of resort) and the British Museum; made sundry calls on friends in the Temple (old Norman among the number) and Lincoln's Inn, and in the evening went to the opera, where I was much pleased. We had *Don Pasquale*, a capital opera buffa, in which I heard Grisi, Lablache, Fornasari, and Corelli. Then the last scene of the *Cenerentola*, where I heard the new *prima donna*, Mdlle. Favanti, only her second appearance in England, of which country she is a native, her true name being Miss Edwards. She is a very fine woman of about twenty-eight, and has a mezzo-contralto voice of great

power, but I thought a little deficient in sweetness. Then came 1844
the new fashionable dance, 'The Polka,' danced for the first time in this country by Carlotta Grisi and M. Perrot, a *pas de deux* between Mdlle. Louise and M. Montassa, to conclude with the ballet *La Esmeralda*, the scenery of which was magnificent, but I don't care a rush for the dancing. I did not think very much of the polka, and I don't think it possible that, as a whole, it can be introduced in private parties, except as a *pas de deux*, though there is a portion of it, a kind of modification of the waltz, produced by the gentleman and the lady alternately changing sides, which may be practicable as a general dance.

"On *Friday*, I went with a friend to Hampton Court, but found to our disgust that we could not see the interior, as that was the only day in the week on which it is not shown, so I missed the cartoons, though I shall certainly go again. I was very much pleased with the exterior and the gardens. We walked back, through Bushey Park and Twickenham, to Richmond—a beautiful walk indeed—and thence returned to town by 'bus. I should have preferred a steam down the river, but there was no boat till half-past five, and I was engaged to dine with a friend who is curate of Trinity Church, Marylebone, at that hour, where I spent a very pleasant evening in the society of some old school and college friends.

"*Saturday.*—Spent the whole of this morning most unsatisfactorily in hunting after Mrs. Nicholls, who seems fond of changing the place of her abode. After having found out, with some difficulty and much weary seeking, 2, Radnor Place, Gloucester Square, I found she had left that for 34, Sussex Gardens. Thither I repaired accordingly, and then found that she had left for Cheltenham about a fortnight ago, and would not return till May, so I had all my journeyings

1844 for nothing. The afternoon I spent in rambling about, to the park, some of the clubs, a sale of pictures at Christie and Manson's, &c., &c. In the evening I went to the Haymarket, where I was much amused; in fact, you always get more to make you laugh there than at any other theatre in London, and I never was more electrified in my life than by witnessing the gymnastic performances and postures of a certain Mr. Risley and his son '*le petit Mercure*.'

"*Sunday*.—Breakfasted at nine with Norman, went with him to the Temple Church; then wandered round the Temple Gardens to St. James's Park, till it was time for afternoon service, which I attended at Whitehall Chapel-Royal, and afterwards dined and spent the evening at Mr. Sale's in Surrey Street.

"*Monday*.—Breakfasted with an old friend near Berkeley Square; went with him to hear the Coldstream band play in St. James's Palace courtyard, which they do every morning from half past ten to eleven: a magnificent performance. Then proceeded with another friend and fellow collegian to the Dulwich picture gallery, with which, as well as the ride and walk down, I was delighted. The Murillos and a Guido there are splendid, the pictures number twice as many as in the National Gallery, amounting to about 350. The evening I passed at the Polytechnic Institution, which contained some novelties.

"*Tuesday*.—Went again to hear the Coldstream band, and made one or two calls. Dined at three o'clock and left town by the five o'clock train, just as the Queen came up from Windsor to hold her drawing-room to-morrow. I saw her *cortège* with its escort pass through the park, and had I been ten minutes earlier I should have seen her arrive by her special train at the Paddington Station. I should have liked to have stayed

till Thursday, to have seen the people go to the drawing-room. 1844,
There is another on the 25th, to which Alec talks of coming 1845
up, as it is a far grander spectacle than a levee. I think I managed pretty well, to see everything I did and pay all my expenses, travelling included, for the nine days for *4l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* I got enough for my money, at any rate. But I must conclude, for it is time to get ready for luncheon. If you think it would interest them send this on to Bilston, for it is a bore to repeat all these particulars. I noticed in the park, I think, that the ladies' habits seemed made single-breasted, but with broad flaps thrown back, and three rows of buttons, and some wore a kind of crimson velvet or silk plush waistcoat beneath; but I could not notice very accurately. Hoping this will find both you and Bruce quite well,

"I remain, my dear mother,

"Very affectionately,

"JAMES FRASER.

"As this will probably meet Uncle John's eye let me tell him that he owes me 12*s.*, as his share of the subscription to the *Oxford Herald* for the current year. They have raised the price by 4*s.* By the by I had nearly forgotten one thing —that bill that Edward sent became payable on the 13th inst. I wish you would inquire at your bank whether it has been cashed, and let me know. As I do not want the money myself now, you can use it if you require it, and pay me again in the long vacation, and I will ask you to pay my subscription of two guineas to the hospital, which was due at Lady Day. I forget the exact amount of the bill, but it was rather more than 26*l.*, I think."

To his Mother.—Oct. 19th, 1845.—"I am happy to say that I am relieved from the duties of the College Treasurership, which, together with its salary of 100*l.*—a meagre compensation in my opinion for its anxieties—I was afraid would have

1845 devolved on my shoulders. One of the senior Fellows has come up into residence to take it, which staves off the evil day from me for the next three years. These late unfortunate secessions to the Church of Rome—events never to be sufficiently deplored by all well-wishers to the English Church—have placed me high on the Fellows' list. I now stand ninth, having risen halfway up the ladder (of eighteen rounds) since my election in 1840. When a man of Mr. Newman's surpassing intellect, and unquestioned holiness, self-denial and piety—in which respects I have never yet seen any man worthy to be put in comparison with him (except perhaps Dr. Pusey)—when a man whose very presence—even his silent presence—casts a mysterious influence for good on all around him, feels what he deems an imperative call to leave that Church in which he was baptised, and of which he has been a minister, I think that those who feel most satisfied and confident of their own position, may well suspect that there are some serious deficiencies in a system in which the aspirations of such a spirit as his could meet with no corresponding voice, and find no sympathetic aid. I confess I cannot myself understand his feelings, or comprehend the cogency of the motives which have actuated him. I find in my own case very few things that I should wish altered in the liturgy or teaching of our Church—though many difficulties in the practical working of her system arising from her connection with the State. But still I feel that one so far below Mr. Newman in all those spiritual graces and intellectual gifts, as I too deeply feel myself to be, is quite incompetent to pass judgment on his act. His departure from among us is much felt—even by those who differed from his views—where his urbanity and manners, no less than his exalted intellect and eminent piety, had much endeared him. There may be a few who are foolish, or short-sighted, or malicious enough, to rejoice at it, but I am happy to say they are but few. The general feeling is one of deep regret, not unaccompanied by anxious queries, 'What is to

become of the Church of England?' But I have taken up too much of your time with this painful subject, which the business of the last week has brought so vividly to our minds. To change the subject. Has Jones found me out some hay and straw yet? Remember the price of the former was not to exceed 4*l.* 10*s.*, nor of the latter 2*l.* 10*s.* a ton. Where is little Tom stabled? as I suppose we had nothing ready for his reception. I shall be obliged to have my mare clipped, as her coat is very rough and long. In other respects she looks and is very well. In brewing I should think that the addition of another bushel of malt to the same quantity of water, as compared with the proportions given by Captain Thompson, would give a very good beer at about 6*d.* or 7*d.* a gallon. See that the casks and premises are all properly cleaned, which will require one day's preparation, and had better be done by the brewer who knows the various contrivances. His name is Ward. You will brew, I take it, about half a hogshead, and will put it into two twenty-five gallon casks. I hope you have found out another laundress. The first one's performances are execrable. I am in the full misery of one of her half-starched shirt collars at this moment." 1845

Fraser, as we have already noted, was fond of horses, and an excellent rider; and one of his first investments on gaining his Fellowship, and so becoming at ease in his finances, was a good hack, as noted by the Gentlemen Commoners. Four other of the junior Fellows soon followed his example, and the Oriel cavalcade became the most numerous in Oxford, much, one may imagine, to the astonishment, and not altogether to the liking, of the Provost and senior Fellows; one of whom, given to philosophising, declared that "he could see in each rider the character of each man."

Undoubtedly the equestrian habits of the staff acted to some extent as an encouragement to the hunting men, the idlest set in college; although, with the exception of Fraser, none of

1846 the Fellows planned their rides with any reference to the hunting calendar. But he was a keen sportsman, and made no secret of the pleasure it gave him to come across the hounds in the afternoon, after his college work was done, and in the Christmas vacation he hunted regularly.

It is thoroughly characteristic of the man, that, when he had made up his mind to take orders, he resolved to abandon his favourite sport once for all, but, before doing so, to give himself a short season in "the shire of the shires." Accordingly, immediately after Christmas day, 1846, when he was already a deacon of one week's standing, he went down to the Melton country with his two horses, and established himself in the sporting hotel at Atherstone. Thence he wrote to his brother Bruce :—

"I intend to keep a bit of a journal for your edification." From this a few short extracts may here be given :

Monday, Dec. 29th.—"Meet Overseal, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch—thirteen miles to covert. I started at nine A.M. precisely, on the mare, after a good breakfast on a slice of broiled ham and poached eggs. The hounds overtook me about half way in their van, looking very nice. I was up, however, in lots of time at the covert side. We soon found in a large wood, name unknown, and had a fair hunting run, with, however, too many checks and too cold a scent, for nearly three hours, and finally gave up about three miles north-west of Ashby. We trotted back through the old town, the scene, as you remember, of *Ivanhoe* (I got a peep of the ruins of the castle *en passant*), and kept moving on in a homeward direction till we came to an osier-bed two miles south-east of Ashby—name also unknown—and there threw the hounds in. We had not to wait five minutes before we unkennelled a fox, who went away at a slapping pace for fifty minutes without a check, very fast, all the way over a glorious country. We then came to a check, and though we picked up the scent again three or four

times could not get on terms with reynard again, and it being 1846
past four and nearly dusk, we were obliged to call the hounds off without blood, but after as pretty a gallop as any man could wish to see. This was at Clifton Camville, twelve miles from home, so the mare did a good day's work. She carried me admirably, wonderfully improved since last year—takes so much more length to her jumps. Almost every fence had a ditch one side or the other, but she never made a single mistake, and the little timber we had she did in good style. I was pleased, too, to find that she was fast enough for what all who were out allowed to be a fast thing, even in Leicestershire, and such was my maiden day in this prince of hunting countries. Riding home I got into conversation with one of the whips (they have three out as well as a huntsman) who has offered to lionise me over the kennel. They have upwards of sixty couple of hounds and forty horses. They sent off eight old ones this morning to Birmingham to be sold, I suppose on Thursday, at the repository. They passed under my window as I was shaving. I shall ride the old horse on Wednesday at Ullesthorpe, and the mare will do well again for Friday at York Wood. The country was very heavy, especially the ploughs, and it was a stiffish white frost when I started. We found our second fox in the rain, which wonderfully improved the scent. I came home pleased with the country, the hounds, the huntsmen, the master, my mare, and myself, and so good-night.

"*Wednesday.*—Ullesthorpe, a beautiful meet, upwards of a hundred. Found at once in front of the Hall, but chopped him in covert. There was, however, a second fox 'at home,' though the covert was not two acres, who led us off at a rattling pace for a quarter of an hour, when we came across the railroad. There we had a check of twenty minutes, and though we found the scent again Charley was too far ahead of us, and we were obliged to give him up. We then trotted away for a

1846 fresh find to Churchover, passing through Lutterworth, famous in the annals of the English Reformation as having been the cure of John Wicliffe, but now presenting nothing remarkable. Here we found in three minutes, and went away in splendid style, and had a capital hunting run over a fine grass country for an hour, when we came to a long check, and as I found I had lost a front shoe (though I had the old fellow shod only the day before) and was twenty miles from home, and raining hard, I thought it advisable to turn my horse's nose in that direction. And a miserable time we had of it, seven miles before we could get a smith, and pelting rain all the way; neither horse nor man, however, any the worse. The old horse carried me nobly. I flatter myself there were not many who were nearer the hounds, and at one fence with a yawning ditch on the off-side, at which the leading man got a tremendous fall, I, being second, got over in gallant style; but none of the field ventured to follow our example. In fact, I am as well mounted as a man could wish to be, and don't know which of my horses I prefer. It is, however, a great drawback to the comfort of riding the 'old-un' that he is such a puller. He got me into one or two difficulties by coming so quick on the man who was going before. As soon as he sees a fence he goes at it at such a pace, and with such resolution, that I'll defy you to stop him, and I was often obliged to ask men whom I found riding at my side to let me go at the fence before them on this account.

"*Friday.*—. . . We met this morning at York Wood, two miles from Coleshill and seven from Birmingham. A large show of 'Brummagem Buttons,' but we shook them off by degrees, and had an excellent, though not very fast, hunting run of four hours, through a very heavy country. We kept running till five o'clock, when darkness compelled us to call off the hounds without blood, and I found myself with fourteen miles to ride home. It was one of the staunchest foxes

I ever followed, as you may suppose from the time we were hunting him. The mare carried me gallantly, giving me, however, one fall, in which I sustained no damage beyond a dirty coat, though on looking up before rising I found myself unpleasantly situated, right under her belly. . . . . If you want to see a top-sawyer, you should see Mr. Newdegate, one of the members for Warwickshire, ride. He is a young man, about twenty-four, splendidly mounted, always with two horses out, and he *does* go. I consider it no little credit to myself and my horse to be able to follow in his wake. Being obliged, from my ignorance of the country, to take some one as a leader, I always choose him, and no man can show you a better line." 1846

He returned from Atherstone in the second week of January, 1847, and from that day never rode to hounds. In the previous autumn he had already bidden adieu to another favourite vacation amusement, which may be dismissed with a short extract from a letter to his old friend and schoolfellow, Sale:

Bewdley, August 9th, 1846.—"I am going to take a tandem drive with an old Shrewsbury man, Reginald Turner, of Balliol, now rector of Churchill in this county, all round that part of the country where I suppose you will one day become a resident, viz. Holt, Witley, and the Abberley Hills. The view from the latter, I am told, is very fine. My two horses make a capital team, and as this is the last vacation in which I shall ever indulge again in the amusement, I avail myself readily of the opportunity."

Within a week of his last day with the hounds the young deacon was at work in Oxford, and soon began to preach weekly at some church in the city, in addition to his ordinary college work. The two horses went back to Bewdley, where

1846, 1847 his younger brother, Bruce, moved no doubt by the Atherstone letters, as the month slipped away, became unwilling to allow the mare and the "old-un" to eat their heads off, and pine for the music of horn and hound. His suggestions on this subject drew from James the following:

Oriel, January 30th, 1847.—"DEAREST BRUCE,—You are perfectly welcome to take the mare to Shrawley, and I dare say if you have a woodland run, she will carry you pretty fairly. But it is impossible she can be in condition to live through a fast thing. Take her, but ride her judiciously. If she shows any symptoms of distress, leave off and bring her home, for nothing is so permanently injurious to man or horse as pressure beyond their strength."

To his Mother.—Feb. 4th, 1847.—"With regard to what I said in my last about the subscription for the Irish and Scotch, I wish to add a word to Bruce. If he doesn't feel himself rich enough to give money, he can do something by giving a little of his trouble and time, and could go from house to house with a list for the purpose of collecting subscriptions. He would thus have the satisfaction of as effectually promoting the cause as if he could afford ever so princely a donation. Ask him to think this over." There is a smack of the future Bishop of Manchester, the first to be met with, in this suggestion to brother Bruce.

An extract or two from his letters bearing on his ordination may fitly close this chapter. He was ordained deacon on the Saturday before Christmas Day, 1846, and priest on Trinity Sunday, 1847:—

To his Mother.—Oriel, December 10th, 1846.—"We are just now in the middle of Collections, having begun on Friday, to end on Tuesday. At ten A.M. on Thursday morning I have to present myself with the other candi-

dates for ordination at the Bishop's palace, which is at the village of Cuddesden, six miles from here. The ordination itself, I suppose, will take place as usual, in the cathedral, on this day week. And now that the time is so closely drawing on, one's mind cannot but be filled with serious thoughts of one's own weakness and insufficiency, when compared with the field of labour in which one's lot is to be cast. Great need indeed have I of every aid to enable me to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I shall be called. Do not forget me, my dearest mother, in your prayers; indeed, I know you will not, and the thought of your intercession on my behalf, added to my own imperfect petitions, has long been a comfort to my mind." 1846, 1847

To his Aunt Lucy.—"As the hour approaches for the actual investiture of that sacred function, one becomes more and more sensible of one's own utter helplessness and insufficiency, unless assisted by God's grace, to walk worthy of so high a calling. I purpose leaving this for Bilston on Tuesday the 22nd. . . Would it be convenient to send the pony-carriage to meet me at Birmingham? If so, let it be at the Hen and Chickens by five o'clock. The coach gets in about six. Don't hesitate to say no, if it is the least inconvenient, as I *can* pocket my invincible dislike to those omnibuses. If you do send the pony-carriage, put in my plaid, as I dare say I shall find it acceptable."

To his Uncle.—Jan. 1847.—"I underwent the examination with not a little nervousness on more accounts than one; but was unexpectedly rewarded at its close by the Bishop's telling me he had been much gratified by my papers, and paying me the compliment of appointing me to read the gospel in the ordination service."

To his Mother.—"I wish you and Aunt Lucy would give me your candid opinion about my sermons, at least those that

1847 you have read, and with reference to the following points:—Do you think the language plain and intelligible to ordinary minds, as well as sufficiently definite and practical in their teaching? and how far do you think them adapted to awaken a hearer, and lead him to apply what is said to himself? I should really feel it a great kindness to have your mature and unbiassed judgment on these points. A young writer is very apt to deceive himself, and I want my sermons to be useful to others, and not a display of any learning or eloquence of my own."

He lost no time in qualifying himself for priest's orders.

To his Mother.—Whit-Sunday, 1847.—"I am very busy, as I have to prepare for the Bishop's examination on Thursday next, in addition to my usual amount of college work. For, as I told you I probably should do, I have made up my mind to be a candidate for priest's orders on Trinity Sunday. I have no doubt I shall have the benefit of your thoughts and prayers while endeavouring to approve myself to the Bishop worthy to be admitted into the sacred order of priests, that God may enable me to discharge aright its weighty responsibilities to the increase of His glory and the benefit of His Church." And then, speaking of the college living of Cholderton, just vacant by the resignation of Mr. Thos. Mozley (Cardinal Newman's brother-in-law, author of the *Memoirs*), "The Cholderton case is still unsettled, as Church's answer has not yet been received. The delay is odd; but I suppose he was wandering about, and so the letter had to follow him. But I suppose after all I shall be rector there, and the more I think the subject over, the more I think I should promote my own happiness (and I flatter myself, yours also, if you consent to come and keep house with me) by being so. I wrote to Bruce with your letter, among other things recommending him to discontinue pastry and everything that consumes flour, except bread. With

wheat at 15*s.* a bushel, we should have all economy in its consumption. We have forbidden pastry in the college, and many others have done the same thing. By the bye, I was told the other day, that as a substitute for potatoes, rice and peas done together were much superior to either vegetable alone. The receipt was from the Bishop of Oxford, who had seen it used at the Queen's table. Try it." 1847

To his Mother. Oriel College, Trinity Monday, 1847.—"I have just read your interesting budget (and forwarded it), for which, however, I had to pay 2*d.* more. When you run weight so very fine, why not give the revenue the benefit of the doubt? Perhaps you think that you do this the more effectually by getting an extra penny out of the recipient of the letter, but you should remember that this in some measure diminishes the feeling of satisfaction with which it is received. Alexander's letter as Bruce complains of it, might have been a little more interesting on such an occasion" (his marriage in India), "and I can hardly realise the entire absorption of all thought and feeling on one object, however dear, to the utter exclusion of every other claimant on one's attention. But still, it is delightful to find him so happy, and I trust, under God, that his present satisfaction is only a foretaste of the happiness and comfort which is to crown his wedded life in this world, as well as in the world to come, when, though there be no marrying and giving in marriage, there is still a marriage-supper to be kept, and no doubt a place for the affections formed and nourished in wedlock here. And this thought, into which I have been unconsciously led, carries me on to speak of myself, now admitted to the second order of the Ministry of the Church of Christ. I was ordained yesterday priest (with twenty-two others) by the Bishop of Oxford, after three previous days of examination and exhortation from the Bishop, at his palace at Cuddesdon. I cannot but consider it to be a great privilege to be ordained by such

1847 a Bishop. So much solemnity and holy feeling does he impart to every, even the slightest detail of the whole ceremony, that it is impossible for even the lightest-hearted (and I feel that my heart is sadly too light and frivolous) to be otherwise than deeply impressed with the business in which he is engaged. I have now a full commission to preach God's Word, to dispense His Sacraments, and to declare His pardon. May He grant me grace to do them all faithfully and to His glory! I cannot but feel and know how weak and imperfect the instrument; but it is a comfort to be assured that our sufficiency is not of ourselves."

CHAPTER III.

"When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)
Be sure thou doe it, though it be but small.
Constancy knits our bones, and makes us stoure,
When wanton pleasure beckons us to thrawle.
Who breaks his own bond forfeiteth himself,
What nature made a ship he makes a shelf."

HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

CHOLDERTON. I. THE NEW CHURCH. 1847—1849.

THE little living of Cholderton is the poorest in the gift of Oriel. It passed all down the list of fellows in June 1847, but no man was willing to take it at the cost of his fellowship. A College meeting was thereupon called, at which it was decided, that Cholderton should be "tenable with a fellowship." Even in this form it was declined by all the senior fellows, and came to Fraser, who accepted it. He was inducted early in July, and then, by arrangement with the outgoing incumbent, Mr. Mozley, took two months' holiday on the Continent before going into residence. His predecessor, who had, from an occasional contributor, become one of the principal writers on the staff of the *Times*, had found the two positions incompatible, unless his parish work was to be scamped, and so was migrating to London. He and his wife were building a new church at Cholderton, to replace the one in use, which had fallen into hopeless decay, and had no architectural or

1847

1847 antiquarian interest to make it worth preserving. In the short visit which Fraser paid them before starting for his holiday, he seems to have won their entire confidence, and a friendship at once sprung up between them, which was only to end with the life of the younger man. The zeal and insight with which he entered into all their plans as to the new church, and took up the threads of the parish work of all kinds, hastened the transition from acquaintanceship to friendship.

Of this continental tour the entry in his small pocket-book, "*Vitæ meæ (mihi non aliis) memorabilia*," runs: "July 14—September 17. Tour on the Continent with Marsh and Powles. Starting from Ramsgate: Ostend, Cologne, Coblenz, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Baden, Strasburg, Freiburg, Schaffhausen, Zurich, Luzern, the Oberland, Interlaken, Thun, Vevay, Berne, Geneva, Mont Blanc, the Simplon, Domo d'Ossola, L. Maggiore, Lugano and Como, Milan, Venice, Padua, Trent, the Stelvio, Finstermunz, Innspruck, Munich, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Wurtzburg, the Mayne, Frankfort, down the Rhine, home. Expenses 43*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*"

The tiny hamlet to which Fraser returned from the Continent in September 1847, is nestled away in a dip of the great downs which form the northern section of Salisbury Plain. They stretch towards the north-west, to Savernake Forest and the old borough of Marlborough, which is the post-town for Cholderton, and distant from it nine miles. At this time, probably, in all Southern England, you could scarcely have hit upon a more secluded place than Cholderton. The famous Old Bath road, on which Marlborough was one of the chief stages, had become an entirely melancholy thoroughfare since the opening of the Great Western Railway. Instead of the 100 coaches which used to pass daily, now one solitary four-horse coach, the "Optimus," ran to Reading and back, and the posting traffic had almost disappeared. The great posting houses all along the road had been for the most part broken up into tenement houses. The Castle Inn at Marlborough,

the most famed of them all, only escaped that fate by the 1847
intervention of the trustees, who had taken a lease of it from Lord Ailesbury, and converted it into the great public school for south-west England. Swindon, eleven miles away, over the bleak downs, was then the nearest railway station. An altogether unlikely place, one would say, for a young man in the prime of life, the foremost scholar of his year at Oxford, who for the last seven years had been enjoying all that was best in the intellectual and social life of that fascinating city, to select deliberately as his permanent home. No such thought crossed Fraser's mind. His simple and healthy nature could make itself not only contented, but happy, anywhere. In the first weeks of his settling-in, he writes to Sale :—

"I have a snug little place here—a nice parsonage-house, and I retain my fellowship. Altogether I congratulate myself on my luck. I shall fill up my time with a couple of pupils, if I can get them. I want the money too, to build a school, which will cost me, I suppose, 300*l.* or 400*l.*"

His settling-in was not to be without sorrow, however. A day or two later he writes to Mr. Mozley, from Bewdley, *September 20th*, 1847 :—"I am sorry to say I am come home to find my youngest brother" (the Bruce, who had been riding his horses in the spring to the Worcestershire hounds) "confined to his bed by a very serious illness and complete prostration of strength. This will keep me at home till our October audit" (at Oriel), "after which I shall go into immediate residence. I was very much hurried in passing through London or should have called on you ; as I wanted to ask you one or two questions, one of which was the following. It appears to me that it would be highly desirable, if possible, to effect an exchange of the present glebe land for other, lying nearer to the house. From what you know of Lady Nelson, would she be likely to assent to any such arrangement? From what I learned

1847 at Cholderton, of the convenience of the present glebe to Mr. Tanner's farm, I should think an exchange would be beneficial to both properties. There can be no doubt of its being advantageous to the rectory. I should be glad also if Mrs. Mozley or you would furnish me with any parochial statistics, which would make me know what families in the village most need assistance, and what kind of assistance you have found to be of the greatest service to them."

Bruce having rallied, he returned to Cholderton, but was summoned back in haste on 2nd November, and arrived just too late to see his brother alive.

To his brother, Captain A. Fraser. Bewdley, November 5th, 1847.—"Our mother's letter to you last month must have prepared you to look for, if it did not cause you to fear, worse tidings of poor dear Bruce. Such, my dear Alex, it is now the painful task for us to send. The dear sufferer is now relieved from all further worldly cares or pains. He drew his last breath on Wednesday evening, the 3rd of November, about ten minutes past seven o'clock. It is hardly true, though, to call his death a release from suffering. It has been one great source of comfort that throughout his long illness of nearly three months, he has scarcely known what pain was, and at the last it was as though he were dropping into a tranquil sleep. Indeed, so imperceptibly did his spirit pass away, that those who were watching by his couch could with difficulty tell when it was that he ceased to breathe. He is gone, we may well trust, to a better, and more abiding home. So pure and innocent was he in his life, so guileless in all his ways, so affectionate and simple-minded, that we may, I trust without presumption, console ourselves with the hope that his gentle spirit is now at rest, peacefully awaiting a blessed resurrection at the last day. Mother and Aunt Lucy (who have nursed and watched over him unaided throughout his long illness)

and Uncle John, were with him when he died. That melan- 1847
choly satisfaction was denied to me. I had hastily left Cholderton (in obedience to a summons from my uncle), the previous evening, but could not get here till a brief quarter of an hour after all was over. His poor emaciated hand (for you never saw any living creature so wasted and fallen away) was still warm for me to grasp, but the living spirit had quitted its earthly tenement. It would have been a great comfort to me had it been permitted to be otherwise, and could I have seen the last breath pass away from one I loved so dearly. As soon as possible after the funeral, my dear mother will make preparations for leaving Bewdley. She could no longer live where everything on every side would be recalling to her mind the dear one she has lost—in the house, in the garden, everywhere, are so many little traces of his affectionate presence, or of his careful handiwork. She will come to me, I hope, at Cholderton, near Marlborough, Wilts. Dear Edward" (another brother who had lately gone to India) "has not given us his address, and I know not where to write to him, but it will save me the pain, and cost him no loss of time, if you will send this letter on to him, or break this distressing news to him yourself. No doubt it will be to you, as it has been to me, a heavy blow, but it may be turned to blessed consequences, if it leads us to love one another more tenderly, and, as we are now the fewer to unite, to be the more affectionately united. I pray God, that it may have this effect, for I have found, dear Alex, that since your marriage, your affections have wandered somewhat far away from home. We have heard from you but twice, and then so hastily that we know but little of what you have been doing, or how you are going on. I hope your new relations, which justly have so chief a claim upon your heart, will still leave a part unoccupied to feel an interest in those you have left at home, and who watch over your welfare with so much solicitude and concern. Indeed, I am sure it will be so.

1847 I am sure you never intended to give us pain, but you forget that such hasty, scanty letters, when we expected you would have so much to tell, *do* give pain, though unintended. We shall try to find some little memorial of our dear departed one to send out to you, and to dear Edward—something that he used to wear, or use, himself, which no doubt, however trifling in value, would make it precious in your eyes. It would be a great comfort if we had some likeness of his own loved face and form, but we have none, and he is now so changed, so thin and wan, that none could be taken. I hope, therefore, the more earnestly that those daguerreotype portraits, poor things though they be, will reach you safely. They at least will convey some recollection of what he was, and may, at some future time, be improved in a copy. You will therefore be sure to let us know when this arrives."

To Sale. Cholderton, January 12th, 1848.—"You have perhaps heard of the sad trial we have undergone in the loss of my dearly loved and I might almost say, only brother, Bruce, for I have none other left in England now. He sank after a lingering but painless illness of three months into an early grave; but none for which, dear boy, he was unprepared. His life had been ever one of purity and innocence, and so his end was peace, and indeed, though we have much to mourn for ourselves, for him we have, I trust, no cause to grieve. 'We sorrow not as others which have no hope.' Every retrospect of his short life warrants us in entertaining 'hopes full of immortality;' and this has been our great comfort under an affliction that would otherwise have been well-nigh insupportable, for he was *very* dear to us. Ah, it has been a sad blow to my poor mother. For the last four years he had been her constant, and affectionate, and almost only companion. It is a kind Providence that has so arranged things as to enable me now to offer her a home. She has broken up her establishment at

Bewdley, and I am looking for her here to-morrow. I have had three months of bachelor housekeeping, so you may imagine it will be no small relief to have her." 1847

His strenuous life in these first months, as a country parson, will be best illustrated by extracts from the correspondence.

To Mr. Mozley. Dec. 2nd.—"I just write one line to say that the tiles" (for the new church) "came yesterday evening about five o'clock. By the help of two of Mr. Tanner's horses, they got them to the shed in the churchyard, where they were carefully deposited for the night. This morning Meacher has been superintending their removal under cover. I get the painters out of the house to-day. By the middle of next week I hope to be a little in order, and in condition to welcome you any day that you have leisure and inclination to run down."

Dec. 3rd.—"I did not expect there would be a second load of tiles when I wrote yesterday, but another waggonful arrived last night at six o'clock, even heavier than the former. I paid the bill, which I enclose. Mr. Tanner grumbled, so Meacher tells me, at his horses being again required, and said 'they were not to send for them at that time of night.' This is not very accommodating, and hardly what I should have expected from him; but I suppose he must have been a little out of temper from something else at the moment."..."I sent out my tithe claims yesterday, but of course can't tell how long it will be before they will be noticed. I have been (at Meacher's suggestion) lopping the sycamores a good deal, which I think has certainly improved the appearance of the place. I have, on second thoughts, given up the idea of having one of them down. I am very well satisfied with Mr. Haverill's work with one exception, and that is, the paper in the study. It is an imitation of oak, and was to be varnished,

1847 in the process whereof they managed to pick some dozen holes in it, which they have patched in the most villanous manner. This, as it can't be mended, except by re-papering, is very vexatious. I don't understand about the land-tax, but presume a claim is sent to me by some one, and that I have not to volunteer the payment."

He inherited from the Mozleys, amongst other valuables, a servant, by name Meacher, the man who superintended the unloading of the tiles as we have heard; one of those all-round men, combining the functions of groom, gardener, and general outdoor factotum, who are rarely found anywhere, but never in such perfection as in country parsonages. Meacher remained with him for the rest of his life, and we shall get glimpses from time to time of the relations which existed between them, which must be taken as typical. Once a member of his family, and no man or woman seemed able voluntarily to break away from it.

No doubt the soul of Meacher must have burnt within him when he took charge of Ajax, and the other horse his young master had brought from Oxford. Fraser was as little inclined to part with a good horse as with a good servant, and wisely concluded that horses who had carried him with the Quorn, in the front rank, would easily master a rector's nag's business, and at the same time be a credit to the parish. He was very particular about his horses' shoes; and having heard a good report of the village smith, determined to employ him, but to take the precaution of being present himself on the first occasion. Accordingly, Meacher was directed to take the horses to the forge, but not to allow the smith to shoe them till his master's arrival. What passed before this between groom and smith is not known; but when the rector came up the shoeing was in due course completed, quite to his liking, under his own eye. Then the smith, a stout Nonconformist, ventured a guess that, "them horses had been used to

hunting?" Fraser admitted that they had; whereupon 1847
the smith hoped "that their new rector was no hunting parson." The new rector assured him that he might make his mind easy on that subject. As has been already noted, he had seen his last run. He never hunted again after his short Leicestershire season. How many of us have made such resolutions at one time or another of our lives! How few have kept them!

The old church at Cholderton had fallen into a hopeless condition, and, as we know, his predecessor had undertaken to build a new one, which was nearly finished when Fraser came into residence. The superintending the completion of the material church, and the holding together and building up of the spiritual church, or congregation of faithful parishioners, to occupy and worship therein, formed his principal interest and occupation in these first years. The former business proved a delicate and difficult one, and excellent practice for the great work to which he was in due time to be called, of building up his Master's Church in the great industrial county of Lancashire. First, as was natural, came the great pew question, the dissentient if not hostile column of parishioners being led, as was also natural, by Mr. Paxton, the resident squire, who had leased the Manor House from Lady Nelson and her son. The tact with which the new incumbent handled this controversy, and the happy issue to which he managed in the end to bring it, augured well for his future success in ruling and guiding the Church in the great metropolis of Cotton. In such matters, as in all human affairs, troubles and obstacles wholly unlooked for, and generally uncalled for, are sure to crop up, and Cholderton new church was not destined to be an exception to the rule. The squire's grievances seem to have been many, and (not being of a serious character) to have been treated somewhat cavalierly by Mr. Mozley, so that his frame of mind was none of the most amiable. This will best appear in the new rector's reports to his predecessor.

1847 *To Mr. Mozley. December 14th*, 1847.—"Since I last wrote to you I have had two more long conversations with Mr. Paxton about the new church, and the pew question. On the first occasion he was very violent, and much of what he said distressed me a good deal on many accounts; indeed I hardly got a wink of sleep for thinking of it. Yesterday he was much more reasonable and temperate. I regret to say that personal feelings towards yourself seem to be at the bottom of the grievance. He is resolved, he said on Thursday, 'not to accept a pew or anything else at your hands,' his pride will not allow him to do that. 'He will be indebted to no one for the sittings he occupies.' I tried in vain to make him see that you do not offer a pew to him personally, but a pewed church to the parish, and that his particular seats would be assigned by other authorities. Yesterday, however, he did not introduce this topic, but the burden of his complaint was that he had 'never been consulted,' (meaning in private, for he admitted he had been at the vestry,) that 'you had abruptly closed the correspondence,' and that 'he had never had any proposition made to him at all.' He was 'most anxious that the matter should be settled,' and had 'never said he wanted a square pew;' that 'he had never put forward a claim of prescription,' but 'this was what he wanted, he wanted to know what you proposed to do; what kind of sittings you proposed to put up, what accommodation there would be for him, because, if the sittings beforehand were not such as he was satisfied with, neither the churchwardens, nor any one else could make an assignment with which he would be content.' He was 'determined never to give his consent to the consecration of the church until he was satisfied.'"

To the Same. Dec. 21st.—"Mr. Paxton has now declared his chief objection, to wit, that he will not have any one sitting behind him who 'could breathe on his back,' and, that 'he

will not be peremptory about a square pew, but a door was a *sine qua non.*' He also hinted that he should be shortly obliged to repair his servants' pew (in the old church), a merely vexatious proceeding, to embarrass me, for of course I should have to protest against his doing so. Nothing would grieve me more than that, after all you have done for the parish, you should be forced into a lawsuit in which there was even a possibility of your being beaten; but I confess I don't see how it is to be avoided if you adhere to your present plan, and Mr. Paxton to his present mind. If anything could be devised by which, without making a distinction in the seats, or departing too widely from your original plan, or putting you to extra expense, Mr. Paxton could get his back to the wall according to his wish, I should be truly thankful. . . . . Whether the space on the north side, answering to that occupied by the desk and pulpit on the south side (if that be your arrangement) could not be fitted up with one or two seats, one of which would thus have the wall at its back, is a thing perhaps worth consideration. That is the arrangement at Newton Toney, and I do not think it unsightly. I should be really glad if some small concession of this sort (within bounds) could be made which might avert litigation." 1847

Next comes a sad relapse on the part of the squire. "He says," writes Fraser, "that he shall not be found unreasonable in his requirements, but that if he is driven to the Law 'it will be war to the knife,'—he would 'take nothing less than what the law allowed him—would take advantage of every quibble'—'would remove it from Bishop's court to the Court of Chancery'—'would file a Bill against the churchwarden if he dared to touch his present pew;' and if the law did not give him at last what he was satisfied with, he would never enter the church doors. It was very painful to me to hear him running on in this

1847 way, though, as I said, he was mild as a lamb yesterday, compared with what he was on Thursday; I tried to get him to say what it was he actually did require, but I could not get it out of him.

"He maintains he has a prescriptive right (but not to a part of the chancel as he finds now that Burn is mistaken on that point, and that the law is that no prescriptive right can dispossess the rector of his chancel), and this right he shall insist on if driven to law. But it is not the ground he has taken hitherto. Now all this appears to me very sad, and all *my* reasoning has had no effect. This seems to be his fixed resolve. Can anything then be done? Almost anything is preferable, in my judgment, to a lawsuit, if you do not sacrifice any vital principle by the avoidance of it. I do not suppose, from what you have told me, that all his opposition would do him any good, or you any harm; but, still, it would involve a great waste of money, and on his side, I fear, not a little ill blood. Do you feel yourself in a condition or in a humour, to make any proposal which is likely to be received? As I have said, I do not think he will *insist* on a square pew (although he admits he prefers them), but a door he seems absolutely to require. Should you have an insuperable objection to put down the seats at once (Meacher tells me it was agreed they should be put in afterwards) if a wish was expressed to that effect? Or would it be of any avail to offer to leave the matter to arbitration? I hardly think he would acquiesce in the mediation of the Bishop, as he has unfairly concluded (from an expression of his Lordship's that he would sanction nothing of which you did not approve) that he should find in him a prejudiced judge. I hope you won't think that in anything I have said I wish to assume a tone of dictation, or even of advice. I have merely ventured a suggestion in the hope that something might be done to bring this painful business to an amicable adjustment. By 'amicable' I mean 'without the intervention of the law,' for

as to the restoration of amicable feelings between Mr. P. and yourself, from his temper I grieve to say that I despair of that." 1848

To Mr. Mozley. March 24th, 1848.—"I have had a most unpleasant interview with Mr. Paxton and his lawyer to-day, not that the lawyer took much part in it either way. Mr. Paxton did all the talking himself, and a tolerably violent exhibition it was. He seems to think the world is leagued against him, to defraud or dispossess him of his just rights. I told him what your intentions were, to make all the seats alike, after the pattern he had seen in the shed. This will not satisfy him at all. His *ultimatum* is as follows, which I promised to communicate to you, though without much hope (whatever may be my wishes) that you will concede to it. He does not want—or at least press for—a square seat, but he can't bear people 'breathing on his back,' or 'knocking him with their books,' (so he says), and therefore he must have the whole or part of the seat parallel to the wall, so that he may have no one behind him. In fact what he wants is for you to let him know how many feet of area you mean to allow him, and for him to fit it up in his own way; and, he says, he should depart 'as little as he possibly can' from the uniformity of the rest of the church, consistently with the desire he has to sit without his back being exposed to the 'hot breath' of those behind him. Then he is peremptory about a door. This is what he demands, and nothing short of this will keep him from going to law—'or else,' he added, just on leaving the room, 'I may think whether it will be best worth my while to spend my money in a lawsuit, or in building a place of worship for myself, where I can be free from these annoyances. This,' he said, giving a significant look at me, 'deserves the consideration of some parties. It has been done elsewhere.' Such is his demand, and such as it is, I undertook to lay it before you. I suppose it was your intention to have all the seats looking

1848 eastward? otherwise if the two or three last rows on the north side were placed so as to look southward (like the stalls in college chapels) Mr. Paxton might get his back to his favourite wall, and avoid the annoyance which he considers so insupportable."

To the Same. March 29th.—"I have not a word to say against your letter of yesterday. I cannot be surprised at your feeling disinclined to make concessions to one who has never shown any disposition to concede to you, and which, if made to one, might with great fairness be claimed by others also. I acknowledge an instinctive dread of lawsuits, and an over-desire to compromise matters at almost any cost rather than bring them to this issue. But of course there are times when it is one's duty to make a stand. If Mr. P. attempts to repair his servants' pew (in the old church) what do you advise me to do? Would a simple protest against the step be sufficient in the eye of the law? or, must I refuse permission? or, have I the power to do this? I have told the clerk not to let any one have the keys of the church for such a purpose, unless they have my leave to repair, if in the chancel; or Mr. Tanner's, if in the body of the church. Do you know if it is essential that churchwardens should be elected in Easter week to make them legally qualified? Mr. Tanner was elected on February 15th last, for next year. There was a vestry meeting to choose constables, and to save trouble the churchwarden was chosen too. With Mr. Paxton to deal with it is desirable to have everything in legal form, as he says he shall avail himself of every quirk and quibble (*e.g.* he even raises the question whether the half of the disputed pew *is* in the chancel), so perhaps it will be safe that Mr. Tanner should be re-elected on Easter Tuesday. I am more vexed about this annoying subject on your account than on my own. It does seem so hard upon you after all you have done."

And so the weary controversy raged yet for many months, 1848
Fraser's reports on it being happily interspersed with parish news, *e.g.* that "the Hales are both out of work, there having been a turn-out of the Wilbury gamekeepers, so that John is cashiered there, and Henry is no longer wanted at the Knatchbulls; a serious thing for them, as both have families." "Mrs. Hillin can no longer get to church; could Mrs. Mozley find a secondhand bath-chair, from 2*l.* to 3*l.*, which I and my mother would buy for her, and afterwards it might be used as an invalid chair for the parish," &c., &c.

To Mr. Mozley. May 15th, 1848.—"Mr. Paxton has at last, on the recommendation of his lawyer, consented to the proposal I made, to give him up for the present the *occupation* of the disputed pew (though with a distinct understanding that it is without prejudice to the rector's rights) as long as matters remain in the present state. When the new church is finished, he will be prepared to establish his rights to the fullest extent. He has consequently returned to church with his family, after an absence of more than four months. Meacher and I have taken a liberty (the idea was *his*) with your model benches. The chancel was so inconveniently filled that we have placed two of them there, and have transferred the children and their benches into the aisle. We consequently get about eight more sittings, and greater comfort for the women to boot. . . . Of course I was sorry to hear that you had misgivings as to your ability to finish Cholderton Church this year, but I am sure there is no one, however anxious to see it open for worship, who would wish you to be inconvenienced or hurried. I have long been wishing to be in condition to offer you my mite towards the good work—but, as you know pretty well what my income is from my fellowship and the living, you may imagine it has been rather heavily taxed this year, and besides I have *my* building [the schools] coming on, for which Mr. Crook's contract is 140*l.*, and the exchange of the glebe to complete

1848 at Michaelmas, which (with the purchase of the timber) will run a long way, I fear, into 800*l.* So I do not see my way out of embarrassment (so to call it) even now. Still I hope I shall be in a condition to offer you 100*l.*, if you will allow me, out of my Michaelmas tithe—and I only mention it now because I thought you might like to know what money you can count upon, and when. I only wish it were in my power to double that sum, but I must keep myself out of debt; and further, I feel the inconvenience of the present school so much that the next money I can put by must go in that direction. . . . I have to preach a sermon for the Propagation Society next Sunday—nothing I dislike so much, or feel such a difficulty in, as writing charity sermons. You might as well send me an old one that will do."

To Sale. Sept. 19th, 1848.—"I consider my stable and coach-house to be nearly perfection in a small way. I have room for three carriages, two loose boxes for my own horses, and two spare stalls, the whole snugly inclosed in a walled yard, with entrance gate to lock, and keep all safe at night." In his note-book the entry as to this work runs: "Built coach-house, enlarged stable, and inclosed the yard, total cost 170*l.*, exclusive of the materials of the old tithe barn, which were used." "It was a weakness of his," says Canon Cornish, "which has often raised a secret smile amongst his friends, to be profuse in admiration of all that was his own, house, furniture, carriages, &c. It sprang, I think, from his very contented disposition."

His new church absorbed much of his thoughts, and in the summer of 1848 he had resolved to fill the windows himself with painted glass. He proposed to begin with the east window, which was to be a memorial to his two youngest brothers. This resolution he now confided to Mrs. Mozley, at the end of a letter on the case of a crippled boy, whom he was thinking of sending up to the Orthopædic Hospital.

1848 "*To Mrs. Mozley. Cholderton, November 17th*, 1848.—I hope I made myself understood about the windows, though I wrote in so great a hurry that I am fearful I did not. I have sketched out (mentally) a design for the whole church, which I transcribe for your benefit on the other side. I reckon that each of the two-light side windows might be stained for 50*l*., so that I trust to be able to fill them in course of time, at the rate of about two a year. Are you a Latin scholar? If not, you will not make out my inscriptions. In case your husband should be too busy to translate for you I take the liberty of giving you a very rude, but, I trust, literal English version, which I made for my mother's edification. If Mr. Mozley thinks the design for the memorial window more suitable to the west end, we should have no objection to put it there, only the east window is that one naturally desires to see first filled."

Fraser was no poet, and the English version of his memorial verses to his two brothers need not be here given. The Latin was as follows:—

On Side Compartment.

1.

JOANNES WILLIAM FRASER

Apud Indos Orientales jam biennium militans,
Immaturâ morte peremptus est.

die Septembris, A.D. 1840, æt. 20.

On Side Compartment.

2.

ROBERTUS BRUCE FRASER

Biennio legis studenti vix exacto,
Immortalitatem cum vitâ commutavit,

3tio die Novembris, A.D. 1847, æt. 20.

IN CENTRAL COMPARTMENT.

Ambo deflendi dederant si fata tueri
Armis hic patriam noverat, ille togâ.
Ambo tirones, totidemque æqualiter annos,
Officio cecidit junctus uterque suo.
Jamque jacent (fas sit sperare) ubi nulla manebunt
Causave consulto, bellave agenda duci.

1848 I add the general design :—

DESIGN FOR CHURCH WINDOWS.

4	3	2	1
THOMAS and MATTHIAS.	JAMES and BARTHOLOMEW.	PAUL and BARNABAS.	LUKE and JOHN.

Four North side 2-light windows, with figures of Evangelists and Apostles.

West end. 3-light Windows.
Left. Baptism of Christ.
Centre. Christ pierced by soldier's spear.
Right. Last Supper.
Four Prophets in small lights above.

The symbols of the four Evangelists above.

East-end Windows.
Left. Matt. xxvii. The Converted Centurion.
Centre. Rev. xix. 11, 16. He who in righteousness doth judge and make war.
Right Mark xii. 28. The Scribe who was not far from the kingdom of God.

1	2	3	4
MATTHEW and MARK.	ANDREW and PETER.	PHILIP and JAMES THE LESS.	SIMON and JUDE.

Four South side 2-light windows, with figures of Evangelists and Apostles.

This elaborate plan seems to have startled the Mozleys; and to have drawn a remonstrance and caution from them by return of post. They had not then discovered what a superb business faculty their young friend possessed. To this he replied: "You must not judge me too hastily. I never thought of this as one of the things to be done immediately, but only as a scheme in my head which I one day hope to realise. I should not even have attempted the memorial window till the church was finished, had not my calculations justified me in thinking I could manage my part in both at the same time. For you must not suppose that I am encountering the expense of these works alone. In the memorial window, for instance, my mother, my uncle, and

my aunt share the expense with me; which will not make our 1848
several contingents more than 40*l.* Again, for the schoolhouse, the most essential need of the parish by far, my mother has promised me 100*l.*, and my uncle something, so that I do not think what will have to come out of my own pocket will exceed 300*l.* Now, you know, I really have a very good income, with my fellowship and the living together, and an occasional pupil; not much less than 550*l.* or 600*l.* a year. My mother pays me 200*l.* towards house expenses, and these hardly exceed 400*l.* a year, horses and all included, so that I have a considerable surplus, and though the expenses of furnishing, building, exchanging the glebe, &c., will have been rather heavy upon me, and do not leave me much to spare now; and the schoolhouse is a prospective drain in the same direction; yet, when all this is done, and all the annual claims of the parish (which do not come to 50*l.*) are satisfied, I shall still be able, and I think justified, in putting by 100*l.* a year towards decorating, a work which I am sure deserves it. I am no mere 'builder,' or 'decorator' either, while more pressing claims remain unsatisfied, but really I should be at a loss to know what to do with my money (unless I went out of the parish) unless I laid out some of it in this, which I still think a legitimate, way. Indeed considering the peculiar condition of this parish—that we have no unemployed poor—I hardly know what scheme I could adopt for bettering their condition; though I should be most thankful for any hints that Mr. Mozley and yourself could furnish me with. As I have said, the great want is a good school, and this I hope speedily to supply. I am now hastening the exchange of the glebe for the very purpose of being able to set about it as soon as the old church is down. When the house is built the next thing will be to procure, and endow, a mistress. I do not intend asking the college to contribute to the building, but I hope they will give me 5*l.* a year for the endowment. In course of time I shall hope to add 'Craperode's charity' to

1848 the same purpose, and perhaps may count upon 5*l.* a year from other sources. I think I ought to get a competent mistress, considering I should give her furnished apartments, for 20*l.* or 30*l.* a year. So the balance to come out of my own purse would not be large. Your good husband need not fear for my becoming a book-worm, or a bankrupt. I am sorry to say I have a constitution naturally indolent, and do not read half as much as I ought to do; and, as to the other, I have such a horror of debt, that I am not likely to fall into it. But, after all this explanation, I hope you will neither of you think me very extravagant, or very self-willed; or neglectful of more paramount calls, if I again say that I shall be anxious to fill the side windows by degrees."

Objections of quite another kind came from his Aunt Lucy. The nature of these will be sufficiently indicated by the following answer to them :—

To his Aunt. Cholderton, November 16th, 1848.—"Why should not dear Bruce's innocence find an adequate memorial in the conversation between our Divine Master and the young lawyer who had 'kept all the commandments,' as far as unaided human nature could, from his youth? And dear John's affectionate and modest heart in the faithful centurion, so warmly interested for the welfare of his servant, and yet so sensible of his own unworthiness as to feel that he was not worthy to receive our Lord into his house? The design is sufficiently general not to obtrude a merely personal remembrance on the minds of others; while it is so far personal as to fully answer our own hopes and feelings.

"As to the inscription (which, I confess, is to my mind the most tenable objection), it will be quite subordinate to the main design, and being in Latin, will be intelligible but to few. It will rarely, therefore, have the effect of drawing down a spectator's mind to earthly things when it should be rising elsewhere. It cannot well be a *memorial* window without an

inscription, and it would be unmeaning to place the inscription elsewhere. Chancel monuments are very common, and I can see no real harm, much less 'profanation,' if, in I trust a legitimate and pious wish to decorate God's house, we have wished to associate, and as it were inshrine, the memories of those dear to us. It was surely intended that we should be actuated, though only in the second place, by human motives: else why were our affections given us? And if we dwell in thought and tender reminiscences upon the dead, why should we shrink from seeing those thoughts expressed in words, or the mental picture embodied to the eye? I can see no 'mixing up of human remembrances with divine imagery' in any such way as can be deemed irreverent or painful to the most religious mind; but simply a giving expression to the outward eye of what we all feel in our inward hearts, an elevating and sanctifying of the merely human element by bringing it into association with what is divine." 1849, 1850

To Sale. December 7th, 1849.—"The staining of the windows I have taken in hand. Having been fortunate enough to get a liberal supply of pupils, we shall start with four painted windows. The east and west are being executed by O'Connor, and promise to be as handsome glass as I ever saw. The two side windows I have intrusted to Clutterbuck. If life is spared I hope to fill every window in the church by the end of 1851."

It was still eighteen months before the new church was ready for consecration, and, meantime, two of the painted windows had been already put in to the great satisfaction of the rector. At last in February, 1850, he could write to Mrs. Mozley:—

Cholderton, February 19th, 1850.—"Your plan of the entertainment is pretty nearly the same as we had turned over in our own minds. I think I mentioned that it

1850 is my wish that *all* my parishioners should have a good dinner on that day; and, if possible, to bring the two parties of rich and poor together. By the aid of canvas and rick cloths I have thought that sufficient and protected accommodation may be provided for all in the rectory meadow. As to what you say as to sharing the expense I cannot hear of it. I don't consider that that falls within your and your husband's province at all. I am sure his pocket has been taxed enough already. In all my calculations of expenditure I have always put aside in one corner a snug little 40*l.*, which I thought would cover the expenses of the day—and it is still there. There is not a particle of reason why the burden of the entertainment should not rest, as it ought, on my shoulders. So please let me hear no more about this."

Again *to Mrs. Mozley.*—"I have left Wyatt (the architect) to arrange with the Bishop about the consecration day. My mother is busying her mind already with all sorts of plans. Of course I wish you to bring as many of your friends and kindred as we can possibly accommodate, with you. I shall place three bedrooms at your entire disposal. I dare say Grace [Mr. Mozley's daughter] would not object to sleep in my mother's (your old) room; and two ladies might squeeze into one bed. So you will please to make your arrangements accordingly."

To Mrs. Mozley. March 3rd.—"The work at the church may now be said to be finished. Ringham's men are all gone, and Crook has completed his portion of the task [the stained glass]. There is little more than the cleaning and oiling to be done. I am sorry to say Mr. Paxton would not sign the petition for consecration for some trumpery reasons, which however he calls conscientious. The principal was, that he would not attest a statement, that, ten years ago the old church was in a 'dilapidated state.' In his note to me he adds that he shall not be here on the 16th of April, but hopes the day will pass off to the gratification of all concerned."

The day was now fixed for April 16th, a Wednesday, and 1850
all seemed going smoothly, when a most untoward event occurred. Factotum Meacher, having by this time lost his respect for Ajax, and, oblivious of the fact that that noble beast had in his day led "the cream of the cream in the shire of the shires," ventured to put him in a cart and take him into Salisbury for a load. The result was a bolt of Ajax's in the inn yard. Meacher, in trying to stop him, was crushed against the wall, and retired, a sadder and wiser man, into Salisbury Infirmary, only some fortnight before the great day. Happily it proved that no bones were broken, though he had been severely shaken.

To Mrs. Mozley. April 4th.—"My mother and myself both regret extremely to hear of Mr. and Mrs. Walter's inability to be here on the 16th, especially for its cause. Fresh non-acceptances also come dropping in, as from Lady Nelson yesterday, who is obliged to return to town (though her son will be here), and from the Staggs of Grafton this morning. My principal consolation is that it will allow of more of our own village people taking part in the ceremony. I am happy to tell you that Meacher is going on very favourably. He hopes to get out of the Infirmary on Saturday, and I shall write to the committee expressing my wish to the same effect, as it would be a grievous disappointment to him, enough to bring on a bad relapse, if he could not be here on Wednesday. By God's mercy his accident turns out to be nothing more than a severe shake. There are no broken bones, or internal injury. His wife is at Cambridge, and is not to know anything about it. His son-in-law, Marsh, came here on Monday escorting about twenty beehives from Cambridge, and not having heard of his father's misadventure. He went in to see him yesterday. Can you tell me where Maria Laming (which I think is your old servant's name) is to be found? that I may send her word about coming. I do not think that

1850 Meacher has done so yet. . . We shall expect you (D.V.) on Monday. The cold weather has entirely disappeared, but wet has come instead. However, I never was a croaker, and look with confidence for a fine day. . . As to Ajax, I perceive that if you were in my mother's place I should have to get rid of the offender, but really, in spite of his occasional tricks, he is a useful and a safe horse. At least he has never attempted with me anything of a dangerous tendency. As my mother is not afraid of him I can ill afford to part with him, but I must learn Meacher's feelings when he comes home."

After the last letter he appears to have gone over to Salisbury, to satisfy himself thoroughly about his servant. Next day he writes again to Mrs. Mozley:—

Cholderton, April 5th, 1850.—"I had anticipated all your feelings by my own about poor Meacher. I was in Salisbury yesterday and saw him. He is a sad heap of bruises, but really getting on as favourably as I could expect. He seemed doubtful himself about the prudence of coming out for the consecration, as he feared it might throw him back, and tell upon him all through the summer. So what I have settled upon is this, I spoke to the house surgeon (telling him the circumstances) and it is agreed that if Meacher himself wishes to come, and it is thought safe to let him, he should be discharged on Tuesday, and if necessary readmitted as an out-patient afterwards. I shall be quite as much disappointed as Grace, if he is not here, and you may imagine I find it rather difficult to get on without him."

To the Same. April 8th.—"The allotment of the seats in the new church is made; and, as you might expect, does not escape uncensured. Mr. Paxton of course grumbles, though we

have given him exactly what he asked for. But, after one or 1850
two angry notes, he 'will let the matter rest where it does for peace and quiet.' And the Miss Knatchbulls consider the offer of the front row of the chancel seats as good as telling them to go to some other church! I find it best to listen to no murmurs, and trust that all will subside soon. The church has been so full that we have been obliged to make the most we could of the room."

The great day went off most satisfactorily. Meacher came back for it, and forgave Ajax. The murmurs, except those of the squire, died out; and the ceremony and weather were all that could be wished. The following extract may close the story of his first notable exploit as a country parson.

To Mr. Mozley. November 8th, 1851.—"The consecration of Durington Church (to which I heard you were invited) went off very nicely, on Saturday (All Saints' Day). The arrangements were on the model of those at Cholderton, and, I thought, equally successful, but Meacher, who will not allow Cholderton to be beaten in anything, on my saying as much as we were driving home, replied, 'Well, sir, the Bishop's coachman says, of all the consecrations he ever attended there was nothing like Cholderton.'"

This chapter may conclude with part of a letter to Mr. Mozley, six months after the consecration. "I suppose you remember little Samuel Crouch, whom at one time you had some idea of making your page. The poor lad has come to a sad end. On the 19th ult. he had gone with a waggon of Mr. Healy's into Salisbury. On their return Wm. Waites, the carter, who was drunk, would not let him drag the wheel down Cholderton Hill. In consequence the weight overpowered the horses in spite of the poor lad's vain efforts to stop them, who broke first into a trot and then into a gallop, and ended

1850 by jamming the boy against the bank, knocking him down and trampling on him, and inflicting such serious injuries that there was no hope of recovery from the first, and he died after some hours of severe suffering on Sunday evening the 22nd inst. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of manslaughter against the carter (against the coroner's recommendation, as he did not think it could be sustained) and he is now in Salisbury gaol to take his trial at the next assizes. The poor boy was buried on Wednesday last, amid a large attendance of the parishioners, amongst whom his unhappy end had excited general commiseration. His was the first corpse that has entered our new church. It has been a sad affair from beginning to end. When the verdict was given the carter's wife, who had recently been confined, was seized with a fainting fit, and remained insensible for three hours, and is now thrown with three children destitute on the parish." And then after other parochial details, "Mr. Paxton sticks his coat collar up when he comes to church as vigorously as ever."

CHAPTER IV.

"Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, however mean or high
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven:
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

MILTON'S *Sonnets.*

CHOLDERTON. II.—CHANCELLOR OF SALISBURY—THE NEW SCHOOLS—SUB-COMMISSIONER ON ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—1850—1860.

WE have already seen how the young Rector was warming 1850
to his work of bringing Cholderton up to his ideal of a perfect parish, so far as all appliances in connection with the church were concerned. He had relieved Mr. Mozley of the whole charge for the windows, and, with the help of his own family, had filled most of them with stained glass, while the church was still unfinished. He was already maturing his plans for bringing the school, which in his eyes came next to, and not very far behind, the church as the mainstay and purifier of parochial life, into the situation best fitted for it. "I have a plan in my head, though only in my head at present, for a schoolroom upon which I should like to have your opinion," he writes to Mr. Mozley as early as June, 1848. This plan was contingent on an exchange of the glebe with Lady Nelson for a field close to the rectory and church. Upon a portion

1851 of this his new school was to be built, and no sooner was the church consecrated than he was busy with the new work. In November, 1849, he completed the exchange of the glebe with Lady Nelson. "Cost to me 17*l.*," is the entry in *Memorabilia.*

To Sale. Cholderton, May 11th, 1850.—"I have had too much in hand to lay by money lately; indeed, I have not put by a sixpence, since I left Oxford. And now I have just got the drawings for a school, which I hope to begin either this autumn or next spring. But this finished, so necessary for one's satisfaction in a parish, I shall begin to provide for a rainy day."

The more sanguine estimate as to starting was doomed to disappointment. The materials for building the school were to come from the old church, and "the law's delays," aided by Mr. Paxton's jealous watchfulness, made it necessary to postpone the work of pulling down until the expiration of six months from the date of the faculty for demolition.

To Mr. Mozley. February 1st, 1851.—"For the last fortnight I have been in hot water (as you foretold) with my neighbour the squire about the proposed site for my schools. I broached the subject to him in a personal interview, which was disagreeable enough: so much so indeed that the sequel of the business has been transacted through the medium of letters. He had all sorts of objections—but the chief one was, the nuisance a school would be in such close neighbourhood to his dining-room. when (deaf as he is) he should be 'continually hearing the children singing and repeating their lessons!' I was threatened with high walls all round my premises—a tall vinery to block out the view from my drawing-room windows

and sundry other forms of anti-nuisance. He even hinted 1851
that he should probably leave Cholderton, and wrote to the Provost, Lord Nelson, and every one else whom he thought likely or able to hinder me from carrying out my plans.

"I should not however have attached much weight to Mr. Paxton's objections, which were simply selfish, had they not been to some extent supported by Lady Nelson. As she had so kindly allowed the exchange of glebe, I did not wish to use her gift for what Mr. Paxton was pleased to call a 'nuisance and injury' to her property. I therefore volunteered a proposal (which by a curious coincidence crossed on the road another to the same effect from Lord Nelson) that if her ladyship would convey to me, or the College as Trustees, an eligible site for the purpose, sufficiently near both the parsonage and the church, I should be content, though at the sacrifice certainly of my own convenience, to give up my own scheme. After some correspondence on the subject, Lord Nelson has been here himself to-day, and I may regard the matter pretty well as settled. The land they offer is the piece on which John Young's cottage (formerly Sally Kilher's) stands, with the adjoining garden—the cottage itself to come down: and I am promised a right of access (when Mr. Paxton's tenancy expires) for myself, or the then rector, to it, by a path across the Clump meadow.

"I now write to ask your opinion of the eligibility of this site. It certainly is not (in my opinion) so convenient for the rector, if he wish to be frequently in the school, particularly if he establish a *night* school, as the one I had fixed on myself. But no doubt it is convenient for the parish, and is both higher and drier. I hope you won't think that a schoolhouse in that position will in any way injure the effect of the church. I think myself the two buildings may be made to group very prettily together; and I also think that the plan Mr. Wyatt has given me, when the site was to have been at my entrance gate, will be equally suitable and picturesque here.

1851 "I obtained a Faculty to pull down the old church on the 13th of December (not, however, without a threat of opposition from my kind neighbour), and I shall be anxious to put the works in train not later than the first week in March. So favour me with your opinion as soon as you have formed one."

In the spring of 1851 he is able to write to Mr. Mozley: *March 14th.*—"We are busy in taking down the old church. The walls of the nave are capital, but those of the chancel in a sadly dilapidated state. There will be a great quantity of excellent material for the school. I hope to begin laying the foundations next week."

April 7th.—"We have got in the foundation of the school, and in three months I hope to see it roof high, at least if we have a favourable season. This day twelvemonth you were on your way to Cholderton; and we were in a little more bustle than we are to-day. It was my wish to have marked the dedication of the church by an annual festival, but I found that the day would so continually fall in Lent, not unfrequently in Passion week, and occasionally in Easter week (when I am obliged to be in Oxford), that I was reluctantly forced to give up the scheme. Our population on March 31st proved to be 183: 91 males and 92 females. The morning congregation on the 30th was 86, the afternoon 95, the latter rather below the average."

From *Memorabilia.*—"Bought my grey horse, Cardinal. Poor Ajax went to feed Mr. Assheton Smith's hounds. An unpleasant interview with Messrs. Paxton, Henly, Wansborough, about (alleged) innovations in church service. To remove 'the grievance to their consciences' of which they complained, I consented to discontinue preaching in the surplice if the parish thought proper to provide me with a

gown. This seemed to satisfy them, but their objections 1851
were all of the most trumpery kind, no doubt emanating from the first named of the party."

To Mr. Mozley. Nov. 8th, 1851.—"That sad fever is still lingering among us, and has carried off two of your old parishioners, Ann Hale and Betty Dyles; the former died a month ago, the latter is to be interred to-morrow. I have still one, if not two other cases remaining. Crook is a sad dawdle with the school. I hoped to open it at Michaelmas, and engaged my mistress from that date, but I am afraid another fortnight must elapse before I can get into it. The effect, however, is very satisfactory as far as it goes. If Mrs. Mozley ever goes to Wandsworth I should be glad if she would find time to see the mistress I have engaged, whom I only know myself by letter. She is to be found at 6, Edward's Place, Love Lane, in that suburban village. I have desired her if she can to take lessons in singing while she is unemployed."

By the time the school was finished and opened, the rector's cheery ways, patience, and sagacity, had overcome all the little troubles and jealousies and crotchets of the parish. Even the squire had ceased to put up his collar, whenever he came to church, to protect himself from a current of air, which, writes the rector, "I cannot feel myself, nor does a lighted candle detect it, for this I have tried." A parish dinner celebrated the joyful occasion, at which, besides the workmen from outside, every soul in the parish seems to have been present, including apparently babies, for "197 sat down to the tables." The squire presided, the rector occupying the vice-chair; and, after the guests had dispersed, Meacher reported to his master the verdict of the parish notables, male and female, that great as had been the glories of the consecration of the new church, they had now been exceeded. "We shall never have such another day in Cholderton. Never no more!"

1852 The material organisation of the parish was now complete, and everything in perfect order, so far as the rector's department was concerned, and his life flowed on quietly and happily. "When I have said," he writes to Sale on Feb. 21st, 1852, "that I have been parochialising and pupilising, you know pretty nearly the extent of my doings. I have had more work than usual in both these departments for some time past; having three pupils (one in excess of my ordinary limit), and, what is worse, having a succession of cases of typhus fever in the parish ever since last July to the present moment, and not even yet seeing the last of them, which has caused me much labour as well as anxiety. I have no idea what can be the cause of the miasma so long remaining among us, as the village is in all respects unusually well off in sanitary arrangements. Since I wrote you last, I have finished and opened my schoolhouse. I think you would like the building and arrangements if you saw them: and I am thankful that I have secured the services of an efficient schoolmistress. The worst of it is that I cannot interest my wealthier parishioners in the work, and the whole expense, as of building so of supporting the school, falls on the shoulders of my mother and myself."

From *Memorabilia*.—"Eldest son of Sir ———, Bart., came to me as a pupil in January, stayed till June, when he took French leave and left us, having got into trouble with me about a foolish engagement he had contracted with Miss ——."

Mr. Mozley had already learned thoroughly to appreciate his successor. In the autumn of this year he wrote to ask him to act as his executor.

To Rev. T. Mozley. Oxford, October 20th, 1852.—"I cannot refuse to undertake the duties which your kind

opinion would impose upon me, if on further reflection 1852
you really think that you know enough of me to give you confidence in my capacity to discharge them. I must tell you fairly that I am afraid I am no man of business, and have no acquaintance, except merely in generals, with the specific duties either of executor or guardian. But if a sincere regard both for little Grace and yourself is any guarantee for a conscientious endeavour to fulfil them, of this at least I can assure you. I am only here for a couple of days to see a young pupil pass his matriculation examination at Christ Church."

From *Memorabilia*.—"Preached my first sermon in St. Mary's, Oxford, as Select Preacher. On my return home took Southampton in my way, and brought off my mother's new carriage."

To the Same. Cholderton, December 20th, 1852.—"I was in Oxford on December 12th (having to preach in St. Mary's on that day) and saw Church. He told me that he had consented to be co-executor of your will with me If you think it necessary, that I should see your will before you execute it (tho' I hardly know why) I will make a point of coming over to you when I am at Roehampton (probably in the week beginning January 18th), and will give you sufficient notice to allow of your fixing a day. But as far as I am concerned myself such a step is not necessary, and as it is quite uncertain whether I may live to act, either as your executor or Grace's guardian, at all, I think you have let me into the secret of your dispositions quite as far as it is desirable for me to know. But in this as in all other things relating to the same matter, I am absolutely in your hands."

On reading the draft of the will he discovered that a legacy was bequeathed to him as executor and guardian. This he

1853 insisted should be struck out, as a condition of his consenting to act, and it was struck out—not without remonstrance from the testator—accordingly.

From *Memorabilia. June 26th.*—"Preached my third sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford. This time I drove myself up and down in my gig, with the grey horse Cardinal."

To Mr. Mozley. Cholderton, November 12th, 1853.—"It is not my habit to be unpunctual in my correspondence, but this summer I seem to have had my hands unusually full. In addition to a house full of pupils (among them I had the Duke of Newcastle's eldest son, who is now at Christ Church, for two months of his long vacation, and found him a very nice fellow), my brother Edward has been backwards and forwards a good deal prior to his departure for India. He sails on the 20th for Bombay, avoiding Calcutta, as he is apprehensive if he landed there he might be picked up and sent off to this renewed war in Burmah. As he has the promise of an appointment just to his mind, worth 1,000*l.* a year, he has no wish to be sent off on an expedition to catch Dacoits. My other brother Alex was all through the last campaign there, he got favourably mentioned in the despatches, but he gives but a sorry description of the whole affair, and seems glad enough to be released from the calls of glory."

To Mr. Mozley. March 20th, 1854.—"To your second question about a manual of Divinity I can't give a very satisfactory answer—I had an Old Testament History Lecture generally on my hands in College, but I never used any; nor do I know what is the best. But I should have thought you would have found no difficulty with your present stock of knowledge in leading a pupil in three weeks, at the liberal rate of three hours a day, over all the ground with which it is necessary

he should be acquainted. One work, I remember, which I found very useful in the Historical branches of the subject is an appendix on Scripture Chronology in Vol. I. of Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici*, pp. 283—329. He differs from the received Chronology in many points, *e.g.*, the Exodus he places B.C. 1625 instead of 1491 : call of Abraham B.C. 2055 instead of 1921, but always, as it seems to me, for convincing reasons : and he gives an excellent synchronistical table of the Kings of Israel and Judah. But I believe the only way to get up the matter satisfactorily, is from the text itself. I inclose you—what I have just found—my scheme for a course of lectures (one hour each) for two terms ; twenty lectures per term, forty hours in all. You are going to devote sixty hours ; so you ought to get over the same ground. You will most probably find, as you expect yourself, that your young friend's shortcomings were not in the Prophets alone. But when men fail, it is always on some one point that the blame is thrown. We have not heard who is to be our new Bishop. Besides Dr. Hook, the names of Jacobson, Jeremie, Whewell and Blunt (Margaret Professor, Cantab.) are in men's mouths. But it is all guessing at present. I trust the Government will send us a man of energy, but also a man of moderation and peace. To be rough ridden by Whewell, *e.g.*, would not be pleasant. I expect a visit on Wednesday from H.M. Inspector of Schools for this district, the first time our little establishment has submitted to this ordeal. I am applying for a pupil teacher : so I am a little nervous about the result. I think however that he will find us in tolerable order." 1854

This application for a pupil teacher brought him (for the first time I believe) into communication with the educational department of the Privy Council, in which his old school fellow and College friend, Lord. Lingen, had now become a permanent official. For several years they had not met or kept up any correspondence when an accidental meeting in

1854 the Autumn of 1848 renewed the intimacy. "I had gone down from London on a Saturday to Salisbury with the present Bishop of London," Lord Lingen writes, "and on Sunday we had walked to see Stonehenge, from which making a circle, we met on the top of the Beacon Hill, Fraser, then Rector of Cholderton, and another Fellow of Oriel whose name I now forget. The surprise was so great that I always look back to it as a new commencement of our intimacy. We did not always agree on educational matters. Those who have known us both will readily understand that I was often a good deal the stricter doctrinaire of the two, and did not see the many cogent reasons which convinced Fraser that exceptions ought to be made. We differed less when he passed into a larger sphere. I mention this only as it aids my recollection of his character and manner. I recall the irresistible—"Come now"—with which, radiantly smiling, he used to return to the charge, and I fear oftener got his own way than I care to particularise. Both before and after he became a Bishop he not unfrequently stayed at my house, and I really can say, without exaggeration, that the very sight of him had the effect of sunshine, both on the servants and on ourselves. If ever there was a sociable and sympathetic man he was one, pleasantly inquisitive, and ready to talk to any one. 'Which was the maid who cooked that nice dish?' said he, one morning after he had read prayers, to us all—referring to something he had praised at dinner the day before."

To Mr. Mozley. April, 1854.—"I rather share your feelings about the coming struggle with Russia, tho' not to quite such an extent of evil foreboding. Still I wish there was less crowing; and I thought that dinner at the Reform Club" [to Sir Charles Napier on his sailing in command of the Baltic Fleet] "most unseemly in every way. I don't know when I shall be able to accept your oft-repeated invitations. I never manage to have anything to draw me to London,

but when I do you need not doubt you will be one of the 1854
first I shall search out. I am curious to see the project for University Reform. From a bald abstract of it I read in last Saturday's Salisbury paper, it seems of the *ridiculus mus* proportions."

The new Bishop proved to be Dr. Hamilton, to whom he was already known by his Oxford reputation, and from whom, some months later, he received a letter offering him the post of chaplain. The Bishop had already appointed three: Canon Liddon, Archdeacon Drury, and another. Fraser replied, after thanking the Bishop for his offer:—"While deeply impressed by your kindness, and the confidence you are willing to place in me, I think it right to decline your invitation to be one of your chaplains. You have already appointed three chaplains. They are all of what is called the High Church party; and, while I could sympathise more fully with men of this school of thought than with those of the other school, I think it would be more conducive to the interests of your diocese, and be altogether right, that your other three chaplains should represent the evangelical school. You may readily understand how strongly I feel on this point, as it leads me to decline your kind offer."

The Bishop, however, urged him to reconsider his determination, putting the matter before him in such a form, and with such force, that he at last consented, and became one of Bishop Hamilton's examining chaplains. The Bishop, on a vacancy occurring, appointed him his Chancellor also. "It was one of my many dreams," Bishop Hamilton said, "that the Chancellor should gather round him a band of young men whom he would train by lectures in the cathedral, and other modes of instruction, for the ministry."

In Fraser's own judgment his connection with Bishop Hamilton was of the greatest value to him; and he was never

1854 tired of proclaiming his admiration of the Bishop's character, and his own obligations to him. It is one more instance, this unsought-for Chancellorship, of how men destined for some specially arduous work are trained for it by the "providence that shapes our ends rough-hew them as we will." Having by this time thoroughly mastered his parochial work he gets an insight into diocesan work as Chancellor; and, from his constant intercourse with the Bishop, has his ideal lifted on to a higher plane. Then comes his employment on Commissions connected with education, at home and in America, which gives him a mastery of, and insight into, the education question, and the condition of the poor, such as no man who had not gone through a similar training could possibly have gained. Step follows step, till, without the least effort by himself, entirely through the insight of those who saw and appreciated his character, he is singled out, and sent to govern the Church in the centre of commercial activity of the kingdom. But I am anticipating, and must return to the beaten track of the narrative.

From *Memorabilia, October 2nd.*—"Have a parish dinner as a thanksgiving for the harvest. News of the battle of the Alma arrives before we break up."

"Parochialising and pupilising"—even when performed with the thoroughness which Fraser threw into them, and supplemented by work in the garden, and farming the glebe —left him plenty of leisure for reading and correspondence, of which he largely availed himself. In these years he seems to have taken much pleasure in pouring himself out to his more intimate friends on passing events, and to none more than to his predecessor. A specimen or two of these letters must suffice, and the first shall be taken from those written during the long and bitter winter in which the allied armies were wasting away before Sebastopol. Those who are old

enough to remember those terrible months will appreciate 1855
how vividly and truthfully he represents the feelings of Englishmen in those dark but glorious days.

To Rev. T. Mozley. Cholderton, February 9th, 1855.—"I really think we must look to you men of the *Times*—for our so-called statesmen seem utterly incompetent to the task—to recast our home Government, and reform our military and naval establishments. Can anything be so sickening as the system of appointments to offices of the highest trust in both departments, in spite of past warnings, which is at this very moment going on? There is just appointed to the command-in-chief in Ireland, Lord Seaton, who in the next paragraph we are informed is in his eightieth year. They have just sent out to command a Division in the Crimea, Lord Rokeby, who (I was told last week by an officer in the Guards who knows him) is as deaf as a post! The seals of the War Office are being offered, it is rumoured, to Lord Panmure (who, as far as I remember, never showed any great administrative ability), but it is *doubtful if his health will allow him to accept of them.* Sir James Graham, whose administration of the Admiralty at any rate does not appear to give much satisfaction to Sir Charles Napier, is also to give the nation the benefit of as much of his valuable time and services as gout, or whatever else it is that he suffers from, will allow. Now here are four men to put into four of the most important administrative posts at such a crisis as this, a valetudinarian at the War Office; a gouty cripple, his naturally petulant temper probably aggravated by his disease, at the Admiralty; a deaf man to lead a division, and an octogenarian to stir again into activity the dormant military enthusiasm of Ireland.

"Meanwhile one does not hear a whisper of any of the men whose names are identified with all the great improvements of the age—men who have been accustomed to manage large concerns with success and profit—being asked to give

1855 the country the benefit of their experience and counsel in this great crisis. I do wish, dear Mozley, you would turn your powerful pen in this direction, and teach the men in office what sort of a government the nation will expect at their hands. And I do wish you would go on and teach the nation too what are their duties and responsibilities, the duty of every individual Englishman in the exercise of his franchise, which, in the late violence of parties, they have so grievously forgotten. And do try to shame the electors of this country out of that wretched servility to party cries and demagogical agitation into which they have fallen. Just now it is the most miserable party cry of all, the cry of religion, that is raised most loudly. In half the constituencies of England a man has to pander to an ignorant and fanatical Protestantism (as it calls itself) of the narrowest and most intolerant kind, to have a chance of getting elected. It was nothing else that lost Sir Stafford Northcote, a really good man, his seat for South Devon, and brought in a Protectionist Protestant booby, Lawrence Palk, in his room. It is this, again, that has twice made Sydney Herbert apprehensive of his seat here. It is this that embitters every contest which Gladstone has to encounter at Oxford. The mass of the people want to be taught higher political principles, to be taught too the solemn nature of the trust they hold. I don't wish to see violent articles written against the aristocracy, whom I believe to be an integral element in our national prosperity, and in whom I believe the fire of patriotism burns as brightly as in any other class of the Queen's subjects; but I do wish to see that small clique of great families broken up, who seem to consider they have a monopoly of power in their hands, and on whom the same eternal changes are rung whenever a new Cabinet has to be formed. Again, do persuade some of your staff, or take it on hand yourself, to do something more to expose the miserable insufficiency of our present military system, and shadow forth the elements

for constructing a better. The root of the evil appears to me 1855
to lie in the fact that the military life is taken up by nine-tenths of the men who follow it as a pastime, and not as a profession. I met three officers of the Guards last week, who were all wounded at the Alma, as gallant fellows apparently as you could find, but no soldiers in the true sense of the word—not men looking to their profession as their proper and ultimate business in life. One of them said to me, 'As soon as this war is over I shall look out for a wife, and settle down to a quiet life.' Look again at the monstrous abuse of our half-pay system. Of the 7,000,000*l.* which our army costs the country every year, I believe I am not wrong in saying that two and a half millions go to, what is pleasantly called, the non-effective service. Take my neighbour over the way for a sample of the system. He was in the army, I believe, on active service about four years; was at Salamanca, it is true; but (as he never mentions it) I presume escaped without a wound, and has been permitted to draw half-pay as a Lieutenant of Dragoons for forty years.

"I would allow no officer to retire on half-pay till he was sixty years of age, unless he had been wounded or disabled in the service, or had served twenty years on foreign stations (not reckoning, however, in the number the pleasant places of the Mediterranean where it is anything but a hardship for men to go). Even then I conceive there are plenty of duties which the country might fairly expect him to perform, which are discharged by military men in France or Austria, but for which, at present, this nation pays another class of functionaries. I refer to such departments as the excise, customs, collection of rates and taxes, &c. I am aware it will be answered that such employments are not fitted for gentlemen; but I wish to see her Majesty's commissions opened a little more fully to other than the so-styled class of gentlemen. For instance, why might not a certain number of commissions every year be open to public competition—say half of the

1855 whole average number of vacancies, the rest being distributed either by purchase to those who could afford to buy them, or gratuitously to sons of old and distinguished officers? But then I would have another and more stringent examination afterwards, passing in which should be an absolute condition for any officer ever rising beyond the rank of Captain; and passing with distinction should be regarded as a co-ordinate title with seniority, or even perhaps superior to it, for subsequent preferment to lucrative and honourable posts. Some such system would produce two good effects. It would call into existence some good military schools—Sandhurst is a mere pretence, there being no enforcement of *bonâ fide* study —and it would make the military life to be adopted as a profession, and not as it is now, merely a pleasant way of spending eight or ten years."

Then, after suggesting the concentration of regiments so as to form two or three "practising armies" of 10,000, where officers might learn their business practically, he goes on. "Finally do speak out more boldly about the recall of Lord Raglan. I am one of those who don't see the great merit he has shown, even in the battlefield or in the famous flank march to Balaclava; and as the administrator of a campaign he evidently has not a single quality. I have no doubt he is a gallant soldier, and should be sorry to speak harshly of him; but he is no General, and this is no time for dealing tenderly with individual feelings. The common voice of the camp seems to single out Pennefather—who has large Indian experience—as the best man there. I observe that Sir D. L. Evans in his reply to the deputation from Westminster, spoke of him 'as his successor, ten or twelve years younger, and one of the finest officers in the whole army.' Sir Colin Campbell, again, is an Indian campaigner, and I remember a letter of an artillery officer, which characterised him as 'the best man out here,' adding that, 'Pennefather

would be as good, if his coolness equalled his gallantry.' And now, why have I bothered you with all this? I can hardly tell, except that my mind and heart are full of the subject day and night, and it is a relief to have disburthened them to somebody. Perhaps there is nothing in what I have said which is either practical or wise: in which case you have only to pitch this letter into the fire." 1856, 1857

From *Memorabilia.*—"Print a small volume of 'University Sermons,' dedicated to the Provost. Appointed Assistant Inspector of Schools for Amesbury Deanery. Dear Edward appointed to command of sappers and miners."

Dec. 27th.—"Provost wishes me to take Vicarage of St. Mary's, and to be tutor of Oriel again. In reply, leave the matter in his hands, but at same time say, as far as my own feelings go, would rather remain as I am."

March, 1856.—"Bishop Blomfield of London wishes me to take his son Alfred as pupil for holy orders. I decline."

April 28th.—"Basil Wilberforce comes to me as a pupil. Had old grey horse Cardinal killed. He was hopelessly lame."

June 2nd.—"Buy Monmouth for sixty guineas." *25th.*—"Part with my three last pupils, Dawson, Kerr, Wilberforce. Resolve to give up the trade."

May 16th, 1857.—"Dear Edward shot at Meerut by his men. Receive the news June 30th."

To Mr. Mozley. August 12th, 1857.—"It will give us great pleasure to see you here, though only *en passant* on Saturday. Shall I send our carriage to meet you, or will you order your Amesbury fly to be there? You must order whatever you want beforehand, as there is no convenience of any kind at the station My mother will be very pleased to see what Grace has grown into. What a terrible time for all who have friends, and who has not? in India! We are still in great suspense about my poor brother's wife, who had a fearful escape from Delhi, as you would see in a letter published in last Thursday's *Times*,

1857 and only got to Meerut to find her husband slain. We have had no letters, and all our information has been derived from public sources. My brother had two children in India, besides the three boys whom you will see on Saturday. My sole remaining brother, Alexander, also an officer in the Bengal Engineers, is at home on special service making inquiries about the construction of lighthouses, with a view to the erection of one on a dangerous reef on the Burmah coast. He has put his services at the disposal of the India House, but we are thankful to say the directors have told him that the work on which he is engaged is too important to be interrupted. What anxiety Mrs. Walter must be in! The massacre at Allahabad has been one of the bloodiest of all. The Fowles, I fear, are in great anxiety. They have had a sad letter from Bessie (Mrs. Simpson), who is at Hazarebagh. Her husband (with only one European officer at his side) is in charge of 200 sepoys having charge of 1,000 prisoners, and they go to bed every night not knowing whether they shall wake alive."

To the Same. Sept. 1st, 1857—"We had letters yesterday from India, from my poor brother's widow, dated Meerut, 7th July. They consisted however simply of a narrative of her escape from Delhi on May 11th, written by Lieut. Gambier, one of the party, which appeared in the *Times* of August 6th. She does not say a word about my poor brother's end, nor about the surviving child, so I conclude, as she had been six weeks at Meerut at the time of writing, she must have despatched previous letters which have never come to hand. Though we knew all the facts before, it has been a great relief to see her handwriting; as her long silence made us begin to fear that something had happened to her. How terrible these last accounts are! Poor Dr. Southby's eldest daughter, only married last September, was in the fort at Cawnpore, and there is every reason to fear she has shared the fate of our unhappy countrymen there. I hear they are in terrible distress about it at

Bulford : and their agony of suspense during the past week must have been well nigh intolerable. Miss Fowle is staying with us, and she heard this morning that Mr. Fowle has letters from India, all favourable. Stephen was making his way, he hoped in safety, from Chuprah to Dinapore. Fulwar's district was tranquil, and at Hazarebagh, Bessie's station, the panic was past. But till Delhi has fallen all must be uncertainty; and my brother Alex tells me that private letters from Madras and Bombay speak of the state of public feeling as anything but comfortable in both those Presidencies. I have been in some uncertainty as to my future of late. One of our College livings, Swainswick, near Bath, which augmented would be worth about 400*l.* a year, was offered to me : and though I declined it I thought Chretien would have taken it, and then I was told I should have to return to Oxford and my old harness, as the College would have wanted a Dean and tutor. I should not have liked the change at all, but I am happy to say I have escaped the trial, as Chretien, too, has refused the living. A year ago the idea would have been intolerable to me, but the possible charge of my brother's four children has considerably modified my plans and views of life. And as such a change would have enabled my mother to settle in a place which offered them the opportunity of a good education, it would have been less unacceptable to me, though sorely against the grain." 1857

To the Same. Cholderton, September 21st, 1857.—"One of your colleagues shot [1] (I was sorry to see) a rather unfeeling shaft at our good, kind-hearted Bishop last Friday, charging him with 'attempting to divert popular thought from its natural channel into another totally irrelevant one,' in 'telling his clergy to make use of this particular time for a Missionary Collection for India.' I rather imagined that something of this kind might follow from the

[1] In the *Times*.

1857 prominence given to the letter of 'a Wiltshire Farmer' (?) a day or two before. But the facts of the case are simply these: The Bishop's letter was issued *six weeks ago*, a fortnight at least before anything was said anywhere about an Indian relief fund—though as you know clergymen are apt not to act on suggestions of this kind immediately, and I have not acted upon it even yet. There was no attempt therefore 'to divert popular feeling from its natural channel,' as this 'natural channel' was not open to it at the time. I do not think the two appeals at all incongruous, and certainly I do not see that the Bishop has offended against 'the golden principle of one thing at a time,' unless his critic meant that he ought at once to have withdrawn his letter on the other appeal being made known. But one knows it is lawful to knock down a Bishop anyhow. The Fowles have been relieved, for the time at least, of great anxiety. You saw of course in the last telegraphic despatch that a conspiracy had been discovered at Japore, which is Fulwar's station, and Major and Mrs. Simpson (Bessie Fowle that was) and Stephen had to fly for their lives from Hazarebagh in the middle of the night. Two companies of the 8th Regiment, which had mutinied at Dinapore, were stationed there. The telegraph informed them of it, and Major Simpson at once sent off his wife, under Sheppard's charge, to Calcutta. He himself stayed until next day. He was in his office at work when his servant rushed in to say the sepoys were coming. He had just time to get his cap, rush to the stables, get on his horse and away, when the room he had been sitting in was riddled with balls, and the house immediately after burnt to the ground. This is the fourth escape Stephen has had since he left Fyzabad. The Southbys give up all hope of poor Mrs. Shaw."

His connection with Oxford still continued, and he was summoned in most years to take part in some of the University work. Thus he writes to Sale from Oxford:—

March 10th, 1858.—"We have twenty-one candidates for the Ireland—a shady lot. Modern languages and modern philosophy do not appear favourable to the cultivation of classical scholarship. The prize ought to go to Balliol, as, out of twenty-one candidates, eight are their men." 1858

To the Same. Cholderton, August 23rd, 1858.—"One does not wish to attribute to externals more weight than they deserve; but with me there is always a heavy pressure on my spirits, quite crushing all attempts to be devotional, when I am in a dilapidated, dark-green, square-pewed church; while all seems in harmony, and one's soul can soar a little, when one worships in such a church as I have got here."

Fraser had now been parson of Cholderton for ten years, and, for the last four, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and Chancellor of the diocese. The masterly way in which his work had been done in each of these characters had already established his local reputation, and indicated him as one who could be safely called on for any specially urgent or difficult professional business. And just at this time the nation was at last fairly aroused to the absolute necessity of taking in hand that most serious business of elementary education. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1858. In the autumn of that year her Majesty's "well-beloved cousin," the Duke of Newcastle, and his colleagues, determined that, in order to enable them to make any useful suggestions to Crown or Parliament, it was necessary to obtain trustworthy information as to the actual state of education throughout the whole kingdom. Accordingly, Assistant Commissioners were appointed, to each of whom a district was assigned to visit and report upon. Fraser was named one of these Assistant Commissioners at the suggestion of the Bishop of Salisbury. The district assigned

1858 to him comprised thirteen Poor-law Unions, in Dorset, Devon, Somerset, Hereford, and Worcester, divided into 409 parishes covering an area of 1,265 square miles, with a population (according to the census of 1851) of 235,456. It has happened to me to spend a considerable part of my life in the preparation of reports of this kind, and the perusal of those prepared by others. I may, therefore, claim to be no bad judge of such documents, and have no hesitation in saying that this report of Assistant Commissioner Fraser is a superb, I had almost said a unique, piece of work. Even now, after thirty years, when almost every suggestion made by him has been long since adopted, when the question of elementary education has been thoroughly threshed out, and Mr. Forster's great Act has been in force for seventeen years, this report has lost very little of its interest, and remains a model of masterly analysis, and careful, well-supported and well-reasoned suggestion. Space cannot be spared here to show upon what grounds he satisfied himself "that the problem may be solved, and the knot cut, as far as any two people in England will ever agree to cut a knot in the same way" (p. 45), but room must be made for the following. "There are certain collateral social questions such as the state of cottages, the rate and mode of payment of wages, the hiring of servants, &c., vitally connected with the subject of education; and it is irrational to expect that a single instrument, however powerful, can successfully accomplish the moral and intellectual elevation of a class whose whole condition, civil, social, domestic, is surrounded by so many unfavourable and depressing incidents. Education must still, and ever, be one of many weapons in the hands of the philanthropist, by the combined use of which he hopes at length to vindicate for every fellow-man his rightful position as an intelligent and responsible being, in a land of light, freedom, and civilisation" (p. 99). Here is the conclusion :—

"But this report has extended itself far beyond the 1858
dimensions I had originally marked out for it, and it is high time to bring it to a close. In writing it I am not conscious of having been under the influence of any prepossessions, or any prejudices. I have endeavoured to state, dispassionately, and without exaggeration, the condition of elementary education in an agricultural district, its helps, its hindrances, its state, its prospects, its peculiarities, its needs. It must be remembered in what respects the district I have examined may be called a 'specimen district.' It was a specimen of the conditions under which the work had to be done in country parishes, rather than of the success with which in many cases it has been done. In the latter point of view my district, I believe, must be pronounced a sample below the average. Even making the comparison within the narrow range of my own experience, I should say that it was a backward district, not a forward one. The work is more advanced, more general, more fruitful, in Wiltshire and Hampshire, than in Dorset and Somerset, in Gloucester than in Hereford. I hope that there is no point of importance bearing on the subject thus defined and limited that I have entirely overlooked, and not many to which I have failed to give the prominence that properly belongs to them. If I have too often been betrayed into the expression of opinions when I was charged simply with the collection of facts, I must plead in justification that it is almost impossible in a statement of facts to avoid also stating the impression one has derived from them, and that feelings as well as figures, the moral, even the sentimental, as well as the statistical aspects of the question, constitute the basis of information by which the Commissioners will have to guide their judgments, and frame their recommendations. I have not shrunk from saying, that though there is progress—steady, hopeful progress—yet that the condition of our elementary

1858 education taken as a whole is not satisfactory, because it is incomplete. But I should deeply regret, I should have failed utterly to express my meaning, if any one reading this report should think, that I have not made full allowance for real difficulties, or had not appreciated the self-sacrificing generous spirit in which in so many places the work is being done. There are men who are never found on platforms, whose names are unknown in the great educational world, who are throwing themselves, body, spirit, and purse, into this work. There are noble instances of the work being still done, and cheerfully done, under discouragements enough to break many hearts, as a simple duty, for conscience sake, for the love of the brethren, and not for the praise of men. That there are faint-hearted men, who give up the task as hopeless before they have even tried; and cold-hearted men, who are too indifferent to try at all; and ostentatious men, who will only work when they get credit for it; and bigoted men, who will only work in their own way, and would sacrifice the best interests of thousands to impracticable and visionary crotchets of their own, are facts sad enough when one remembers who are the sufferers by all this, and measures the magnitude of the social interests involved. But they are facts which one would expect beforehand to find, and the energy and benevolence rises superior to them. Year by year more and more soil is reclaimed from the wastes of ignorance and superstition, and brought into cultivation and fruitfulness, and though our social conditions are unfavourable to a high state of intelligence existing amongst us as a people I hope, and I see signs for hoping, that the time is not far distant when every English peasant shall find a good school and a sound education, provided for his children within easy reach of his cottage door" (pp. 105-6).

This report was sent in in May 1859, but not published until 1861, with the report of the Commissioners. It was

placed by those "trusty and well-beloved" noblemen and gentlemen in the forefront of their big Blue-book; and from that time Sub-Commissioner Fraser became an acknowledged authority with all who were interested in the education of the people. 1859

After sending in his report he took a walk with a knapsack round the Isle of Wight and the New Forest, and enjoyed the holiday like a school-boy after the yearly examination. Before the Commissioners' Report appeared he had left Cholderton, resigned his fellowship, and migrated to a college living in Berkshire, forty miles east of Cholderton and five miles from Reading.

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CHAPTER V.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Proverbs*, xxii. 29.

UFTON NERVET, 1860—1866.

1860 AFTER more than twelve years of happy and useful activity at Cholderton, during which he had not only obtained a thorough mastery of parish work, but, as Bishop's chaplain and Chancellor, had become well versed in the organisation, control, and requirements of a large diocese, Fraser accepted the College living of Ufton, and prepared to move from his Wiltshire home into the neighbouring county of Berks, and the diocese of Oxford. The letter in which he announced his intention to Mr. Mozley will best explain his reasons for the change:

November 2nd, 1860.—"You ought not to be one of the last to know that I am going to leave Cholderton. I have accepted Ufton, the living that poor Christie held, which I should think cannot be more than fifteen or eighteen miles from your house at Finchampstead. My motive was a very simple one—I had held my fellowship, and blocked up the way for younger men long enough: yet I could not afford to resign it and fall back merely upon Cholderton, even if augmented to 300*l.* a year. Ufton will bring me in a net 450*l.*, upon which, with my moderate habits, I can do very

well. Chretien succeeds me here. He is coming to-morrow with his sister to make arrangements. We shall hardly change places till Christmas, as the College can't conveniently spare him in the middle of the term, and I have diocesan work on hand which it would be awkward to transfer to a stranger before the close of the year. . . . . I shall leave Cholderton and this diocese with deep and sincere regret. The Bishop kindly wishes me to continue to act as one of his chaplains; but my other appointments of course I must resign. At Ufton I shall become again, what I like best, a simple parish priest, as I was the first half of my time here; and there I hope I shall be able to do what I have only once done here, and that on a very sad occasion" (the funeral of Mrs. Mozley) "catch an occasional sight of you. Old Meacher follows me into Berkshire, as indeed does all my Cholderton establishment." 1860

To Sale he wrote: "Though I could not afford to give my fellowship up, and fall back merely on Cholderton, I shall not gain anything, pecuniarily speaking, by the exchange. Indeed, I shall be poorer by about 50*l.* a year. But I shall be more independent, and whether single or married, my income will remain unaffected, *voilà le motif.* The rectory house is at present not very convenient, and not in very good repair, but I hope that an outlay of 500*l.* will make it, and the premises, all that I desire. Its reconstruction will be my first work."

He did this: and indeed laid out 1,200*l.* on the house, outbuildings, school, and a cottage, *suo sumptu*, without any loan from Queen Anne's Bounty. When complete the College gave him 300*l.* in aid.

The move was made in January, 1861, and his Lares and Penates—with old Meacher still able to get the horses along, riding one and leading the other—were transferred to the

1861 rectory of Ufton, than which a more ideal home for a country parson could scarcely be found in all England.

Ufton Nervet is a purely agricultural hamlet of considerable size, but few inhabitants, lying on the brow of the low hills which form the southern boundary of the vale of Kennet. The river of that name flows from Newbury to Reading, where it joins the Thames (in the large flat meadow below the Great Western Station, the point which was seized and fortified by the Danes on their first invasion of Wessex) through rich water meadows, osier beds, and pastures, a distance of eighteen miles. The old Bath Road runs along this vale parallel with the river, with nothing approaching to a hill in the whole distance between the two towns. The eighteen miles were divided at this time into three short stages, along which the coaches still reckoned on making first-rate time. As yet there was no railway, the Great Western Company having been defeated by the influence of the squires and lords whose parks lined the road from Marlborough to Reading, and compelled to carry their line round in a long sweep to the north, along the Thames valley, and the Vale of White Horse.

This fact suggests at once the social condition of the neighbourhood into which Fraser had now come, and its contrast to that he had left, thirty miles to the west. One or two great lords owned and ruled in the Cholderton district of Wilts; while, round Ufton, squires with moderate-sized estates literally jostled one another. There is no part of England outside the metropolitan counties in which the homes of rich people lie more closely together. Fraser found himself indeed some three miles from the fine old house of his squire, Mr. Benyon, of Englefield (in which Queen Elizabeth had been entertained by the then squire, on one of her progresses), which lies on the opposite or northern side of the vale of Kennet; but Sulhampstead House, the residence of Mr. Thoyts, and Padbury, that of Mr. Darby

Griffiths, are both on the southern side, and within an easy walk of the rectory. 1861

Both of these houses stand on the brow of the range overlooking the vale of Kennet, while Ufton church and rectory lie back on the tableland, which stretches away behind to the southward, and, within half a mile or so of the rectory, changes its rich character for the dark pine-woods and picturesque sandy stretches of gorse and heather, of the Harford Bridge Flat and Hounslow Heath character. Within five minutes walk of the rectory, over two or three fields, stands a fine old gabled manor-house called Ufton Court, with a dilapidated, but still stately, stone terrace running all along the south front. In Queen Anne's days it had been the home of Mr. Francis Perkins, the husband of the heroine of Pope's *Rape of the Lock;* with whom doubtless the diminutive poet had often sauntered, and flirted, on the terrace, and in the garden-walks below. The old house passed into the possession of the owners of Englefield early in this century, and ceased to be a squire's house. In Fraser's time it was divided into several tenements. Several rooms in the western wing were occupied by labourers' families, and the rest of that wing by Mr. Benyon's farm bailiff. The hall in the centre had come to be used as tool-house, granary, and general receptacle for agricultural odds and ends; while the eastern wing maintained its touch with a higher civilisation, and was inhabited by a retired officer and his sister. They had treated their wing of the old mansion sympathetically, cherishing the dim, half-effaced splendours of the worm-eaten panels, and allowing no profane hand to essay the adaptation of uneven floors, rambling passages, and superfluous flights of stairs, to modern notions of comfort and gentility. Besides these families, an authentic ghost frequented the unoccupied upper story of the house, and is still now and then, in the absence of the old soldier and his sister, seen even in the inhabited apartments.

1861 There is no village street, or group of more than two or three cottages at any one point. The church, a good specimen of modern ecclesiastical architecture, was built by Mr. Benyon in the early years of Fraser's incumbency. But, though without antiquarian interest itself, it stands in a churchyard in which are some of the noblest old yews in a county celebrated for that semi-sacred tree. The rectory, a comfortable, irregular house, fronting south, the work of several successive incumbents, stands on the south side of a delightful flower-garden. This garden is bounded on two other sides by high walls; and, on the third, by an unique yew-hedge, at least fourteen feet high, and carefully clipped so that it arches out four or five feet over a raised terrace. Along the centre of this terrace runs a gravel walk, ending at a corner of the garden in a quaint-looking stone arbour. This was a characteristic architectural work of the late Bishop, and one in which he took much delight. It arose in this wise. When the old church was pulled down there were several heraldic slabs on the walls, and a Jacobean monument, consisting of a family group arranged under a stone canopy supported by Corinthian columns. The architect retained the family group, but condemned slabs, canopy and columns, as pagan, and entirely out of place inside the building. They were therefore cast out, and some of them, report says, already carted away to repair roads, and for other secular purposes, when the rector's attention was called to what was going on. He interposed at once, seized on the pillars and canopy, and set them up at the end of his favourite yew walk, with the heraldic slabs inserted in the wall forming the back of the small arbour or temple. It remains as he left it, a memorial much prized by its builder, and by his successor for his sake, but one which has at times severely exercised both æsthetic and ecclesiastical critics.

The whole centre of this garden is a well-kept lawn, large enough for croquet, of which game Fraser was fond, lawn

tennis not having then been invented. On the other side of 1861
the rectory lies the churchyard, and beyond it a large fruitful kitchen garden, bounded also on two sides by splendid yew hedges, and on the third by a large artificial pond. The rectory and church stand by themselves, with the exception of the excellent school with cottage attached, both built by Fraser, and the compact farm-house, for the glebe of sixty acres, on the other side of the church. The county town of Reading is eight miles due west of Ufton, so that, even before the Newbury line of railway was opened with a station at Theale almost in his own parish, the rector was within an easy two hours of London. Such a home, in such a situation and amongst such surroundings, would satisfy most men, and Fraser was never hard to satisfy.

It is instructive to mark the contrast of his way of taking hold of his work in this his second cure. At Cholderton in his early days he is still shy, cautious; almost at times timid; anxious to consult with his predecessor on the most trifling details. At Ufton he lays hold with a firm, masterful hand; and becomes at once, not only pastor in the fullest sense of his own parish, but the leading member of the Board of Guardians. "A remark from him," one of his colleagues testifies, "always threw fresh light on the question in hand; and he would always recall us to the point when we were inclined to wander." His voice again soon became a power at the rural-decanal meetings, which he attended regularly as a part of his proper business. On the other hand he refused to join a Clerical society which held (and still holds) monthly meetings for discussion, giving as his reason that professional debates of this kind were likely to turn on "foolish questions, tending to strife."

In the parish this note of a born leader of men was even more notable. "You see, sir, he was rather more than a parson, he was a little king amongst us," said a poor woman, a parishioner, to Mr. Cornish, his successor. On the occasion

1861 of the Bishop's first visit to that gentleman another woman came to him in indignation, saying, "Have you seen, sir, what dreadful things the boys have chalked up on the door of the school?" Mr. Cornish went, and read:

> "Mr. Fraser is a very good man,
> He tries to teach us all that he can,
> Reading, writing, and 'rithmetic,
> And when he thinks right he gives us the stick."

Over which doggrel the new Bishop and his old friend had a hearty laugh. Report says that corporal punishment by the rector was not, during Fraser's reign, strictly confined to the village school boys. He was specially severe on any word or act which might bring disgrace on the parish. "I've a great mind to break this stick over your back," were his first words to an elderly man who had been guilty of an act of indecency.

Both in the pulpit and out of it, he was specially strong on the duty of thrift, and the evil of imprudent marriages. With a view to the encouragement of thrift amongst his poor he joined the Reading Savings Bank, and was one of the most regular attendants at the weekly meetings. "He always struck us," writes Mr. Egginton, then a clerk, afterwards manager of the bank, "as being possessed of great business power, even to minute details. He was swift, accurate, and methodical, with very kind, genial, and encouraging words to depositors who came to pay in or withdraw money. He always brought a large handful of deposit books, belonging to his school-children, poor parishioners and servants, and made inquiries on their behalf, and smoothed the business for them. While the poor generally seek to keep their pecuniary affairs secret from their clergy and richer neighbours, it was noticeable with what confidence his people and dependents trusted him in these matters. I noticed that this was specially true of him and Canon Kingsley; and many of

our largest and best accounts were brought to the bank, and cared for, by these two clergymen." 1861

Notable too was the conveyance in which the rector of Ufton used to arrive weekly at the Reading Savings Bank. "He was the only clergyman in our part of the country who drove a two-wheeled dogcart." Nor was this all. It was a high one, the highest that came into Reading; and always with a splendid upstanding horse in the shafts. "The whole turn-out was the pink of neatness and condition," says Mr. Eggin-ton, "he must have been an excellent judge of horses and very fond of them."

He was not only fond of horses, but of cows, sheep, pigs, poultry, and would have none but the best kinds on the glebe farm. And in such spare time as he could command—growing always less as his neighbours and others found out what a stalwart helper he was in professional work—enjoyed lending a hand to any work which was going in garden or farm. "I remember driving to the rectory one morning," Mr. Bushnell, a neighbour, writes, "and seeing a barrow of neatly sawn wood standing at the door, which he was much pleased at having sawn up and wheeled in, with his own hands. He was always kind, genial, and sparing neither labour nor time when he thought he could do any good, especially to his poorer neighbours, with whom he seemed always at home, and to have some bright cheery word for them."

His passion for order and tidiness rather strengthened as he grew older, and his eye was keen to note anything amiss, or out of order. "In walking round with me on his annual visit," Mr. Cornish writes, "no sign of neglect would he allow, in garden, stable, house, or cottage." "A little more paint, my friend, on this door." "There is a loose tile in your roof which you had better have seen to." "The ivy will be growing into your roof unless you have it cut." The impress of this quality still seems to remain in the parish, which is a model of neatness and order, such as can rarely be seen even

1862 in this favoured part of England, which looked to Mr. Emerson "as if it had all been brushed and combed every morning on getting up."

It was his custom on the afternoon of the first Sunday in every January, to recapitulate the chief parochial incidents of the past year, beginning with the details of the register, births, deaths, and marriages—whether the congregation, and number of communicants, were increasing or decreasing—whether the parish was better or worse in thrift and temperance. "When I was once present," says Mr. Cornish, "he had to notice an illegitimate birth. He spoke very plainly on such matters, and, where rebuke was needed, very sharply."

But perhaps the most noteworthy side of his Ufton life was the relations he managed to establish with laymen who could and would give him anything like trustworthy light on the attitude of the lay mind on the pressing questions of the day, religious, social, and political. On this point Mr. Egginton may again be cited. As mentioned above, they had already a speaking acquaintance at the savings bank. When in the summer of 1863, after an unusually hard week's work, Mr. Egginton walked out to morning service at Ufton, "I left the church," he writes, "and was just strolling along the road, when I heard a voice calling 'Where are you off to, Mr. Egginton?' Looking back I saw Mr. Fraser, who had just turned the corner into the high road. I told him where I was going. He said, 'not till you have had some lunch with me, so come back at once.' I did so, and was introduced to his good mother and aunt, and spent the remainder of the day at Ufton, a day I shall never forget. It came out (how I don't remember now) that a relative of my wife's had been a near neighbour of his mother in her early widowhood, when her sons were at school. He was well off, and, having no child, his heart went out to the lads, and they had the run of his house. This greatly interested Mr. Fraser's mother and himself; and he never came to the savings bank after-

wards without bringing me kindly greetings from her, 1862
with the request that I would come and see her whenever I could."

On many subsequent occasions the visit was repeated, and Fraser would question his guest closely as to what he, and others, were thinking on the current questions of the day. Country parsons, he used to say, were unfavourably placed in this respect, for "our rich and well-to-do parishioners are too kind and courteous to tell us what is really in their minds and thoughts, and our poor people are unfortunately too afraid of us to speak out their minds."

While he was specially desirous of getting at the real thought and mind of the middle class and working people, he did not the least neglect those in his own class, and was soon on intimate terms, not only with Mr. Benyon and Mr. Thoyts, his nearest neighbours, but with all the country gentlemen and professional men within reach. These relations, however, will come out more naturally in his correspondence, a small selection from which is all that there is space for here.

A word of explanation is needed as to the first. He had been offered a stall at Salisbury, which on his declining it, had been given to a brother-in-law of Bishop Hamilton. Thereupon S.G.O. attacked the appointment in the *Times*.

Ufton Rectory, August 18th, 1862.—"My dear Mozley—My birthday! when I attain the ripe and respectable age of 44! I don't *feel* it, and can hardly realise it: I am ashamed to think that I am not half so sedate, nor, alas! half so good as I ought to be. Thanks for your frank, friendly letter. It was hardly fair to pour my indignation against S.G.O. and the *Times* into your ear; yet for the sake of the answer you sent me I am glad I did it. The excitement, I suppose, has by this time nearly died down. I did get admission for one

1862 letter, in answer to an unwarrantable statement of S.G.O.'s, which at least cleared the offer of the canonry to myself from the imputation which was endeavoured to be fastened on it, of being a mere feint. With regard to the whole business, though I am satisfied that L—— is a fit man to be canon, and will make a good one, perhaps the best of all who could have come into competition with him, I don't defend the *wisdom* of the appointment. Connected as he was with the Bishop and Chapter, even though the former stirred neither hand nor foot in the matter, and the latter (all except one) voted for him on the purest motives, *both of which I believe to be facts*, his election was pretty sure to be characterised as it has been, as a family job, the last imputation in the world which should attach to clerical patrons. As to what you say about place-hunting clergy, I subscribe to every word. Nothing is more sickening than the attempt of the so-called working clergy to obtrude their work and their merits on the notice of the world. For my part *fallentis semita vitæ* always had most charms for me. What my destiny may be I know not, nor care; I only know I am contented now; and for myself desire no change. My church won't be really fit for you to see for another month or six weeks; just at this moment it looks at its very untidyest: they have just laid down the boarded floor, and are beginning to set the tiles. The spire is still bedded in scaffolding. I will write and tell you when we are more presentable and get you to fix a day for driving over to an early dinner with us."

To Sale. Ufton, January 6th, 1862.—"To-day is a busy time with me. I am opening my day-school in a new room under a new mistress; and to-night I start my night-school with three teachers (including myself) and I hope, with a goodly sprinkling of scholars; and to-night again I inaugurate my reading-room, which will be open every night in the week from six o'clock to nine, and must be considered as an

antagonistic influence to the public house. This also has the promise of considerable support; so I begin working my parochial machinery with good hopes. Time will show whether I have been over-sanguine or not." 1862

The reading-room after a nine months' existence died. The population of Ufton proved to be too scattered.

To Sale, Ufton. November 6th, 1862.—"My new church was opened last Sunday with great *éclat.* The Bishop of Oxford preached in the morning, the Provost of Oriel in the afternoon, to perfect crowds. It is a delightful church, which my liberal Squire has built for the parish, and now, after nearly two years of discomfort, I begin to be settled and at home."

To Mr. Mozley. Ufton, November 17th, 1863.—"I too have paid a visit to Cholderton, no longer ago than yesterday, and heard of your being there, with the contents of your party. I went down with my neighbour, Mr. Thoyts, to introduce him to Chretien, with whom he wishes to place a son after Christmas, and while they were making their arrangements I went out and shook hands with all my old friends in the parish. There was hardly a face that I did not manage to see. I found all that had seen you, pleased at your remembrance of them; and you may tell Mrs. Mozley that I think she has left pleasant remembrances behind her. . . . . I did not come to Reading last Friday because 'I hate, detest and abhor' (which though strong language is as you know almost canonical) all public meetings, whether I have to appear on the platform, or only listen on the floor. Besides, I had done my duty to the Society by preaching one of the sermons for it on the previous Sunday. I heard of your doing penance there for your many sins all through the day. And I suppose I have read 'in another place' the impression the meeting left

1863 to 1865 on your mind. While quite admitting that 'the issues raised by Walter were fair and practical' (indeed I went along with pretty nearly all he said) I think the general feeling is (which I also share) that the mixed audience he addressed were not quite the sort competent to judge of them, and that his speech has done the Society unintentional harm. That is one of my chief objections to this class of meeting, that one is expected to trim one's honest convictions, and make things pleasant."

It is one more proof of how little control even the strongest men who have any sense of duty have over their own lives, that one who felt thus strongly as to public meetings and charity sermons should in a few years become the chairman, and chief speaker, at more public meetings than any man of his time, not excepting (during the years of his Bishopric) the late Lord Shaftesbury, and the most persistent and successful beggar on the Bench of Bishops.

By this time the measure of the Rector of Ufton had been taken by his neighbours, and was beginning to be known in other quarters. He was besieged with applications for sermons, at Reading and elsewhere; and, though he accepted as few as possible, each appearance on new ground only tended to increase his reputation, and the penalties thereto appertaining. It may be called rather a consequence than a penalty, that early in 1865 he was offered, and accepted, the post of Commissioner to report on the condition of education and of the public schools of the United States.

CHAPTER VI.

"We ain't so weak and poor, John,
With twenty million people,
And close to every door, John,
A schoolhouse and a steeple.
Oh Uncle S., sez he, I guess
It is a fact, sez he,
The surest plan to make a man
Is, think him one, J. B.,
Ez much ez you and me."—J. R. LOWELL.

AMERICA, 1865.

IT was in March, 1865, that Fraser was appointed a 1865
Commissioner to inquire into and report on the elementary and other schools in the United States. The embers of the war of secession were just burning out, and the great struggle had practically come to an end; but Lee was still at the head of a considerable army. It was an odd time for the British Government to select for such a mission considering the relations in which they had managed (with the help no doubt of the United States Government) to land the two nations. However they could not have chosen a more interesting time for their Commissioner, or a man more competent for his task, or more likely to call out a better state of feeling wherever he might go, than the rector of Ufton.

He sailed on April 23rd, in the *Scotia*, in company with Bishop Whipple, to whom he had an introduction, but who was ill during the greater part of the voyage. The following extracts, from a series of the usual journal letters which he

1865 wrote to his mother whenever absent from her, will best give his impressions of America, and at the same time serve to illustrate the keenness of his interest in the details of his home work and surroundings. The only prefatory remark which seems called for is, that his uncle Henry, his mother's brother, had emigrated some sixteen years before with his family, who were now settled on farms in the State of Illinois.

April 25th, The Scotia.—"The old Captain undertakes the duty of reading prayers, leading the psalms, and delivering a printed sermon, and very well he does it, too, I can tell you. He had a very large and attentive congregation, his crew forming a large portion of it."

May 2nd, New York.—"Our voyage took eight days, twenty hours, from Queenstown. The whole ship was terribly shocked to hear the news brought on board by the pilot of President Lincoln's assassination, and the attempt on Secretary Seward's life on Good Friday. The whole city wears the aspect of mourning, most of the houses being draped in black. . . .

"Gold is now at 142, which makes a dollar worth about 3*s.* or 3*s.* 1*d.*, and really, for many purposes, a dollar doesn't go further here than a shilling does in England. All things are enormously dear, especially all extras. I had to pay four dollars—12*s.* 4*d.*—to get myself and my baggage from the custom-house here, a distance of not more than three miles.

"I have quite changed my plans owing to a chance which has offered itself to me (through a fellow-passenger on the *Scotia*) of seeing some of the rural Massachusetts schools. A most intelligent American—himself once a teacher, now a superintendent or manager of the schools of his township—who lives at Holliston, twenty-five miles from Boston, has most kindly invited me to be his guest for five or six days, and has promised to show me the whole system at work in

his district; a precious opportunity of which I gladly avail myself. I shall go to Holliston, thence to Boston, and work New England first. Then cross into Canada; from Canada to Ohio; then try to get a peep at Uncle Harry; return from him through Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, and so back to New York. . . . I suppose my letter will go the round of the family circle, and it must convey my love to each and all as it travels. I can't say I am much prepossessed with New York, though there is a certain kind of magnificence about it; but there is much tawdry flashiness too. But New York is a bad type of America, and I dare say I shall be more pleased with New England. The approach, however, to the City through the Narrows is very fine." 1865

May 16th, New York.—"I have been getting on very pleasantly with my work hitherto. Everybody is willing to assist me, and full of information, but I am sorry to say there is a very bitter feeling prevalent against England; and really, as you hear them tell their grounds of indignation, you are forced to admit they have some cause, though they both distort and exaggerate things. I can see that a mere trifle would be enough to kindle this combustible matter into a war, a result which Heaven forefend! There has been enough of excitement since I left England. The surrender of Lee's army, the assassination of the President, and now the capture of Jeff Davis have all occurred in six weeks. People's heads are almost turned, and I regret to add that the present temper of the public mind is very bloodthirsty, and nothing less than hanging Jeff Davis, and even General Lee, seems likely to content the mass of minds. It appears an undoubted fact that northern prisoners have been treated with horrible barbarity in southern prisons, particularly at Andersonville. I have heard scores of stories of cruelty, as though it had been the deliberate intention of their captors to starve the men to death or drive them to idiocy, and 40,000 seem to

1865 have actually perished. This almost maddens people—even calm people—when they talk of it. They are an impulsive nation. . . . I keep quite well, but somehow should be happier if I had a companion. But I have met with a number of most kind friends, and, further, have so much to do that I have no time to feel dull. I spend four, five, or even six hours a day in the schools, which are wonderful things, and full of interest. They are very large; in some upwards of 2,000 children under instruction in the different departments. We have nothing in England at all like these in size or arrangements. . . . Never before were the national benefits of education realised so strongly. In the war-time women took the men's places in the schools of most of these northern states, and there was never a more liberal appropriation for the support of the schools voted, either by townships or states. The whole system rests on Washington's principle, that there are two indispensable safeguards for republican institutions—virtue and intelligence—and these spring from perfect social equality, and absolute religious freedom. . . . My laundress charges me one and a half dollars (five shillings) a dozen for washing, and for a collar or pocket-handkerchief as much as for a shirt! . . . I wait anxiously to hear how the sick I left behind are going on; how Annie Dimant" [his schoolmistress] "is; and how Mr. Batho gets on. Of course you will send my love, and regards, and remembrances, circulating round, first the family, then the household, then the parish, and then the neighbourhood, in due proportions. It would be wearisome to specify names, but all constantly come into my memory, and you know to whom and by whom I should wish to be remembered without my mentioning them. I shall be glad enough when my work is done and I am amongst you all again. . . . When you write don't trouble to give long accounts of what has happened, but just the facts, and leave me to make the reflections. . . . Religion is a curious phenomenon in many ways in this country.

Every one claims a right to think for himself, and the number of sects is enormous. There are many handsome churches, indeed the large-heartedness of the people is marvellous. If they like to make money they like to spend it also." 1865

June 14th, Boston, Parker House.—"On June 5th I came here, and have been hard at work ever since. I have made a number of very pleasant acquaintances, some of them rather distinguished people in the literary and political world. Mr. George Ticknor, Governor Andrew, Hon. Ch. Sumner, Bishop Eastburn, &c., and feel quite familiar by this time with the subject I am come to investigate. . . . .

"I had a pretty fright the third night after my arrival. I had been invited to accompany a pleasure excursion down Boston Harbour, which the town gave in honour of the American Medical Association, which was holding its triennial convention here; and on returning to my hotel about eight o'clock, I was surprised to find the street, in which the Parker House stands, on my turning into it, full of people and two or three large steam fire-engines pumping and puffing vigorously. 'Where is the fire?' inquired I of the first knot of people. 'At the Parker House.' You may imagine how I quickened my steps, and rushed up to my room, for all my clothes, money, papers, &c., were there, and you may imagine also the relief with which I found that the fire was confined to the roof, having originated in a chimney flue, and in less than half an hour by the vigorous and well-directed efforts of the firemen, was extinguished without more than 200*l.* damage having been done. If it had broken out at twelve o'clock instead of at eight the issue might have been different, though the organisation of the American fire brigade is splendid. . . . Tell Mowbray he ought, as every English statesman or politician ought, to come and see this country. Nothing but actual observation with one's own eyes will satisfy a man what a future lies before it. I really believe

1865 it is a sober truth, however boastfully uttered, that it is the greatest and most powerful nation in the world. It is so now, it will undoubtedly be so twenty-five years hence. Contrasting the energy, the resources, the openings, the opportunities here, with the torpor, the exhaustion, the repletion, the competition of Europe, one feels in more senses than one quite likes to own, that ours is the old and this is the new world. I think, as far as I can judge, that the angry feeling towards England is very much mitigated, or at any rate the exhibition of it does not so frequently come up to the surface. But still, you may depend, we are not loved here; and as for the *Times* newspaper, the detestation in which it is held is almost universal. There can be no doubt that the letters of its New York correspondent and the leaders based upon them were fundamentally false in fact, and have done more than any other influence to embitter American feelings."

June 16th.—"Yankees are no respecters of persons. However, I get on very well among them. I find them hospitable and friendly, and very ready to give me any information that I ask for. On Trinity Sunday the Bishop of Massachusetts (Eastburn, whose voice is so like Mr. Fowle's of Amesbury, that I can almost fancy it is my old rural dean speaking to me and not an American bishop) made me preach for him; and next Sunday afternoon I am to accompany him to a confirmation at a church in the country. Caswell gave me an introduction to him; he officiated at the marriage of his eldest daughter. Church services in America, however, are very cold things, nothing congregational about either prayers or singing. The episcopal community attracts the wealthier people, but does not seem to have much hold on the poor. In Boston, however, most intellectual people are Unitarians. It is quite curious to notice the mixture of beliefs. An American has no notion of fixing himself to

anything, and as he practises perhaps half-a-dozen trades, 1865
so he also professes half-a-dozen religions, in the course of his life."

June 18th.—"Goldwin Smith has left very pleasant memories of himself behind him here. People seem to think a good deal more of him than they do of Lord Palmerston or Earl Russell. Even housemaids and cooks, as I found by a curious anecdote the other day, read his *Letter to a Whig Member of the Southern Association.* He was visiting at the house of Mr. Charles Norton, at Cambridge, near here—a most charming place, occupied by a delightful man and a delightful lady—and the housemaid one day asked her mistress 'who this Mr. Smith was?' When told it was Mr. Goldwin Smith, she said, 'What? he who wrote the letter to the Whig Member? I wish I had known it when I opened the door, that I might have paid proper respect to him.' The incident is further interesting as illustrating the range of reading of American domestics."

His mother's next letter reported the Ufton School inspection by Mr. Bellasis.

June 24th, Boston.—"I am disappointed rather at the results of Mr. Bellasis' inspection, particularly at the poor figure the children cut in arithmetic. I must say though, I rather expected such would be the case in the lower classes, and was continually warning Annie that she must take care or we should be disappointed at the result. Allowance must be made (and I have told Bellasis so in a letter which I have written to him about his son), for poor Annie's weak health the last four months; but she is certainly not equal, as a teacher, to what I once hoped she would be, and if she were not so good in herself, and were not the children so fond of her, I have sometimes thought I really must make a change.

1865 You need not, however, tell her more than that I am a little disappointed ; that she will remember I was always warning her of the probability of the large failure in arithmetic which has come to pass, and that we must really try and improve our deficiency against next year.

"As to the ventilator in the roof, to which Bellasis objects, that is not intended for admission of *fresh* air, but as a supplemental outlet for *foul.* It is never open in the winter ; and fresh air is meant to come in by the windows, which Annie does not open, particularly in the afternoon, so freely as I could wish. And as to the suggestion for removing the gallery, I am at a loss to conceive where Bellasis considers there would be a better place. But inspectors always like at every visit to recommend some new thing ; he said nothing about these points in 1864."

An extract may be given here from a sermon preached in the Tremont Temple, on Choral Services of the Church of the Advent, which will fairly represent his public speech in the United States.

"I have found much to admire, not a little to envy, very much to respect, in the eight weeks I have spent upon your soil and among your institutions. I admire and envy your great system of common schools, and all the machinery that is at work for the intellectual elevation of the people. I respect your noble public spirit, your wide-reaching philanthropy, your hospitality to strangers, the energy of your character. I stand amazed at the resources of your country, which appear almost illimitable, the stability of your institutions, which the fearful struggle, out of which you have come more than conquerors, has neither weakened nor disturbed ; the vast future that lies before you, surpassing even the flights of a poet's fancy, or the visions of an enthusiast's dream. But there is one thing I have not found, though I have sought for it, not

only within the communion to which by conviction and pro- 1865
fession I belong, but without it also. I have not found my ideal of Christian congregational worship. I have gone about, as Paul went about Athens, 'beholding your devotions,' and they have seemed to me—suffer me to speak my mind frankly—somewhat lifeless and cold. They are different to what I have been accustomed to, not only in our great cathedrals, but in our little country parish churches at home. I want hearty responses, not decorous silence; I want congregational psalmody, not merely ears open to catch the cadences of a well-trained choir. 'Fine prayers addressed to the congregation,' as some one among you wittily called them, don't meet my notions of Christian worship; and quartett choirs, with fine voices indeed, but who keep the singing all to themselves, and, as I have seen in this very city, take up their parasols and leave as soon as their part in the performance is over, and the sermon about to begin, do not satisfy my idea of Christian psalmody. Some things among you which, from our different education and our different positions, I might look at with different eyes, I should criticise, if at all, with diffidence, and with a consciousness that you were as likely to be right as I; but I think I shall carry all your feelings with me, when I suggest that there is room for improvement here. Anyhow, a heart uplifted, either for prayer or praise, is better than an ear merely tickled by enticing words. What Paul would have men do everywhere was, 'pray, lifting up holy hands' when joining in Christian worship, the noblest spiritual exercise in which they could engage, 'speaking to one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.'"

After this sermon, which (the New York papers wrote) was listened to with the closest attention, the congregation joined in singing the hymn in a manner which showed they had profited by the words they had heard.

1865 *Burnett House, Cincinnati, July 15th.*—"On June 25th I went to Beverley Farm, an exquisite sea-side residence of Charles Loring, a leading Boston lawyer and intimate friend of Goldwin Smith's, to spend three days. If you see Dr. Smith" [Goldwin Smith's father, living near Reading] "you can gratify him by telling him in what universal esteem Goldwin is held in Boston, and indeed everywhere I have been."

In the week he spent on his work in the "queen city" the thermometer was ranging between 90° and 100° in the shade. "It made me feel very languid and clammy all day long, and at night was hardly cooler, but I found I stood it as well as those to the manner born, and I don't think I shall take any harm, for they tell me it is not likely to be any hotter."

From Cincinnati he sailed up the Ohio to visit "uncle Harry" at his Kentucky farm near Vanesburg, at which city he writes in passing, "I witnessed a characteristic scene. The two candidates for that district had come to Vanesburg to 'stump the country;' *i.e.* to make speeches and declare their political views. I went to hear them and was a good deal struck by the ability of one of the speakers. The occasion, however, was disgraced by a row. One of the candidates told the other that 'he told a d——d lie,' upon which an uproar ensued beggaring description. Revolvers were drawn and oaths sworn, throats seized, shirts torn, and I began to think we were in for a regular American row. But it happily evaporated before any worse damage was done than a few shirts torn to rags, and I was pleased to be told for the credit of their institutions that such rows were a rare occurrence even in Kentucky."

"Uncle Harry's place is beautifully situated, but both the house and their style of living are of the most primitive kind.

. . . They seem to be doing very fairly well, though I sus- 1865
pect they let things slip through their hands a bit, and there are not many tokens of tidiness about. The house is merely a log house, which my uncle has been talking of rebuilding ever since he came here (sixteen years), but it is only talk still. The steam-saw has stood still for four years, and looks neglected, and can't be run again until it has a new boiler, which will cost $1100. The shoemaker's shop is untenanted. They sell no lumber now, but occupy themselves with farming and bark-peeling, the latter being a profitable trade. They own altogether about 4,000 acres. The estate at Sulphur Branch is 2,600, of which about 200 are cleared. Uncle has also a farm at Clarksbury of 300, which he lets; Jack and Tom have another at Maysville of the same size. Edward (who is getting on better than he ever yet has done) has another, about ten miles off, of 300. Their stock at Sulphur Branch is of this amount: Seven horses, twenty-four beasts and cows, fifty sheep, fifty hogs, twenty-five geese, and one hundred poultry. My aunt is a wonderful woman for activity and industry, always busy, and looks as hard-worked as any labourer's wife in Ufton. My uncle does nothing now, indeed, Jack says, he has done nothing ever since they have been at Sulphur. Nothing could exceed the kindness of their reception of me; and though neither their way of life suited my taste nor their fare my stomach, I could not but look with the deepest interest on such a picture of rural simplicity and happiness. . . . I have taken my homeward passage on the *Cuba*, leaving New York October 4th. . . . The country has become calmer, and I meet with less of the bitter feeling towards England, but almost every day I find tokens that it still exists, and every one feels the difficulty of political reconstruction amongst themselves. I am very glad I had the opportunity of coming here, I never should have understood this country otherwise. English journalists, and statesmen too, seem to me utterly in the dark about it."

1865 *Toronto, July 27th, after visiting St. Louis and Chicago.*—"I have now seen the great rivers of the American continent and wonderful they are, and wonderful it was to see seventy or eighty huge steamers, each perhaps capable of carrying from 500 to 1000 passengers, lying at one time along the *levée* (or quay) of St. Louis. At St. Louis I saw General Sherman, though I was not introduced to him, and was much struck with his appearance, looking every inch the man who should have done what he has done. At Niagara, I never wearied of sitting in the piazza of the Clifton House (the hotel on the Canadian side, and one of the nicest I have been in) and gazing at the panorama of both Falls. If the reality did not surpass my expectation neither did it on the other hand fall below it. I was *satisfied*."

August 8th.—"The Canadian schools, I am sorry to say, are just going into vacation, indeed to-day is breaking-up day, and I have been attending an examination of one of them for two hours of the forenoon and as many of the afternoon, besides making a speech to the children, the inevitable penalty, as I find it, of the 'distinguished position' I have the honour to hold. So I shall occupy myself in getting up my notes, and there is a teachers' afternoon meeting to be held, which I shall be glad to attend and compare with the similar one at Cincinnati."

St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, August 19th, 1865.—"I arrived here by steamer from Montreal this morning and find yours (No. 4, with dates up to August 4th) waiting for me. . . . So dear old Alex" [his brother, the Colonel] "is in England! What an unexpected surprise and pleasure! I hope he won't be in any hurry, or under any necessity, to be 'going' again just yet. I had already begun to count the weeks that yet remain before my return, and I shall count them now with twofold anxiety. On the 14th or 15th October I expect

all being well, to touch once more dear old England's soil. 1865
I shall love it none the less for my six months' absence; and you may tell the good squire of Sulhampstead that, amongst others near and dear, I shall be just as glad to see his cheery face again as he says he shall be to see mine. In my solitary moments, which are not few, I often draw pictures of you all, Sundays and other days, and amuse myself by fancying how you are all engaged. The great drawback I find to the *pleasure* of this trip of mine is that it has to be made so much alone, and though I have heaps of kind acquaintances, and even of friends, I yet often feel the want of a genial companion, such as Arthur Blair was last summer. Tell Meacher he had better get the mare into order for the Colonel's riding, though if he has got so fat, and I presume proportionally heavy, perhaps he'll find it safer to use old Monmouth for his charger, as he scarcely ever stumbles, while the mare is apt to be careless. At any rate, let him use the horses and carriages as freely as if they were his own; and add also, with my love, that I hope he'll make Ufton Rectory his home as long as he stays in England, and that we'll try and make him forget some of the grievances and annoyances that disturb his peace elsewhere. By the by, don't let that champagne spoil in the case, for I know you all *like* it—even Aunt Lucy, though she does sometimes look the other way when I am filling her glass—and it'll never be better fit for drinking than it is now. . . . I saw James's" [an Ufton farmer] "two sons who are stationed in the artillery barracks at Montreal, and you may tell him they both looked very well, and the one who has had the small-pox is not at all marked by it. They told me their brother Jack had enlisted, but that his father had bought him out. Tell James I think he might have done better in saving his money, and letting that somewhat unprofitable youth (I fear) come to his senses and know when he was well off by going through a little military discipline. Tell Mrs. Pearce also that I saw her

1865 brother, Samuel Lee, and his wife and their three little children, the youngest named Rebecca, after her. He is a very quiet, respectable-looking man, living as coachman with a Montreal merchant, and earning $14 a month (about 2*l.* 17*s.*) besides board and clothes. His wife is Irish and a Roman Catholic. He regrets the latter, but says they live very happily together. He is quite comfortable, and says Canada is a country in which any one may do well who has a mind to try. . . . I left Toronto by the steamer for Montreal. The run is about 280 miles, and occupies from two p.m. one day to six p.m. on the next. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who are starring in America, and whose acquaintance I slightly made on the voyage. The route is down Lake Ontario and then down the St. Lawrence, the grandest river in the world. The points of chief interest are what are called the Thousand Islands, just below Kingston; the rapids, three in number, very exciting and not a little dangerous, but through which adventurous pilots carry adventurous travellers two or three times a day without any serious accident as yet having ever occurred. To show how little one often really knows what danger is, about a mile after we had run through the La Chine rapid, the most formidable of them all, and were about half a mile from the wonderful Victoria tubular bridge, and within sight of Montreal, our pilot, hugging the shore rather too closely, ran the ship on a rock, over which, however, she did manage to scrape heavily, I believe without any serious damage, but not without giving one or two awkward lurches, and sending one or two ladies on board into fainting fits. It was just within an ace of being a bad accident; if there had been six inches less water in the river the ship would probably have struck hard enough to have sunk her. There are such risks in American travel from the recklessness of conductors and pilots. . . . I was delighted at the result of our Berks election so far as our squire [Mr. Benyon] was concerned. Though I am much more of a Liberal than a

Conservative, I should have been sorry indeed if he had not retained his seat. His companions in honour I do not know, and care about therefore less; but as I think the Liberal party are strong enough, and the country is better governed when there is a tolerably powerful opposition, I don't grudge them their victory, and though I respect John Walter for many points in his character, he really is so puffed up with the conceit that he is a sort of walking incarnation of the wisdom of the *Times*, that his defeat didn't draw any tears from my eyes. If he wants his conceit lessened he should come to America, and hear what the Yankees say and think of his newspaper. He would really stand a good chance of being tarred and feathered. In the hotel at Montreal I saw Dr. Charles Mackay, who for the last three years of the war was the *Times'* correspondent at New York. I looked upon him with anything but liking, as the man who, more than any one else (except perhaps Lord Russell, and he has done it unintentionally, because it is his nature to write irritating despatches), has stirred up the bad blood between us and the Americans, or rather between the Americans and us. The Americans, however, have their feelings soon up and down, and I think the ill-dispositions towards England are already much mitigated. . . . By the way, thank Mrs. Benyon for her kind interest in me, but nobody need be alarmed about me on that head. If I ever marry any one you may depend it will be an Englishwoman. I see no foreigners to match my own countrywomen, and as to American ladies, though there are many fine points in their character, there are others that are anything but attractive to me, and suggestive of anything but love. 1865

"Nothing for a long time has interested me more than Mr. Whymper's letter in the *Times* of August 8th, describing the late fatal accident on the Matterhorn. You know I was at Zermatt last year, and heard all the speculations as to its accessibility, and the stories of failure of attempts already made. It seems, however, an accident that might have

1865 happened anywhere, and when the first panic has subsided the Matterhorn will probably submit to be conquered, as Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa have been. But I don't think the Colonel and I will ever attempt the feat, my own ambition not lying that way. The Weiss Thor last year was as much as I felt myself equal to. . . . I return on the 25th by steamboat to Montreal. From thence I shall take a run to Ottawa, the new capital, to which the seat of Government is just going to be moved, where they say the new public buildings are the finest on this continent. I then return to the States, *viâ* Lake Champlain, to Albany, thence down the Hudson to New York. If I have time I may take a run to Philadelphia and Washington, just to see those cities."

Quebec Citadel.—"The foolish English people are just commencing to spend a million on strengthening and extending the fortification, which, in my opinion, and that of most Canadians I have talked with, won't contribute in any appreciable degree to the strength of Canada. I always thought it an absurd waste of money, and now that I see things on the spot I am still more convinced of its futility."

New York, Sept. 12th, 1865.—After speaking of his run to Ottawa and journey from Montreal through Vermont: "On 31st I had a beautiful steam down Lakes Champlain and George to Caldwell at the head of the latter lake, passing Crown Point, Fort Ticonderoga, and other points, all with historical names connected with the revolutionary war. The scenery is beautiful on these two lakes, lying between the Green Mountains of Vermont on one side and the Adirondacs of New York State on the other. On September 1st my day's journey was to Saratoga Springs—near which place Burgoyne's army surrendered—now a place of most fashionable resort, famous also for its medicinal waters, of which I imbibed a considerable quantity during the three days I stayed there, not

without benefit, I think. I was fortunate in finding all the 1865
Minturn family staying at the same hotel at which I put up, which made my sojourn much more agreeable.

"On September 4th I left Saratoga for Albany, the capital of the New York State, where I stayed a day longer than I intended, in order to be present at the marriage of a Mr. Pruyn, a gentleman to whom I had introductions, who was particularly kind to me, and also particularly anxious that I should see him make his second matrimonial experiment. It was a very gay and pretty wedding, *selon la mode Anglaise*, celebrated in a very handsome church by the Bishop of New York, the newly-married couple receiving the Sacrament. Marriages are not always so solemn an affair in the States. In most of the States people may be married at any place and at any time, and by any person; and in New York State two persons may even marry themselves, by simply declaring, before any two people, that they intend to live as man and wife together.

"On September 8th I left Albany, steaming down the beautiful Hudson river, with its banks studded on both sides with villa residences and thriving towns and villages, as far as West Point, the famous Military Academy of the United States, which educated all the great generals on both sides during the late war—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, as well as Lee, Beauregard, and Stonewall Jackson. I had letters of introduction to Professor French, the chaplain, who would take no denial but that I must take up my quarters with him, and preach to the cadets on Sunday in the chapel of the academy —which, accordingly, I did, and a very pleasant three days I spent. West Point possesses some of the finest scenery I have seen in America, commanding beautiful views up and down the Hudson, and embosomed in rich woods.

"I was quite gratified with that correspondence between Thoyts and Mowbray. The honest heart of the former showed itself in every line of his letters. I am afraid I get day by day less and less of a Conservative myself; but I have none

1865 the less respect for men of all parties who stick to their principles; and I rejoiced over the result of the Berkshire election, as far as our own good squire was concerned.

"I do not like Alex's account of himself. I am afraid the pain in the back comes from some affection of the kidneys, incipient Bright's disease or diabetes—both of them generally the results of sedentary habits and over brain work. Tell him there is lots of claret in the cellar, which I hope he will set to work upon as soon as he pleases. If Aunt Lucy does not remember which it is, I can tell her. It is the larger quantity in those shelves on the right side entering the cellar, with a green seal, I think, labelled 'Claret-at-es.' That's the ordinary claret, the other is much higher priced, and only for special occasions."

New York, Sept. 20th, 1865.—"I did not intend writing to you again this side of the Atlantic. But, though I am going to sail in a good ship (the *Australasian*), with a good captain (Cook), and in one of the best months of the year (October), yet there is always a risk in an ocean voyage, and there will at any rate be no harm done in mentioning beforehand one or two things, in case anything should happen.

"(1) I have eleven of the London and Westminster Bank's 10*l.* circular notes left untouched, nor shall I have occasion to cash any more. So that there will be 110*l.* due from them to my estate.

"(2) My will is in my mahogany desk, the key of which, however, I have with me.

"(3) The Commissioners advanced me 200*l.* for my travelling expenses, which is, or rather will be, as nearly as possible exhausted. So that there will be nothing due to them or from them. They will hardly pay me my 50*l.* a month for my work if it all gets buried with myself at the bottom of the ocean.

"I merely mention these points by way of precaution, and 1865
that you may know how to act in case of anything befalling me; but I anticipate no such mischance, and trust that the same kind Providence which has watched over me through so many thousand miles of travel thus far, will restore me once more to those whom I so dearly love in old England; and who, I know, will remember me, where I desire to be remembered by them, in their prayers.

"I have now just a week more to spend in this country. I hope to sail for England on Wednesday, October 4th, all arrangements beyond that day to remain as I have already fixed them. I seem as if I should feel like a child when I get back to Ufton again, and find myself surrounded by so many dear familiar faces, and pleasant scenes. Five months solitary travel have been quite enough for me, and I am fairly home-sick, and count the days impatiently. There are but seven more nights and days, before I shall set my face towards the 'East Country;' and in a fortnight more I shall hope to be an inmate of my old home again.

"I have received an immense deal of kindness, first and last, in America; I must constitute myself in return a sort of general host of all Americans visiting England. I wish the two countries understood one another rather better, and were more inclined to be friends. As it is the hostile feeling of Americans generally towards England seems to me as intense as ever; indeed, just now, for some reason or other, the newspapers in a body seem to be engaged in fanning the flame. They have just got hold of a list of about a dozen subscribers to the Confederate Loan, among whom is W. E. Gladstone, to my surprise, down for 2,000*l.* This, as you might expect, is a topic for excited 'editorials,'—and the cry is that the American Government ought to demand his dismissal from the English Ministry. And so they run on; the merest trifle becoming fearfully exaggerated, and adding fuel to the flame. It's a great pity!"

1865 *Ship "Australasian" at Sea, October 13th,* 1865.—"The passengers are a very mixed lot, the bulk of them being men in trade at New York, whose talk is chiefly of 'dry goods' and 'dollars.' But I get on pretty well in almost all companies; and as they are intelligent and well-informed in their own departments, I can talk with most of them with pleasure and profit. I have a very good berth, nearly amidships; and the 'State room' is twice as large as that which held two of us on the *Scotia.* My companion is an Indian Officer (Madras) of the 105th Foot, Captain Bradish—a very pleasant, accommodating man, with whom I get on, as the Americans say, 'first-rate.'

"We had service on board on Sunday, and I officiated. I had a good congregation, including a considerable sprinkling of *Jews.* My sermon, which was on the subject of good-will between nations, appeared to give satisfaction, and several people expressed their gratification at the service altogether. On these occasions only a small proportion perhaps belong to, or are familiar with the ritual of, the Church of England. Here there were Jews, Presbyterians, Methodists, &c., so that I was rather pleased to hear them express themselves as being comforted by the service."

Liverpool, Sunday, October 15th.—"Here I am, safe, sound, and well. We arrived at our moorings at 8.30 A.M. and I landed at the landing stage, to be welcomed by dear old Alex, at 10.30. I wished to have been in time for church; but was delayed by the luggage, which had to be looked after, and as we leave for Manchester at 2.15, this will be a broken Sunday. My heart, however, is not the less thankful to the Good Providence which has watched over me all these last six months, and has now brought me safely to English soil again.

"Tell Meacher to come to meet us in the dog-cart with the mare, and Charles to bring the cart with Monmouth for the baggage, which will be a little ponderous. As the mare will

not have been in harness for some time, tell Meacher to exercise her well before starting, or she may be troublesome." 1865

Space cannot be spared for more than a few short extracts from the conclusions of his Report on the American Schools. Some of these he modified in after years:—

"If people suppose that every American rate-supported school is in a state of efficiency they are simply labouring under an entire misconception." The subdivision of townships into school districts he protested against as a most mischievous step, as by it the schools fell a prey to politicians.

The system of aid from the rates, "leads by moral and logical necessity to pure secular education. There is no middle course, unhappily, between purely secular and purely denominational education." . . "The result of this inquiry would make me less hostile to purely secular education (which I am far from thinking the American public school education is) than it would have ten years ago. Our religious teaching has not produced religious intelligence or stability in our people." . . "I have reduced the so-called religious instruction in my school to a minimum." . . "Speaking for myself I should not shrink from taking what I conceive to be my proper place as a clergyman in relation to the school, even under a system of secular education. I should neither despair of Christianity nor morality. The Sunday school would start out of its present lethargy. At any rate religious truth in the alone sense in which every one prizes it—*i.e.* in his own sense—would not have to be compromised, adjusted, trimmed, pared down." . . "I share the regret of the superintendents of education in Pennsylvania and Upper Canada, that the clergy as a body stand aloof from the schools. I could still with a good conscience co-operate as a clergyman with a scheme of education which to many would seem the

1865 extremest and most lamentable change of all." . . "The clergyman, if he cared to teach in a school at all, might find that he could establish as cordial and hopeful relations between himself and the younger members of his flock through the medium of a lesson in arithmetic or grammar, as through a lesson occupied with the terms or formulæ of dogmatic or polemical theology."

"I hope," the report concludes, "no reader will think I am catching at an opportunity of obtruding my own opinions. The inquiry I have conducted has helped powerfully, if not to form, at any rate to mature them. And, as parts of the fruits of that inquiry, I thought I might without arrogance, and indeed that in honesty I ought to, lay them before the world.'

CHAPTER VII.

"For better it is that it be said unto thee, Come up hither; than that thou shouldest be put lower in the presence of the prince whom thine eyes have seen."—PROV. XXV. v. 7.

UFTON NERVET AND THE AGRICULTURAL CHILDREN'S COMMISSION. 1865—1870.

HIS report on the schools of the United States was sent in early in 1866, and from that time it is clear that he was marked out for promotion. Not only had he proved himself by his strictly professional work, one who came very nearly up to the ideal of a Christian minister—a spiritual captain, "an enlightener of daily life, one who is bringing down daily light from heaven into the life of their people,"—but his reports as an Educational Commissioner had gained him an almost unrivalled reputation as a man capable of grappling successfully with the many difficult problems of the question, which was beginning to exercise, more than almost any other, the minds of public men. We shall soon see indications of the esteem in which he was now held in high quarters. Meantime he was quietly back again in his Ufton home with his mother and aunt, engaged in bringing up house and garden, stable and glebe, church and schools, to the highest standard of order and efficiency, from which they had slightly lapsed during his

1866

1866 absence in America. These, with occasional work as examiner at Oxford, or one and another of the public schools (which indeed he had never dropped) made the next year at Ufton pass swiftly and happily.

To Mr. Mozley. July 3rd, 1866.—"Anything you wish me to do in the way of carrying out your benevolent intentions to Mrs. Marsh" [a poor woman, who, with her children had followed him from Cholderton] "I will gladly undertake. She had already told me of your extreme liberality towards her. I don't see much change in her, poor thing. She has her bad and good days, and I don't suppose any medical man would guarantee her life for more than from week to week. Harriet" [Mrs. Marsh's daughter] "came home from Salisbury on Saturday. She did remarkably well at the Christmas Examination, and I hear a good account of her at the Training School. If anything should happen to my present schoolmistress (and she is engaged to be married) I should like Harriet to succeed her. I managed to get Edgar taken into service as a pupil teacher at Bradfield School. He has not yet passed his examination, but will have to do so in the course of this month. I have no fears of his success. His salary is to be 12*l.* for the first year, increasing 1*l.* a year to the end of his five years term. I have been a good deal away from home lately, examining. I spent a week in Oxford, on the Craven Scholarship: the next at Macclesfield, and the last at Tiverton. Now I am come home, like you, to be quiet. Can't you drive over Mrs. Mozley some day towards the end of the month, and have an early dinner, and a chat, and a game of croquet? At present I am rather in a litter, for I am putting up a new greenhouse, and some heating pits, &c. This finished, I shall make no more additions to the premises, but content myself with keeping things tidy."

To the Same.—"I heard of Mr. Jennings" [the *Times'* correspondent] "when I was in America from Bishop Whipple"

[of Minnesota, who shared his state room on the outward voyage] "but did not see him. I saw, however—but only saw —his predecessor, Dr. Mackay, at Montreal. I was not drawn towards him, because, to say the truth, I could not but attribute to the vicious tone of his letters much of the ill-will towards England, that I found almost universally existing in the minds of Americans. Mr. Jennings has succeeded in speaking the truth (though, I can see, with some little bias) and yet in avoiding unnecessary irritation. I can't bear the thought of bad blood in the relations between the two countries; and there is so much to admire in the American character, that one can afford to overlook the *paucæ maculæ*, which certainly are blemishes in the eyes of an Englishman. By the way, I wonder if you would care to read, or rather dip into, my report on their schools, because if so, I have three or four copies circulating amongst my friends, and would direct one in the course of its travels to call at Finchampstead. By the way, I saw a letter the other day from Longmans' head man, in which it was stated that opinion in London was generally settling down to the belief that Chretien was the author of *Ecce Homo.* Judging from internal evidence I cannot believe it. There are passages in the book which I cannot conceive as proceeding from Chretien's reverent mind." 1866

To the Same.—"Yes, young Oriel is not quite like what it was in your day, or even in my own earlier time. I am afraid the college, socially speaking, is sadly disorganised, and no two fellows can be got to agree in opinion even as to how the fabric, which is getting into a miserable plight, shall be repaired. Parker, who is an artist of no mean power, is for restoring in brick I believe, and I am not sure but what the advice is good. It is interesting to hear what you say about Newman. I should think, as you write, that he is changed in nothing but in views. Certainly his heart seems as warm towards old friends, and his intellect as keen and trenchant as

1866 ever. Now I look again at your MS. I am not sure that I have deciphered you correctly. Perhaps you wrote 'more changed in voice (not views) than anything else.' I often fancy some of your hieroglyphics must puzzle the gentlemen in Printing House Square. Kind remembrances from all of us to your wife. We have three nephews spending their holidays with us, which makes us a house full." . . . "Poor old Meacher! I would offer to pension him, but it would break his heart."

To Mr. Mozley. December 26th, 1866.—"Lord Cranborne, who is a perfect stranger to me, has offered me the Bishopric of Calcutta, and after long and serious debate of the matter with myself I have declined it. Some of my friends think I have done wrong, others approve my choice. My main reasons (over and above a strong personal sense of insufficiency) were (1) that I thought myself too old at forty-eight to commence such a career; (2) that I was afraid of the climate, which has told seriously on the constitutions of all my brothers who have served there; (3) that I could not persuade myself to break up my home, and turn my mother and aunt at their age adrift upon the world. Of course the work and the position offered many attractions, and were all that my zeal or ambition could desire, and I was afraid I might be shrinking back from sloth and love of ease. But now that I have made up my mind, I think I have decided rightly and for the best; it has however been a crisis in my life that such an opportunity was ever placed within my reach. I had a letter yesterday from John Walter, who I was glad to find has returned home safe, sound, and pleased with what he has seen [in America]. He asked me to let him read my report on the American schools while his own impressions of them are fresh, and I have sent him a copy. I don't know whether you care to see it before it comes back to me, if you should you are at perfect liberty to borrow it, only as it is my only complete copy, I must ask for it again."

To Sale, on the offer of Calcutta. Ufton, December 17th, 1866.—"I felt myself too old, I dreaded the climate, hot weather (as I found last year in America) always more or less incapacitating me for exertion, mental as well as bodily. I had a misgiving of my capacity for the work; I am a poor linguist; I do not feel sure that I should make a good administrator; I shrink from having to speak with authority upon some of the vexed questions on which my own mind is still unresolved. And so I calmly, but after anxious deliberation, put the offer away. It is rather singular that the bishopric was previously offered to Kay, who from the work he has done in India was clearly entitled to the compliment, though in his broken health it could hardly be considered anything more; and thus two men who entered college the same day have each had the chance of being Metropolitan of India, a position proud enough to satisfy the legitimate ambitions of any man." 1867

To Mr. Tooke, January 2nd, 1867, in answer to questions as to his reasons.—"My conviction is even stronger than it was, that, even if I had been intellectually and spiritually equal to the work, my bodily strength would have failed me in that climate; and it would have been inexpressibly painful to me to find out, that I had given up work to which I was equal for other which was too much for me. . . . I fear our dear Bishop is heaping up diocesan troubles for himself, especially from the laity. It was an unlucky moment when he felt moved to rebuke S.G.O. (worthy as he was of animadversion) in a public print. Yet, all he does springs from such high and simple motives, that if the world were only a little more tolerant, and a little fairer in its judgments his conduct would not be misconstrued. What I lament most is that I fear his mind and convictions are forming themselves more and more on a pattern which is not that of the thoughts and feelings of his age. If a man is wholly out of gear with

1867 his time, he cannot influence. And that is what I fear for the Bishop, a loss of influence."

Of the Calcutta offer Dean Church wrote: "I do not doubt that you have judged wisely under the circumstances, but I cannot help feeling sorry that so promising a combination of place and man has not been possible."

To Mr. Tooke, February 13th, 1867, after congratulations on his marriage.—"Our homes are peaceful enough, but storms seem brewing in all directions in the outer world, in Church and State, and no pilot has yet shown himself with capacity to weather them. We seem to be approaching the destructive epoch of English history; and revolution with no principles of reconstruction is the order of the day. I want to see a great effort made to really popularise the Church and education. The masses are hostile to the one and indifferent to the other. Why is this? and why are we clergy so misrepresented (as by Goldwin Smith who never misses a chance of having a shot at us) and so misunderstood? Here have I, for instance, been working three nights a week for fifteen weeks this winter, with twenty-four night scholars, not one of whom, I venture to say, feels anything like gratitude to me for my trouble, or fancies that I have done anything to deserve thanks—I don't want thanks, but I wish they felt I had really been labouring for their good. This is but a type of a thousand other things, but I mustn't croak in a letter meant to carry felicitations."

To Mr. Mozley. July, 1867.—"I hope you won't give up altogether your connection with Printing House Square. It would be like a man who has been a hard drinker, giving up wine and spirits all at once and so killing himself. I weighed the other day and was frightened to find myself fourteen and a half stone, and steadily increasing, I fear, in weight."

In the early autumn he was appointed a Commissioner on the Children's Employment Commission, for the south-eastern district. As usual, he wrote Journal letters to his mother, from which the following are extracts:— 1867

"I was pleased to hear so much better an account of Chevithorne" [a new horse]. "I think Brown may as well go on with him, and now that he is putting him into double harness, I hope he won't have much more difficulty. All harness-horses ought to be broken first to double harness, by the side of an old steady horse; but Chevithorne did so well the two days he was out with me, that I hardly thought it would have been necessary in his case. The young gentleman, however, seems to have a will of his own, which I hope Brown will be able to subdue by gentleness. How are the invalids of the parish? Kedgeree is a capital thing for breakfast. I inclose a receipt to be copied into our book.

"I find I get on pretty well with my work, and the farmers are very civil, and, though I hear some of them have strange ideas of his functions, pay great respect to 'Her Majesty's Commissioner.' I was told yesterday that some of them thought I was come to divert the tithe from the parsons, and to double with it the wages of the agricultural labourer."

Norwich, July 12th, 1867.—"I quite agree with you that poor Bruno" [an old dog] "would be better put out of his misery. Thomas Pearce would shoot him, or Mr. Thoyts' keeper, and he could be buried at the root of some tree. His life, I am sure, is a burden to him.

"I am vexed that Brown hasn't come up yet to drive Chevithorne. If he delays longer, let Meacher ride down after him; otherwise the horse will forget the little training that I gave him.

"I dare say the bill for the soil from the London seedsman is all right, and you had better pay it, and tell James to be careful not to waste either the peat or the cocoa fibre.

1867 "I hope the tea will turn out good, I have no doubt the proper quantities are sent. A 12 lb. canister at 2*s.*, another at 2*s.* 6*d.*; 2 lbs. flowery pekoe, for mixing, at 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 31 lbs. coffee at 1*s.* 8*d.* Try the coffee at once before it loses its fragrance.

"Did you see what a notability I was in the *Times* of the 11th? Quoted ever so many times in Mr. Bruce's speech, noticed again in the leading article, and forming the chief burden of the American correspondent's letter. I am writing to the *Boston Advertiser*, begging them not to pre-judge my report from the *Times'* summary, and saying that when they read it as a whole I hope they will find it unnecessary to cover me with any more of their flowery epithets."

Horsham, August 1st, 1867.—"I got a letter from Thoyts last night, and am writing to him to-day; you know he takes sombre views sometimes, and I sha'n't despair of Chevithorne till I have tried him myself. He says Cooper thinks the mare has farcy, which is highly infectious. I can't believe it, unless some very different symptoms have manifested themselves since I left home from those she showed then. But if there is any risk of this, Meacher must be very cautious. If Collett will take down *Youatt on the Horse*, and turn to 'farcy,' he and you will be able to judge how far her symptoms correspond with those described. But these horse topics can keep till I come home.

"Your letter did not come in time to give me notice of your birthday, and those are events which I never can recollect without notice; but the wish is none the less sincere, though it is expressed the day after, that there may be some years of happiness and health both for you and for dear Aunt Lucy.

"This is a pretty little town of about 6,000 people, in a charming country. I really think Sussex seems *the* county in England I would pick to live in, if I were perfectly free

to choose. It presents to the eye just the sort of scenery 1867
that pleases me: fine spreading landscapes, large tracts of woodland, now in all the glory of their autumn tints; occasional broad sweeps of down like those about Brighton, and nestling villages betrayed only by their tapering shingle-covered spires. I don't know that I need be under any apprehension about the durability of the shingle on our spire at Ufton; the spire here at Horsham, some 150 feet high, is covered in the same material, and the vicar tells me that it has lasted three or four hundred years.

"Our Jersey heifer ought to be calving this week. Tell James this breed must be kept low at these times, and he must take care, as he would say, 'not to be stuffin' on 'er.'"

August 15th.—"Don't suppose that I haven't time to read your letters, or that any particularity of detail in which you may from time to time indulge is wearisome to me. I enjoy it all; only don't bother yourself to write long letters. A letter divided into short numbered paragraphs, as I am presently going to divide this, will tell me the chief of what I want to know (though *any* home news is interesting) and perhaps help you to methodize your matter, and so save yourself trouble.

"I am glad to hear that Chevithorne is going on so well. I should think Brown would soon begin to try him in *single* harness again, as he must have got much steadied down by being driven alongside a companion in the double break. I inclose a dog license for Larry, and hope he is better of that blow on his head. I hope you have had that leak in the pantry roof attended to.

"By the by, whenever the school feast is, I should like the Ufton children who are in the Union to be invited. They are the Andersons, the Clarks, and the Greethams—about six in all. If Collett would write to Mr. Hoare, the Governor, he would allow them to come.

1867 "I am glad to hear that Mary Lawrence's children have been christened, though Luke Johnson is not just the godfather I should have chosen. I wonder whether there was any humbug in the affair, or whether the woman really could not get sponsors? If so, her neighbours were not very friendly towards her."

Lynn, September 15th, 1867.—"I hope Annie Dimant has come back all well, and that the school will commence in right earnest on Monday. I am glad that Mr. Rogers thinks he will be able to manage the night school."

After meeting an old pupil:—

Lynn, September 19th.—"P. is becoming an Irvingite, apparently; and I don't know who would like to have him as a curate with those views. I should like to know how he has satisfied himself that 'Our Lord has restored Apostles to the Church,' and who he thinks 'the Restored Apostles' are—and shall recommend him to suppress these speculative opinions, till he actually comes across one of these 'Apostles' and can be guided by them.

"I should think your wagonette will be ready by the end of the month, and then with the aid of John Wise you will be able to be more locomotive. I hope the old man" [Meacher, now a chronic invalid] "keeps all right. I have heard again from Blair about Chevithorne. You will have him over from Bradfield soon."

Swaffham, September 29th, 1867.—"Nothing can be pleasanter to me to receive than letters written after your last methodical pattern, with numbered paragraphs. They tell me all I care to know, and you may be sure that all such details are full of interest.

"On Monday I came on to Swaffham, and addressed a

meeting of the Board of Guardians. I send you the *Norfolk News* (which please keep), containing a tolerably correct account of the proceedings." 1867

The paper referred to contained a report of a large county meeting at which he had been the chief speaker on the subject of the Commission.

From H. S. Tremenheere, the Secretary of the Commission.—"As soon as you have done with Norfolk I am going to ask you to communicate personally with the great agricultural implement-makers, Messrs. Ransome, of Ipswich, and Mr. Howard, the manufacturer of steam ploughs (on the L. and N.W. line, I forget the place at this moment), in order to get some information from them as to some special locality where you would find a good deal of their best machinery at work—with a view to illustrate the necessity and value of education in connection with the use of agricultural machinery. I have not quite matured my ideas upon it, but you shall hear again shortly.

"I have just read the report of your meeting at Norwich, and cannot refrain from at once expressing to you the great satisfaction I feel regarding it. It will be of the greatest service. Nothing could be better than the manner in which you put all the points, and it must have been highly gratifying to you to find they were received so favourably."

Ipswich, Oct. 8th.—"I left Norfolk on Friday, and slept that night at Ely, for the purpose of seeing the magnificently restored Cathedral. Who should I find was the Canon in residence but Dr. Kennedy! As Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge, he has a stall in Ely Cathedral, and he was in residence. He has grown old and grey, but I discovered him in church by his voice, which is unmistakable. He was kindness itself to me, and I spent some half-dozen hours with him and his family, talking about old times and old friends.

1867 "From Ely I went on to Cambridge and spent Sunday there. Though it was not full term time, I found some old friends and school-fellows up.

"To-day I came on here to Ipswich. The Inn at which I am staying is the White Horse, immortalised as the scene where Mr. Pickwick mistook his bedroom, and witnessed the operation of the lady dressing her back hair.

"I am glad to hear that the cow has calved and is doing well. You may give Mrs. Elliott 10*s.* from me towards her rent. I think the sooner you begin fires the better for your comfort; last Thursday and Friday were as cold as two winter days. I am glad to hear that there is such a good stock of both potatoes and of apples. You don't say whether Poulter has put in the new vines. I should think it was time. Has Fleming made any sign about the carriage? It ought to be ready to come home. I hope you will like it. Meacher must learn how to use the screw-brake properly. If I send my tithe claims to Mr. Turner and Mr. Gill, I shall direct them to send the cheques to you, and you must give a receipt, signing 'For the Rev. James Fraser, Helen Fraser.' You can then pay the cheques into my account at the Bank."

Halstead, Oct. 11*th.*—"Much concerned to hear of the death of poor Jersey," [one of his cows] "but, as Mr. Fooks once said to me, 'they that keep stock must expect to lose one sometimes,' and this is the first loss that I have sustained in this way, so you must tell James from me to cheer up, and though I am sorry that the nice creature is dead, I have no doubt that all was done for her that could be. Only I don't much believe in poor old Lobb," [the village cow doctor] "and in a serious case, I think it would be best to send at once for Wallin. Of course I sha'n't want to see Guernsey now. The sooner poor Jersey's calf is parted with the better. Perhaps Mrs. Boman would like it, she can have it for a sovereign.

"I inclose a letter of Mr. Tremenheere's which I think will 1867
please you. I am not vain on such points, but it certainly is a pleasure to find that one gives satisfaction to one's employers.

"I have been among the big-wigs again since I wrote to you. After a pleasant day at Ipswich on Tuesday with Mr. Allen Ransome, of the great agricultural machinery-making firm, (who is one of the shrewdest, wittiest, kindest-hearted men I have met for a long time), I went on Wednesday to Sir Edward Kerrison's of Brome Hall, near Eye, Suffolk, who has done a great deal for the improvement of the condition of the labourers on his estate. He received me very kindly; and I met at dinner there Lord and Lady Londesborough, Viscount Newport, Lady Digby, Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, and two or three more untitled swells. I spent a very pleasant evening, and left next morning for this place, where I am in comfortable quarters at the George Hotel.

"Tell Aunt Lucy with my love that I am much too busy to bother myself with any of these railway disputes, and Chatham and Dover matters must settle themselves without any help from me.

"You don't say a word about when Fleming is going to let you have your carriage. Tell him to send in his bill to me, and I shall expect discount for ready money.

"Tell Meacher I think it must be getting too cold for the old mare at night, and she had better be brought up; but, if he does not put clothing upon her, she can be turned out for five or six hours by day."

Halstead, Oct. 17th.—"Is the house pump all right, and the water drinkable again? and has Poulter put in the six new vines? I saw a beautiful geranium the other day, as a bedding plant, called 'Duchess.' Its colour is deeper than a Christine. Tell James to see if he can get some cuttings of it somewhere; it will be a pleasing variety."

1867 *Witham, Essex, Oct. 20th*, 1867.—"I was a little surprised to find that Annie Dimant had applied for the school at Basingstoke, indicating a wish to change. Of course she is at perfect liberty to do so, and I never quarrel with any one who tries to better himself or herself: and I shall be always pleased to assist her in any way, and give her the character she fully deserves. But if she really thinks she can improve her condition, she might as well make up her mind to do so; because I dare say that Harriet Marsh would be glad to come and take the school at Ufton, and she will be free to make a fresh engagement at Christmas. Mind, I don't wish Annie to suppose that I should be glad for her to go: on the contrary, I would rather things remained as they are. I hope the measles won't spread very far, or they will interfere, as they once did before, with the results of our next examination. You will find materials for garments in the bottom drawer of my wardrobe. Give poor little Jane Johnson enough to make her tidy and comfortable. I am concerned to hear that neither Emma nor Elizabeth Buss are yet gone out to service. Their mother ought to insist on their going."

Hailsham, November 15th, 1867.—"I hope that Mr. Rogers will have made up his mind not to attempt a night-school this winter. I sha'n't at all regret the intermission for once.

"Of course you will judge when you would like one of the pigs killed. I think that at about twelve score they are quite large enough, and at the present price of keep, they had better be killed as soon as they have ceased to grow. How can Ann Harding have maintained herself all these weeks without work, and without relief?

"I am glad to hear that Arthur Blair continues to like his quarters at Bradfield, and his horse. I wish I could have stayed at home at the breaking in of that young horse, as I think I could have made him suit. Meacher has got too old and fumbling for that sort of thing."

The masterly report which Fraser sent in to the Commis- 1867
sion greatly increased his reputation. His method of classifying the parishes into a certain number of manageable groups, and holding a collective meeting in each group, at the most convenient centre, proved eminently successful. He held ninety-six of these meetings, and reduced the proceedings as they went on into the form of *précis*, or minutes, which he read over to the meeting before it broke up, to insure accuracy, and got the chairman to sign. These minutes formed he threw them into an appendix to his report. The answers to the Commissioners' circular of questions, and the results of conversations with sanitary officers, school managers, labourers and their wives, were also grouped and summarised in another appendix. The recommendations which he submitted have been almost all adopted since, and incorporated in acts, but need not detain us here. In passing, however, we may cite his views on "Harvest frolics," "largesse," and "game preserving," as thoroughly characteristic. After noting the abuse of these customs, and the substitution of fixed money payments by Lord Leicester and others, "I confess," he writes, "I would sooner see the harvest-home purged of its demoralisation than changed into a fixed money payment. These old English customs, however degraded, point to a time when the relations of master and man were ennobled by a higher sentiment than the greed of gain; and in this century anything that breaks down the distinctions of caste, and gives opportunity for the spread of feelings of good fellowship and true hospitality, is a link in our social system not lightly to be snapped." . . . . "The remedy," (stern discouragement of drunkenness) "cannot come from peers or clergymen, it must come from the farmers themselves. If they would only unite vigorously for the purpose—a thing they admit they never do—there might soon be an end of all the mischief of 'harvest frolics,' and 'statute fairs.' And as to 'game,' the question is assuming a curious significance, both in a moral and economical

1867 point of view. The farmer can't cultivate his land with profit now that squires seem to think they have had no sport, unless, like Samson among the Philistines, they have slain 'heaps on heaps.' The over-preservation, so prevalent in Norfolk, acts as an irresistible incentive with the peasant, who loves his bit of sport as truly as the gentleman, and whose honest earnings do not enable him to overcome the temptation thus thrown in his way, both to poach and steal." . . . "Game preserving carried to this excess I regard as a simple evil, and I venture to raise the question whether noblemen and gentlemen are morally justified in buying their pleasure at this price." . . . "As to the housing of the poor, 'Vain,' say the clergy, 'are churches and schools till the people are provided with better houses.' This statement I believe to be simple truth."

But the most noteworthy part of the report is the conclusion, devoted to a description of the experiment in co-operative farming at Assington, at that time the only one in England. It was the first time he had come in practical contact with the most remarkable social movement of our time, and with his usual prompt instinct in such matters, had at once appreciated its power for raising the condition of the working classes. After giving a clear and short history of the foundation of the two farming associations, by Mr. Gurdon the squire of the parish in 1830 and 1854, and of the establishment of the Assington Co-operative Store in 1863, and their progress up to the date of the report, he comes to the following conclusions: qualifying them however with the preface, "I have no faith myself in panaceas, nor that any mode of treatment of man's devising can cure the complicated evils of modern civilisation:—"

"(1) Judging as well as I could from all appearances, I have no hesitation in saying that the experiment has been an

eminent success, and is well worth trying in other localities. 1867
(2) That no government assistance is required, or should be given to such experiments. (3) That it would prove of great value as a constant incentive to thrift; as a means of profitable investment of small savings; as a bond of common interest between classes, and a developer of business habits, and fosterer of intelligence amongst the poor, and (4) if all co-operative stores would adopt the practice of Assington, and sell wholesome home-brewed beer, to be consumed off the premises, at a moderate price, a great step in advance would have been made towards the extinction of drunkenness."

Whatever co-operators may think as to conclusion 4, they will all agree as to the insight and sympathy of the report generally. He was destined shortly to be brought into direct relations with the movement, as Bishop of the Diocese in which its centre is established. We shall find in due course that he lived to find his first anticipations and forecasts more than verified.

The report brought him into correspondence with several inspectors, and leaders of the education movement. Amongst these was Canon Norris, afterwards one of his chaplains, who had written to ask him to the first meeting of the National Association in Manchester.

"*Commission on the Employment of Children, Young Persons and Women, in Agriculture* (1867.)"

"VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
"*January 4th*, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have been unable to find time to reply to your interesting letter of December 31st till to-day. The heading to this page will tell you in what work I am engaged. I have been more or less away from home upon it since July; and have explored more or less thoroughly the counties of

1867 . Norfolk, Essex, and Sussex. I am now finishing up with Gloucestershire; and at the end of this month expect to be at home and to set to work upon my report.

"This statement of my present employment will sufficiently explain to you why it will be impossible for me to attend the Educational Conference in Manchester on the 15th and 16th inst.

"Even if I were free to move, I should feel myself strangely out of place in a company of theorists, projectors, and system-mongers, each engaged in running a particular hobby of his own, and not one in ten of whom probably has ever put his little finger out to lift the real burden of education, or so much perhaps as set his foot, for any real purpose of making himself acquainted with its working, within the four walls of an elementary school.

"I have little or no faith in systems, as such; the only thing in which I have faith in this matter of education—and in that one thing I have infinite, boundless faith—is the power of personal energy and influence. I see every now and then—unhappily, too 'few and far between'—parishes and schools in which everything is as efficient, and of which the results are in every way as satisfactory, as if we were living under a Prussian system of compulsory education; and when I trace these results to their source, I invariably find them to flow from the individual wills, energies, sacrifices, of some one or two men; generally the parson, sometimes the squire; occasionally the two combined.

"I consider your criticisms on the Manchester and Salford scheme to be entirely just and well-founded. It seems to me that the result of setting such a scheme at work, would be merely to set up side by side two rival systems of schools, which (as has been found to be the case universally, where rival schools exist) would simply endeavour to outbid one another in attractiveness and popularity.

"For though the new system provides a pond, it contains

no machinery for leading the horse to it (beyond that which our present schools possess), much less for compelling him to drink. It provides no security against the two main difficulties with which any system of education in England has to deal—the demands of the labour market, and the apathy or cupidity (the latter, in most cases, resulting from the poverty) of parents. 1867

"You make a passing allusion to my own 'scheme,' and to what you consider to be its 'weak point.' It was with the greatest possible reluctance that I ventured to appear before the world as the author of a scheme at all. And when I did, it was not so much in the character of an originator, as of a modifier of a scheme previously conceived. The scheme of the Commissioners of 1861 always struck me as the most practicable one in conception, and to be chiefly deficient in adaptation to things as they are. As all parents naturally do, I still retain my affection for my own child. That my scheme would work free from all difficulties, I am not presumptuous enough to suppose; but I venture to think that it is surrounded with *fewer* real difficulties than any other scheme that has been proposed. I think if it had been brought under public notice with the advantage of a more influential name, it might have commended itself to men's minds more than it has actually done. But as it is, even Mr. Bruce, in noticing it in the speech of last session which introduced his own bill, paid it the compliment of thinking that it might work well in rural districts, though he considered it—chiefly, as he subsequently told me in a private letter, on *your* ground—inapplicable to towns.

"You doubt if the ratepayers would submit to 'open their purses and pay whatever a London inspector required of them,' or 'be content to be rated, with little or no control over the expenditure of the rate.' But they are at present content to be rated for all county purposes—for police, lunatic asylums, county bridges, gaols, &c.—and that to double or

1867 treble the amount which I supposed them to contribute towards the support of the school, without possessing, or even very seriously agitating for, any such control. They have not even, practically, any efficient control over the expenditure of the very large sum which they pay for the maintenance of the poor.

"Nor would they be subjected in any sense to the arbitrary caprices or demands of a 'London inspector.' The inspector was to be brought into relations of subordination (in a certain sense) to them and to the County Board of Education, as well as to his superiors in London. All they were required to pay was so much for every child in average attendance in every certified school: and all that the inspector had to do was to certify them, after his examination of the registers, what that average attendance was. But I must not weary you with an elaborate defence of a scheme, which though still living in my own mind, is dead and buried as far as the world at large is concerned. Perhaps there may be a resurrection of its essential principles, under higher auspices, some future day. In that long rambling letter, with which Mr. Flint favoured the world in yesterday's *Times*, many of its principles are recognised: payment for results; a modified conscience clause; inspectors penetrating into every parish; a rate, where voluntary effort has proved itself utterly apathetic or powerless.

"But you will be tired of me long before you have got to this point; so, with many thanks for your letter, let me spare you further trouble and remain,

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES FRASER."

Another quiet two years followed the Commission, in which parish, garden, stable, and glebe, filled his time as happily as ever. Meacher's failing strength, and the consequent delicacy of the stable question, where Chevithorne

and his companion had to be kept in fine condition, and the carriages and harness in perfect order without hurting the old man's feelings, was the chief cause of anxiety in those tranquil days. The next letter may serve as an illustration of his passion for horses, kept resolutely under control, but still as strong as in his hunting days. His correspondent, the Rev. J. D. Hughes, was an old college friend, now head master of Bridgenorth School, where Fraser had examined occasionally, and had much impressed the boys by trying a horse his friend was in treaty for in front of the school. He had great confidence in this friend's judgment, and when in want of a horse generally consulted him. 1868

To the Rev. J. D. Hughes. Ufton, May, 1868.—"Thanks for your second letter about the Strawberry. Remember I don't want to buy unless he really is a *first-rate* horse. You say there is 'something about him you don't quite like.' If you find out definitely what your objection is, what is the unlikeable point, let me know, that I may see what weight I attach to it. If the horse has good figure and good action, good paces and good temper and sufficient power, I desire no more, but I don't want a second-rate animal. Somerset is that, and I am content to work him on till I can replace him with something really first rate. What I really do want most is a *powerful* horse. Somerset has neither size, strength, nor pace enough for my wagonette, and though a showy horse in some respects, is somewhat underbred and wanting in mettle. I do like a free horse. I don't want to drive twelve miles an hour, in fact I never drive more than nine, but I like my horse, while he is doing nine within himself, only to want a hint from me to do the twelve. That's pleasure: to get nine miles out of a horse only with the aid of chirruping and flicking with the whip is a form of penance. What are Strawberry's white legs like? Are they the hind legs or the fore, and does the white run high up the leg to the knee

1868 or hock (which certainly is ugly) or is it merely a few inches above the fetlock, which is much less disfiguring? My experience is that white legs are a sign of weakness, but they would not be a fatal objection in an otherwise good horse. I dearly like four clean, sinewy, bony, flat legs—white legs have too often a tendency to rotundity and gumminess. If I buy the horse I must ask you to try him *fully in harness*, and see whether he is staunch both up and down hill. Somerset is a little inclined to throw up his heels if he feels the carriage unduly pressing upon him behind, and I have thought it prudent to drive him with a kicking strap. Up hill he is very good, and I believe would not leave any amount of weight behind him that he could only move. As to other people's opinion, you know as much about a horse as any master of harriers in England, and I am quite content to trust implicitly to your judgment—but of course if you can find out anything about the horse from any one who knows him that would be an advantage."

June, 1868.—"I was chiefly caught in your account of Strawberry by his 'magnificent paces,' and thought that with those he must surely be worth 40*l*. But I should not like to have him even at that price if you consider him deficient in power; but he seems to have bone and weight, and those are the two great elements of strength, so that unless the 'kicking up' is very marked and very disfiguring I should not mind buying at the price named. I am glad the white stockings are behind and not before. I hope he does not 'cut' or 'brush' in his action."

The correspondence with friends, Mozley, Cornish, Sale, Tooke, and others, flowed in a regular stream, and his interest in public affairs continued of course as vivid as ever, and his independent sympathy with the Liberal party to increase.

To Mozley, 1868.—"I can see a good deal of showy work in this diocese" [Oxford] "which I call scamped—done in a very different style from that in which the Bishop of Salisbury, with all his supposed shortcomings, would have done it." 1869

To Sale. March 4th, 1869.—"I don't know what your views are about the Irish Church. For myself, come what may of it in the shape of consequences to the Church of England, I cannot resist the justice of Gladstone's measure; while the speech in which he introduced his bill the other night has quite rehabilitated him in my eyes, as the statesman best qualified of all we now have, to deal with the problems of the age."

The Queen had heard by this time that there was a clergyman of mark, almost a country neighbour of her own, whom she might do well to hear. In June he received an order to preach before her.

To Mozley. June, 1869.—"I got safely to Windsor, and found myself in very pleasant quarters at the Deanery. The Dean is a delightful man—a nephew of the late Duke of Wellington—perhaps the most intimate male friend that the Queen has—married to a very pretty wife, twenty-five years younger than himself, and blessed with one little boy just 'rising four years old.' Nothing could be kinder than he was to me, and he put me up to all sorts of hints that I might make no mistake in my somewhat nervous undertaking on Sunday.

"All went off very well. I had a congregation of about sixty, including the Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Princes Arthur and Leopold. This was the party occupying the royal gallery, just opposite the pulpit. On the floor of the chapel were the

1869 Royal Household, the Lords and Ladies in Waiting, a few visitors at the Castle (including Lord Lyons, our Ambassador at Paris) and the domestics, male and female, including John Brown in all the glories of Highland costume. I did not feel particularly nervous, and got through my task to the Dean's satisfaction. After service he took me a long walk all over the slopes of the Home Park, and showed me everything that there was to see, besides being very chatty and communicative. At half-past four I attended service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, at which the princes and princesses were again present, and at half-past eight I accompanied the Dean and Mrs. Wellesley to the Castle.

"This morning, just as I left, the Dean told me that the Queen had asked him a lot of questions about me, and expressed herself as pleased with my sermon. All this only for your and Aunt Lucy's ear. Happily I am quite content with my present position, so that where other men might fancy they were going to be made bishops or deans, I trouble myself with no dreams or anticipations of the kind. I am simply pleased at having satisfied those who asked me to occupy the royal pulpit, and altogether my Windsor visit will be a bright spot in my memory. I hardly looked at the Queen while preaching, beyond observing she was there. My preaching from a manuscript evidently did not disquiet her, and she asked the Dean where my quotations came from, which seemed to have made an impression upon her, one of them being Edward Irving's conception of heaven, the other being Newman's beautiful poem. Whatever she may think of my sermon, I felt she could not help being pleased with these."

Tiverton, June 24th, 1869.—"The stupid people at Oxford who put up that parcel of examination papers for me sent it in inclosed wrapper with fifteen stamps, and it was charged as much more on being forwarded to me here. If you had

thought of opening it, you would have seen what its contents were, and that by book-post it would have come for a penny; never mind, the national exchequer is the richer by two and fourpence by the oversight." 1870

In August, 1869, Bishop Hamilton died, and Fraser, who was still one of his chaplains, went to the funeral at Salisbury.

To Mr. Tooke. August 8th, 1869.—"I too saw you at that noble, gladdening spectacle of yesterday, but could not get near at the time, and knew it was too late to look for you when all was over. It was a funeral worthy of him whose body we followed to the grave. I share your every feeling, and echo your every word about it. He did not care for 'opinions,' it was the faith—his faith—made his by living up to it—that he prized, and struggled for, and it may almost be said died for; the faith which I believe to be the same in essence in all Christian hearts, however different the outward form in which it clothes itself. . . . Mrs. Gladstone brought down word that the bishopric had been offered to and accepted by Moberly. Edward Hamilton, the Dean, and Sanctuary (all I talked to on the subject) regretted the choice thinking him too old a man. But I should think he would generally recommend himself to the diocese, if they will take his Bampton Lectures as evidence of the man. I found happily without knowing anything about it before, that Edward Hamilton and the Dean had been interesting themselves for me!!! and Edward Hamilton said Gladstone had told him that, if Moberly had refused, it would probably have been offered to me. Fortunately I have been spared having to decide on so grave an issue. Utterly unworthy as I feel myself, on the highest grounds, of such a post, I should have felt special cause for anxiety on many accounts, into which you will enter, if I had been called to succeed *him*.

1870 But I am spared the trial, and I came home with a light heart."

The light heart was not destined to last for many months. On the 4th of January, 1870, he received the offer of the bishopric of Manchester from Mr. Gladstone. The correspondence is the starting-point of a new life, and will best introduce Part II. of this Memoir.

APPENDIX.

The following extracts are from a paper kindly furnished after this chapter had gone to press by Mr. H. S. Tremenheere, C.B., the head of the Commission referred to in the last chapter :—

"When in May, 1867, I was in search of a good staff of Assistant Commissioners to serve on the recently appointed Commission on Employment in Agriculture, I asked the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce (now Lord Aberdare), if he could point out to me any men well qualified for the work. His prompt answer was, 'The first thing you do, try to secure that cheery, admirable fellow, Fraser.'

"The Rev. James Fraser was then enjoying rest and retirement in his much-beloved little Rectory of Ufton, Berks, after some laborious work done for the Government in two Commissions of Inquiry relating to Elementary Education.

"I wrote to him and told him of the cordial manner in which the Home Secretary had spoken of him, and begged him to give the Commission the benefit of his services.

"To my great satisfaction he consented. His intercourse with me as the head of the Commission was frequent, and gave me opportunities of admiring the energy, straightforwardness, and penetration with which he entered into every branch of his duties.

"The districts I assigned to him comprised the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester. His own conception of his duties cannot be better given than in his own words in the concluding paragraph of his valuable Report, dated June 1st, 1868: "I venture to think that Her Majesty never appointed a Commission of Inquiry upon a more important subject, and I trust that my own share in the labour of that inquiry may be instrumental to the public good.'

"It cannot be doubted that many will recognise in this report 1870
some of the guiding principles of his life in the high career that awaited him.

"Soon after that Report was presented he told me, to my great regret, that 'his dear people in his little country home wanted him back again'; and that as he thought that his first duty was to them, he felt obliged, though with much reluctance, to forego the great sources of interest, satisfaction, and information that the inquiries of the Commission opened for him.

"To myself the gain of that one year of his services was also the gain of a friendship that lasted his life.

"Nothing struck me more during our subsequent opportunities of intercourse than the touching simplicity with which, with all his great powers, and his marvellous successes in his Diocese, he expressed his doubts as to whether he really was equal to his task. 'I want to resign and go back to my people at Ufton,' was often said with a look and a feeling that came straight from the heart. 'There are many who could do what I am doing better than I can.' But so did not think those who had the best opportunities of observing him. His largeness of heart, his genial manners, his ever ready sympathies, his strong sense, his highly cultivated intellect, his calm wisdom and unbiassed and firm judgment, won from them the greatest tribute ever offered to the memory of a Bishop in this country. Manufacturing Manchester, and the busy towns and villages and rural portions of his diocese, have combined to erect a statue to him in the open air, and a recumbent monument to him in their cathedral, in a chapel that is to be added to it for the purpose by his widow, 'his best assistant,' as he often said, 'in his daily labours, and the greatest blessing of his life.'"—HUGH SEYMOUR TREMENHEERE, C.B.

PART II.

"It is not possible to love and hope for that which one does not believe."—F. D. MAURICE, *Mediæval Philosophy*, p. 101.

"At all times a man who would do faithfully must believe firmly."—CARLYLE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"Who is the happy warrior? who is he
Whom every man-at-arms would wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought."

WORDSWORTH.

THE TRANSITION. 1870.

THE document which was to alter the whole course and character of the life of this contented and happy country parson ran as follows:— 1870

"*Hawarden Castle, January 3rd*, 1870.—DEAR MR. FRASER, —I write to place the See of Manchester at your disposal. I will not enumerate the long list of qualifications over and above entire devotedness to the sacred calling, for which I earnestly seek in the selection of any name to submit to Her Majesty with reference to any vacant bishopric. But I must say with perfect truth that it is with reference to qualifications only that I make the present overture. As respects the particular See, it is your interest in and mastery of the question of public education which has led me to believe you might perform at Manchester, with reference to that question, a most important work for the Church and for the country. Manchester is the centre of the modern life of

1870 the country. I cannot exaggerate the importance of the See, or the weight and force of the demands it will make on the energies of a bishop, and on his spirit of self-sacrifice. You will, I hope, not recoil from them, and I trust that strength to meet them all will be given you in abundance.

"Believe me faithfully yours,

"W. E. G."

It is not easy to see how a great charge could be offered more honourably, or at the same time with less of gilding. No wonder that it should have staggered the recipient for the moment, bringing him as it did thus suddenly face to face with the "demands" so tersely indicated in the Premier's offer. He replied:

"*Ufton, January 5th,* 1870.—DEAR SIR,—Your letter, and the utterly unexpected offer it contains, has profoundly moved me. Am I making an unreasonable request in asking to be allowed a week to consider the answer I ought to give to it? My first impulse was, from a most real and unaffected consciousness of unworthiness, to decline. But probably every one to whom such an offer was made would have the same feeling at first; and my life, as I read it, seems to have been such a succession of providences that my second thought was, that by refusing to enter on a wider sphere of usefulness I might be drawing back from a call. Happily I have no desire for either wealth or rank, nor any ambition beyond that of wishing to be as useful a citizen, both of the realm of England, and of the kingdom of our Lord, as I have power to be. I quite feel all that you so justly say about the noble opportunities offered by such a diocese as Manchester. All I mistrust is my own adequacy to them. I should wish therefore for time to take counsel with some of my friends who have known me longest, and by whose judgment I should like to be guided in a matter of this kind—my Provost,

Dr. Hawkins, Church, Liddon, Edward Hamilton, etc.; for time also to think over so important a step—important not only to my own happiness, but to the highest interests of an imperilled Church at an anxious time—calmly with my own family, and earnestly as in the sight of God. I humbly trust I shall be guided aright. At present I need say no more than that I will not allow any merely personal consideration of ease, or comfort, or ambition to determine my resolve. With a deep sense not only of what is implied in your offer, but of the manner in which it has been conveyed, 1870

"I beg to remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"JAMES FRASER."

"*Hawarden, January 7th*, 1870.—MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, which does you so much honour in every sense, and I accede of course to your request, only adding that I am sure you will render the interval as short as you possibly can.

"I am, etc., etc.,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Anticipating the Premier's reply, Fraser had already, with his usual promptness, written to nine of his friends for their counsel.

That to Mr. Tooke, the only one apparently which has been preserved, was as follows:—

"*Private.—Ufton, January 6th*, 1870.—I am in a grave perplexity, and want the honest counsel of sincere friends. Gladstone, in a most touching and generous way, has offered me the bishopric of Manchester. On all personal grounds I should at once shrink from such a perilous responsibility; but second thoughts tell me that, in doing so, I might be shrinking from a call, and that personal considerations ought to be

1870 overbalanced by the claims of public duty. So I have asked for a week to consider the matter calmly, as before God, and to take counsel with my friends. Without any undue or affected depreciation of my own powers, I am profoundly sensible of my inadequacy to the work of a bishop at the present time. The perfect conception of a bishop is of one who can lead men, inspire and sustain work, repair breaches, reconcile differences, mitigate bitternesses, help men to the solution of the problems that hold the reason and even the conscience sometimes, in suspense. No one can be more aware of *my* unfitness for the more difficult parts of such work than I am myself. But *who is* sufficient? At any rate, if you know any cause or just impediment—and you know me *intus et in cute*—don't let me take a step which must be irrevocable, and which may be full of the gravest consequences, not to myself merely, but to the Church of Christ—don't let me take the step unwarned. We have known one another long enough to speak the truth face to face, and I have no such hankering after rank, or wealth, or a more conspicuous station, as to desire to be placed in a post, the duties of which I should be found unequal to discharge. Keep this communication *in confidence*, till I have made up my mind, help me with your counsel, and pray for me that I may be guided to a right conclusion."

Before the end of the week he had asked for he had made up his mind to accept the Premier's offer, and wrote:—

"*Ufton, January 8th,* 1870.—MY DEAR SIR,—There is no advantage in prolonging unnecessarily a period of suspense, and it will be even a relief to me, as well as an act of due consideration to yourself, to apprise you of my resolve as soon as formed. I consulted nine of my most valued friends upon the soundness of whose judgment I thought I could rely with reference to this solemn trust you have offered me, and I have

yesterday and to-day received answers from them all. Though 1870
men of very different views and positions they unite in telling me that I ought not to shrink from the responsibilities even of such a bishopric as Manchester; and encourage me to believe that, with the good hand of my God upon me, I may be found not unequal to its charge. And so, though I cannot quell the throbs and misgivings of my own heart, I seem to have no alternative but to accept the trust you are willing to commit to me. It will be my desire, if called upon to administer this great diocese, to do so in a firm and independent, but at the same time generous and sympathising, spirit. I never was, and never could be, a partisan. Even when seeing my way most clearly I am always inclined to give credit to others whose views may be different from my own for equal clearness of vision, certainly for equal honesty of purpose. As little of a dogmatist as it is possible to be, I yet see the use, and indeed the necessity, of dogma; but I have always wished to narrow, rather than to extend, its field, because the less peremptorily articles of faith are imposed or defined the more hope there is of eliciting agreements rather than differences. Especially have I been anxious to see the Church adapt herself more genially and trustfully to the intellectual aspirations of the age, not standing aloof in a timorous or hostile attitude from the spirit of scientific inquiry, but rather endeavouring (as is her function) to temper its ardour with the spirit of reverence and godly fear. And, finally, my great desire will be, without disguising my own opinions, or wishing one set of minds to understand me in one sense and another in the opposite, to throw myself on *the heart* of the whole diocese, of the laity as well as of the clergy, of those who differ from the Church as well as those who conform to her. I have a high ideal of what a bishop of the Church of England ought to be—an ideal which for fifteen years of my life it was my happy privilege to see *very nearly* realised, and though I am never likely to attain to

1870 it, I can at least keep it steadily before my eyes and reach after it. If, after this frank statement of what I desire to be, you still think me qualified for the administration of such a diocese, and as the adviser of the Crown to recommend me to Her Majesty, I shall be prepared, though not without deep anxiety, to undertake the office, and will endeavour, by the help of God, to do my duty. In the event of my promotion the next presentation to the living which I now hold (which is in the patronage of Oriel College) will of course pass to the Crown. I shall be glad to communicate any particulars respecting it which may be desired. I may briefly say here that few livings can unite in themselves greater advantages. With a deep sense of the motives which you say have led you to single me out for this appointment, and a humble hope that I may not disappoint your expectations,

"I remain, yours most faithfully,

"JAMES FRASER."

"*Hawarden, January 10th,* 1870.—DEAR MR. FRASER,—I have received your letter, and read it with sympathy and admiration. Your appointment is settled as far as Her Majesty is concerned, and the steps will now be taken for the *congé d'élire.* Should you be in town after the 20th or 21st I shall be happy to see you, although the transaction between us as one of mere business is concluded.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"W. E. G."

To Mr. Tooke. Ufton, January 10th, 1870.—"All my friends' advice, I almost regret to say, went one way, and left me no loophole of escape. I, therefore, wrote to Gladstone on Saturday, though still with a heavy heart, *ἑκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ,* to say that, if he still thought fit to recommend me to the Queen, I would endeavour to undertake the administration of

the diocese of Manchester. I previously stated what the 1870
principles are on which I should wish to act as bishop. Whether I have done right or not the event will show. All I can answer for is that I have not been swayed by vulgar personal motives, the thirst for rank, or wealth, or even of power: but I have accepted my friends' measure of my qualifications rather than my own, and, hoping that in my perplexity I might interpret this unsought offer as a call, I have followed where it seemed to lead. God grant that I have not mistaken some lower earthly voice for His. Your affectionate letter was a great comfort to me. I have always reckoned you amongst my staunchest friends, and you may depend that I shall never resent—I hope not even misunderstand—anything that you say to me in the way of counsel. I know what need I have to be on my guard. My nature is impetuous, and my thoughts soon catch fire. But my very position will impose caution on me, and I hope I shall be able to keep my impulses within the bounds of prudence. Can't you come and see me here and let us talk over some things face to face before I leave?

"P.S.—Liddon, dear fellow, was very earnest that I should take this bishopric."

And so he girt himself to his new work, resolved to face it in the only spirit in which it could be effectually done. "At all times," writes Mr. Carlyle, "a man who would do faithfully must believe firmly." This qualification no man possessed in fuller measure, and in no less measure that which is scarcely second to it, humility. "I hope I shall be always straightforward," were his farewell words on starting for his new work, to the oldest of his friends.

CHAPTER II.

"There be plenty of clerks and Bishops who, out of their gowns, would turn their backs on no man."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

BREAKING GROUND IN MANCHESTER. 1870—1871.

1870 THE life of Bishop Fraser divides itself naturally into two distinct parts much more sharply than is the case with most men. By this time one may hope that readers have a fairly distinct notion of what manner of man he was—one rarely gifted intellectually and physically, a first-rate classical scholar but with the keenest interest in all the problems, social, religious, and scientific, of his own time; and yet without ambition, unless the passion to do whatever work came to his hand thoroughly—as well as it could be done—may be called ambition; as no doubt, rightly or wrongly, it often gets that name.

No man knew himself—that rarest, and all but most precious of all knowledge—better; and being singularly matter-of-fact and free from illusions, he had chosen his work, that of a country parson, with deliberation. He had not been ordained till he had spent seven years in Oxford, as resident fellow and tutor; but, having once chosen, there was never a glance backward or sideways. He was not only content, but delighted with his life, and had brought its surroundings pretty well up to his own standard and ideal. He had the most orderly as well as one of the prettiest parishes in that

favoured Archdeaconry, in which no one in his time needed 1870
ever to be out of work, or in distress. He knew every soul in his parish intimately, and they knew him. His schools were models, and he himself an authority and power at the Education Office. He was as popular as man could be wit the neighbouring gentry, squires and parsons alike. His flowe garden, kitchen garden, glebe, and stables, were an unfailin source of interest and pleasure to him ; and he gloried in th belief that of their kind they were the best in the royal count of Berks, if not in the kingdom. He was fifty years old, an weighed fourteen stone and a half ; but his natural walking pace was still over four miles an hour, and he drove the highest and best turned-out dog cart which appeared in Reading, on market days, or at quarter sessions. On the other hand, the only two professional duties which he heartily disliked—charity sermons and public meetings—pressed very lightly on the rector of Ufton. To such a man, with his rare power of enjoying every moment of his life, and of appreciating the surroundings which he had chosen, and moulded by long thought and vigilance to his own mind, to enter public life at fifty as Bishop of Manchester, was as genuine obedience to a call as any we have seen in our time. *Nolo episcopari*, which, spite of sneers, I believe to be the honest instinct of many of those who nevertheless have to bear rule in our Church, was never truer of any man than of him. He had already refused the Primacy of India, which had been made illustrious by the names of Heber and Cotton, and opened to an ambitious man the most dazzling position, and most pressing and vital work, which the Church of England has to offer.

No doubt, however, though unambitious in the ordinary sense, by this time he had also made the discovery that he was a born governor of men, with a splendid faculty for organising and directing work, and of getting the most that was in them out of himself and others. To such men the

1870 opening of new and larger fields must always bring a stern sort of joy, and *pro tanto* this must have been some compensation to him for throwing up the quiet home, and the orderly life he loved, as finally and unreservedly as he had thrown up sport on his ordination, and plunging into the turbid and exhausting atmosphere, both physically and morally, of the workshop of England. "It is beautiful to see," Mr. Carlyle writes of Abbot Sampson — in many respects a striking thirteenth-century forerunner of Bishop Fraser—"how the chrysalis governing soul, shaking off its dusty slough and prison, starts forth winged, a true royal soul." There was no slough and prison to shake off in this case, but an abandonment rather of a post in the line where he was already victorious, for one where the smoke was thickest, and the issue most doubtful, at the call of the Great Captain.

The following letters to Archdeacon Norris, who had written to congratulate him, show the temper and spirit in which he approached his new work :

"UFTON RECTORY, READING,
"*Jan.* 14*th*, 1870.

"MY DEAR CANON NORRIS,—Many thanks for your kind words and good wishes. I answer my friends' congratulations as quickly as I can; but sixty-four letters yesterday, and eighty-three again to-day make it a hard task. I confess I go to this work—neither of my seeking nor desiring—with a misgiving heart. All I can promise is that I will try to do my duty in a generous, sympathising, conciliatory spirit. Whether I shall be able to do anything to bind up the breach that is widening day by day between the two great parties who have taken up education for their battle-cry, I know not. I sympathise much more with the Union than with the League; but I feel with you that they have taken up their position timidly and half-heartedly. They have asked me to

attend and address a meeting at Manchester Free Trade Hall on the 24th, but I can't be there. And I am not very sorry, for I don't wish to commit myself to a course, till I feel more sure of my ground. O that people, as you say, would be satisfied with a Churchmanship that would have satisfied St. Paul, and that in this strife for religious education, they would realise the fitness for their several purposes of 'milk' and 'strong meat.' 1870

"Very truly yours,
"JAMES FRASER."

"UFTON RECTORY, READING,
"*Jan. 25th*, 1870.

"MY DEAR CANON NORRIS,—Would you do me the extreme kindness of helping me to bear my heavy burthen at Manchester, by consenting to undertake the duty of one of my Examining Chaplains? My old college friend, James Lonsdale, has promised to act for me as a representative of the University of Oxford, and I am anxious to have a Cambridge man of mark, in the moderation of whose character and opinions people would have confidence, on my staff also.

"Archdeacon Durnford is willing to assist me so far, that he will take part in the oversight of papers, though he begs to be excused from setting them. The late Bishop held three ordinations in the year, at Lent, Trinity, and Michaelmas. But my secretary tells me that he thinks two would be sufficient, at the first and last of those seasons. There are special reasons arising out of the way in which Whitsun week is spent at Manchester that make an ordination on Trinity Sunday extremely undesirable.

"I do not yet know when I shall be consecrated, and it may be necessary to postpone for a few weeks the Lent Ordination which the late Bishop had fixed for 13th March. But of the date, as soon as fixed, I would send you the earliest notice.

1870 You know enough probably of the general 'set' of my opinions and sympathies, to render it unnecessary for me to enter into particulars about them. My great aim as a Bishop will be to administer my diocese in no spirit of party, but in a readiness to recognise every earnest workman, and to set forward every good Christian work.

"Hoping to receive a favourable reply, I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES FRASER."

"UFTON RECTORY, READING,
"*Jan. 29th*, 1870.

"MY DEAR CANON,—If you can see no other reasons than those stated in your most kind and cordial letter, why you should not accede to my request and become one of my Examining Chaplains, I shall still venture to press you to do so.

"I think we can get over the difficulty about your canonical residence, which only interferes with one ordination, that viz. in Lent.

"I have only selected four chaplains at present, Archdeacon Durnford, James Lonsdale, Hugh Pearson and yourself. I shall wait and see my way more clearly in the diocese, before appointing any others. But I shall try to induce all my chaplains (say by twos at a time) to assist me in the ordination examinations: so that if I have six chaplains, and three ordinations in the year, the work will not be overwhelming.

"This at least is my present idea, based upon what was Bishop Hamilton's practice in the diocese of Salisbury. Even if you could not attend to examine, you might *set* some papers, which the Archdeacon has said he would look over.

"So I sincerely hope that I may count upon associating you with me in my work. I do not believe that I have ever been

found a difficult man to work with, even by those who might differ from me widely in opinions. 1870

"Very sincerely yours,

"JAMES FRASER."

The move from Ufton was made in April, 1870. The Bishop had been to Manchester to find a house, having made it a condition of his acceptance of the See that he should be relieved of the Episcopal Palace of Mauldreth Hall, a large country house eleven miles from the city and his work. He had taken the best house available at the moment, the Rectory of St. Luke's, Cheetham, to which his family were now to be transferred. The following letter may serve as an example of his mastery of detail, and of the infinite trouble (said to be the true test of genius) which he was in the habit of taking in whatever he had to do. It is to his mother, from London, where he was detained on business connected with his consecration, which had taken place on 25th March. He had already made an arrangement with the railway company for a through carriage from Aldermaston, his little country station, to Manchester.

Pall Mall, April 2nd, 1870.—"Few should go on Tuesday; Sarah and Mrs. Hodson on Wednesday; you and the rest on Thursday or Friday. Sam must take the 'twa dogs' under his charge. They must both have chains. I should think Sam, Caroline Cox (to whom you must write or send when you have fixed your day) and Henrietta might travel third class. If they have much heavy luggage, it can go with the other things. The through carriage I spoke of has a first, second, and third class compartment; but perhaps they do not book third class from London by that train, which is express, in which case the servants must go by the second class.

"Don't forget to label the keys you take, and to leave behind all that ought to be left behind.

1870 "With regard to the bedrooms at St. Luke's Rectory, Sarah, Henrietta, and Caroline Cox must occupy the large attic bedroom, putting into it the bed they now sleep on, and the bedstead out of Sam's room.

"Sam will sleep in the small room opposite theirs, putting into it the bedstead out of my dressing-room.

"Coming from the bath-room towards the body of the first floor rooms, the room on the left would be Few's room, putting into it the bedstead in our north room; and the room on the right would be Mrs. Hodson's, putting into it Miss Spreadbury's present bedstead.

"The room adjoining Mrs. Hodson's would be *your* room, with the dressing room next to it for Aunt Lucy; and the room next to that, over the drawing room, would be my room.

"The spare room (with dressing room) would be over the study, in which must be set up the mahogany four-poster; and there is another small bedroom, for which I must provide a bed."

On the 25th of March, then, he was consecrated in Manchester Cathedral, and, on his return from a short visit to London on business, stepped out at once into the glare and whirlwind of publicity, in which the rest of his life was destined to be passed.

The announcement of his appointment to the Bishopric was no surprise to any one connected officially with the education movement, now fast ripening for settlement; but, to the swarming centres of industrial life at high-pressure in Lancashire it came as "a bolt out of the blue." His name seems to have been absolutely unknown outside of the small circle whose interest in educational and social questions had extended to the reading of Blue Books. The local papers, however, were not many days in laying before their readers everything that could be known about him, and the record was

allowed to be a promising one, both by Churchmen and Nonconformists. The latter, indeed, appear to have been the better pleased of the two, holding the appointment to imply an intimation from the Premier to the clergy of Lancashire and their congregations of how grievously they needed educating. 1870

It would be quite incompatible with the limits which have been fixed for this book to attempt anything like a detailed account of the work of Bishop Fraser in his diocese. The mere routine of consecrating churches, ordaining priests and deacons, and confirming candidates, supplemented by an occasional sermon or speech on strictly Church questions, might well have been enough to satisfy ordinary men, as it had satisfied his predecessor, the first Bishop; but of this routine work almost no notice can be taken here. Our space will be all too small for even a compressed narrative of what we may call the Bishop's works of supererogation. It is on these that his fame rests, and his claim to an almost unique place on the roll of great English Churchmen.

In the first month after his consecration he laid down at a meeting of the Church Building Society the position of the national Church as he understood it, and the lines upon which it needed to be working: "Our Church must show that in her wide and tolerant bosom every legitimate form of Protestant Christianity can find a home. We *are* a privileged class, secured as no other religious denominations are secured. But why? That we may do a great work for the whole nation. I see already that we want four more Church organisations in this diocese; (1) a society for building churches; (2) a society which will look into church education; (3) a society to provide curates in populous parishes; (4) a society for the augmentation of small benefices." In passing we may note that on his death, fourteen years later, he left all these thoroughly organised and efficient.

The moment of his entrance on public life could not have

1870 been more happily chosen, for the great crisis on the education question had arrived, and the battle was arrayed and raging round the proposals of the Government. Let us first glance at our Bishop's plunge into this fray. It was characteristic of the man never to spend his strength on the outskirts, but to push straight in for the heart of the battle, and when there to wield his mace with entire freedom and fearlessness, even if soldiers who thought they were on his side occasionally came in for a back stroke of that doughty weapon. The question of compulsion was at this time the critical one, and Mr. Forster was watching and weighing, in his quiet sagacious way, the swaying of the fight, backwards and forwards, all over England. One can well imagine the grim smile which must have lighted up his honest face on reading such reports as those following.

A mass meeting in Manchester on the education question was held shortly after the Bishop's consecration, at which he was received with special enthusiasm, in consequence perhaps of a little incident, which he might have planned himself if he had been fishing for popularity amongst his Lancashire people. Striding along one morning on his way to his Chancellery he became aware of excitement and shouting behind him ; and, turning round, saw a tradesman's cart coming rattling down the road without a driver. The boy had got out to deliver a parcel, and the horse had seized the opportunity of making off at a canter for his stable. The Bishop being a man of order, and thoroughly familiar with horses, resented this proceeding, which might prove dangerous further on in a crowded thoroughfare. So he stepped into the street, made the horse swerve, ran by his side for a few paces, caught the rein, brought horse and cart to a halt, and handed them over to the boy who came up panting.

The story of course flew round, and probably accounted for the embarrassing applause with which he was at once received. With the cheers ringing in his ears, he listened to the reading

of the report, and then rose to speak, and, after a protest against all excitement on this great question, said: "I want to speak plainly, and if you really disagree I would sooner hear you say 'no, no' than 'hear, hear.' I heard you applaud the paragraph of the Report recommending compulsory attendance. This I know, that, if the majority of the English people really want compulsion, the Government will be only too happy to give it. If it is mere clap-trap sentiment it is worse than useless. I want you working men to lay this question seriously to heart, and see whether you are so alive to the real interests of your children as to submit to a stringent law of compulsion which will secure them the inestimable blessing of a good sound education." One other sentence from a later part of the speech must be quoted, when he had passed on to the other burning question of religious education. "I tell you working men, you will find many difficulties in the brain, but none in the heart. If you will only set your minds on knowing what God will have you to do, God's Spirit will keep you right." 1870

Again, a day or two afterwards, at a meeting of the Education Aid Society, he recurred to the subject, and said: "Compulsion represents a power most hateful to Englishmen, as it involves domiciliary visits from the police, or other official persons. It is said that you working people desire compulsion, and if so the problem is solved. I still hold to the opinion for which I have been, I see, severely taken to task, that a compulsory law, not loyally obeyed but systematically trampled under foot, is about the most demoralizing which a nation can have on its statute book. Unless compulsion is to be thoroughly effective we shall be far better without it." And a little further on, speaking of his own experience as to the wish for education amongst the poor: "When I left my Berkshire parish the other day with only 370 people living in it, how did I leave it in respect of education? I left it with seventy children in the day

1870 school, and an average daily attendance of over sixty. I had twenty-five agricultural clodhoppers, as they are called, coming to me three nights a week; making themselves smart and tidy, and walking perhaps two miles to the school after a hard day's work, following the plough over miry fields. If that is not some proof of zeal for education I don't know what is."

From a Sermon in the Cathedral.—"Practically if you go about the world and try to find a spot where this religious difficulty exists, it is so microscopic, and of such tenuity that I defy any man to put his finger on it and say, Here it is in all its formidable dimensions."

On this question of religious education he spoke, at the Free Trade Hall, a few days later.

April 20th, 1870.—"I was laying the foundation stone of a new school at Blackburn this morning, and was asked to address 2000 or 3000, mostly working people, who were standing round. I put it quite frankly to them, as I do to you now, whether they had ever come across this miserable proselytising influence which is so freely alleged against denominational schools: and whether they found their children so dutiful and tractable, such models of obedience and every virtue, that they could fairly dispense with religious motives in their training. I asked them whether they wished a purely secular education for their children, and not a voice was raised amongst those 2000 or 3000 people. . . But now we are met by the cry of sectarianism—I don't know how old that word is, or when it came into the language, but so far as I know its meaning, it is the name of a thing for which I have as little love as any living Englishman. . . I don't know what shape the Government Bill will finally assume when it has passed the crucible of parliamentary discussion. I don't envy our legislators who have to fit in the thousand and one

amendments into the original text. But I do hope this, I 1870
hope it for the Church of England, and for the diocese of Manchester, that we shall all submit, whether with good grace or not, to the national will expressed by our supreme representative assembly. I desire to remember, and wish to remind you, that the interests of the nation are paramount, above the interest of any sect or religious community in the nation. And if we who believe in the vitalizing influence of religion are not allowed by the national legislature to bring that influence to bear in our elementary day schools, we must try to bring it to bear in some other way—with less hopes, it may be, but with good heart still."

Again, on April 26th 1870 in the Free Trade Hall at a meeting of the National Education Union. "The painful fact in the present agitation is, that what is essentially a practical matter, to be determined by common sense and experience, is being discussed on abstract, theoretical grounds; and has passed into the hands of those who for this purpose are, in my judgment, the worst set of people in the world, the philosophers, doctrinaires, system-framers, who, at least half of them have never set foot in an elementary school in their lives. From my own experience I tell you that parents prefer that education should be religious. The religious difficulty, as it is called, has been raised, not by them but for them. . . . Now take for instance the cry against the catechism. In teaching religion *some* formulary must of necessity be used; and if a better or simpler one than the Church Catechism can be found, I am prepared to accept it. It was invidiously said, at a recent meeting of the Education League, in this room, that parents don't want (perhaps the speaker meant *he* didn't want) children taught the Church Catechism and the Athanasian Creed. Who ever heard of the Athanasian Creed being taught in an elementary school? But with reference to the Church Catechism, I should not be sorry to get rid of that

1870 time-honoured but obsolete institution of Godfathers and Godmothers, and therefore I think the first part of the Catechism might be got rid of with little loss. And I do not desire that young children in elementary schools should be perplexed by the appendix to the Catechism, which touches on the mysterious doctrine of the Sacraments. But, putting that aside for a later age, I don't believe that either Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists any more than Church people, would object to have their children taught what was the vow by which they were bound at their baptism; or the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed; or to learn their duty to their God and their neighbour, by being taught that admirable exposition of the prayer of our Blessed Lord."

This last address proved too much for the Secular Society, who probably began to think that if they did not make head in some special manner against this outspoken and incomprehensible Bishop, he would be doing real mischief. They accordingly sent him a challenge to a public discussion, complaining of the terms he had used in speaking of the secularists in his recent addresses. They had mistaken their man however, if they thought he was to be taken by such a lure. This was his answer:

"There is no novelty in the arguments of modern secularists. They have been advanced, and to my mind satisfactorily answered, a hundred times in the course of the history of human thought, and the religion which has survived the attacks of Hume, Voltaire, Tom Paine, will I venture to say outlive those of Mr. A. Holyoake, Mr. C. Watts, and Mr. Bradlaugh. You must not put it down to timidity on my part that I must decline your challenge. I cannot conceive a subject more unfitted for public debate before a miscellaneous and, on such subjects, untrained, audience. I have looked into the matter as profoundly as my faculties have allowed me for

myself. I do not say that all difficulties are cleared away. 1871
The revelation in which I believe doesn't lead me to expect that they would be. If in my address at the Free Trade Hall I used language which could justly wound the feelings of any secularists, I deeply regret doing so."

We must pass now from the education question to another which was also a burning one in the Manchester diocese as elsewhere. The Protestant ring in his early sermons and speeches soon encouraged the many foes of ritualism to seek his aid. In January, 1871, a deputation from the congregation of St. John Baptist, Hulme, waited on him to complain of the ritualistic practices of their rector, who had allowed candlesticks on the altar, processions in church, in which a crucifix and banners were carried, bowing to the altar, and the use of wafer bread. The Bishop had already remonstrated with the rector, who had voluntarily submitted to be guided by him. Mr. Andrew, the churchwarden of the parishioners, opened their grievances, but was cut short by the Bishop with, "Mr. Marshall has submitted in the fairest way to anything I order, so I beg you will not press me to order anything unreasonable."

The churchwarden then proceeded to complain of posturings and genuflexions. The Bishop: "Do you bow to the cross, Mr. Andrew?" Mr. Andrew: "No." Bishop: "Why then need you trouble about it, if other people think it does them good? You are a stickler it seems for all the rubric orders. Do you kneel when you are saying your prayers?" Upon this Mr. Nesbitt, the rector's churchwarden, interposed with, "I never saw him kneel since he came to the church. He sits." Bishop: "That would give offence to some people. That's why I ask you to give and take. I don't like bowing, but if people think it helps them I can't object to it."

Solvuntur risu tabulæ. After some further skirmishing between the two wings the deputation retired, and the Bishop

1870 was not further troubled from St. John the Baptist's, Hulme, for a period of nearly four years.

At the Church Institute, Oldham. April, 1870.—"Liberationists say we owe our creed to an act of Parliament. The origin of our creed, the Apostles, is lost in antiquity. The Nicene creed came from the council of Nice long before the English Parliament was born or thought of. That the prayer book was scheduled to an act of Parliament is a guarantee for the liberty and fixity of our faith. We don't want to be shifted about by every ebb and flow of popular opinion. Why is it possible to caricature Christianity? Because our Christianity is so far below the point to which it ought to rise, because there is so much unreality, hypocrisy, cant in it. I think I may defy any one to caricature the life, or work, or character of our Lord; or to caricature St. Paul, or to read St. John's Epistle and try to caricature that."

Manchester City Mission, annual meeting, May 15th, 1870, at which he had consented to preside, to the consternation of Manchester orthodoxy: "Since I consented to take the chair I have had many representations that I should be in my wrong place as a Bishop, this being a 'sectarian institution.' If I believed that, I shouldn't be here. But this Mission Society seems to me by what I have read of their publications, and by the report, to be loyal to the principles we all profess. The feeling deepens in me every day that these principles of Christ's gospel are few, simple, broad. Christians have been wrangling over their petty shibboleths, and have let the devil get an advantage over them, while they piled arms to discuss petty questions of theology, and, instead of presenting a serried front, turned their arms against each other, as the poor French are doing."

But perhaps the most characteristic of all his early utterances was at what is described in the reports as "a stormy

meeting" on the question of licensing public houses on April 9th, which he attended at the request of the Temperance League. One can picture the consternation of his friends—not unlike that of the Princes of Moab on Mount Peor—when the Bishop suddenly broke out in the middle of his speech with, "Yesterday I preached in a very full church. My voice was a little out of order, and I was a little exhausted. At lunch the clergyman said, 'I think a glass of bitter beer after that sermon would do you good.' I thought so too, and I drank the bitter beer, and felt the better for it. So you see I'm not one of those who as the old ditty runs 'would rob a poor man of his beer' provided it is good and wholesome, and he knows when he has had enough. You might as well try to sweep away all your town halls, or co-operative stores, as all your public-houses." 1870

At a Meeting to consider proposals for reform of the Grammar School.—"Hugh Oldham, if he could rise from his grave, would wish his foundation to be used for the utmost possible good of the people of Manchester. Therefore the 'Cy-pres' rule ought to be applied in this case freely. I have seen what comes of holding strictly to the terms of a founder's will in my old neighbourhood. Before the reform of the Reading Free School in 1865, there was only one pupil left in it, and he was a French boy."

Dec. 28th, 1870.—At a meeting of the Church Missionary Society at Ashton-under-Lyne.—"I never feel more lost than when I am in the chair or speaking at a missionary meeting, because all my knowledge is derived from books and reports. My difficulty is not from lack of interest in the cause, but simply from a sense of unreality, which I suppose every one must feel when he has to speak on a difficult question on which he has no personal experience. So my remarks to-night will be very few and general." Amongst these one may

1871 profitably cite the following. "Haven't these poor heathens thousands of miles away a special claim on you Lancashire people? Since I have been here I have visited several large mills weaving calico for India. You are doing them a good turn perhaps in sending them cheap calico, but at the same time you are doing yourselves a good turn. Now, I want to know if cheap calico is all you can put into their hands? Now, don't you think you should try to improve them in other respects besides clothing? can't you try to help them clothe themselves with Christ's righteousness as well as cheap Lancashire calico? I say then that India ought to have a special interest and claim on you."

Jan. 5th, 1871.—At a meeting of the Boys' Refuge, and Industrial Brigade.—"This is one of the most difficult and delicate problems of modern society. How can your work be done without encouraging professional vagrancy or interfering with the rightful duty of parents? It was said by Archbishop Whately, a strict political economist, but at heart a very benevolent man, that he had given away 40,000*l.* in charities, but never a sixpence to a street beggar. On the other hand there was a gentleman whose mortal remains are being lowered about this very moment into their last resting place, who played no unconspicuous or inconsistent part in the public life of Manchester, of whom it was stated in biographical notices I have been reading of him, that no beggar ever asked of him for aid and went away unrelieved. These men may seem inconsistent the one with the other, but we are not living in Utopia but in England, where we must all allow there is far too abundant room for the practical development of all benevolent sentiments. Till these great subjects are taken up with a broader spirit, and firmer grasp, I don't know how we can help 'tinkering' with questions which need a more prompt and decided treatment. I confess I should be glad to see the day, when our legislature, instead

of fighting the battles of political parties, shall really gird up its loins to ascertain what practical solution can be given to the infinite and diversified social problems which meet any one who walks about the streets of such a city as Manchester." 1871

Jan. 9th, 1871.—As chairman of a meeting of the Society for the aid of the Deaf and Dumb: "I have had the greatest possible satisfaction in admitting Mr. Downing the superintendent of this Society to Deacon's orders. I got over Archbishop Laud's rule 'that no man was to be ordained a Deacon unless he had a specific nomination and title,' by Mr. Bardsley's help, who has nominated him assistant curate of St. Ann's, while I have given him a sort of roving cure, to attend to the spiritual wants of all the deaf and dumb poor he can find in the district."

Jan. 19th, 1871.—"I think there is a general sense of discomfort—to use the mildest term—in the minds of Churchmen under the Act of Uniformity. What we want is to enable our clergy to go forth with the Bible and Prayer Book in their hands, and use them as they find best for the edification of those they are seeking to serve."

He accepted the post of President of the Manchester. Savings Bank for 1871, and in his opening speech from the chair said, "With me social questions have always taken rank, not only far above political but even far above ecclesiastical questions. By this remember I mean—for I don't wish to be misunderstood—that without relaxing my hold on what I believe to be the great truths of Christianity, I still feel that the great function of Christianity is to elevate man in his social condition. Therefore I think my business as a Bishop is to do all I can to diffuse its great principles for the guidance of human conduct, by example and precept, taking my chance whether my own Communion gains or loses thereby I care

1871 little for the dominance of this or that ecclesiastical party, my prayer for all who try to hold and spread the truth being that they may prosper as they deserve. I think an institution like the Savings Bank is animated by a Christian spirit, embodies a Christian principle, and ought to command the sympathy of every Christian man;"—and then proceeding to comment on Mr. Gladstone's proposal in his budget speech to reduce the rate of interest in Savings Banks—"I am but a young and inexperienced legislator, and in the present fluctuating state of public opinion don't know how long I may remain a legislator at all, so at present I don't see my way to doing more for you than attend a deputation. Excellent as our Chancellor of the Exchequer is in lucid statement and exposition, I must say that in a good many matters he seems to me rather sharp in his practice. I presume that the motive for reducing the rate of interest is to bring the old established Savings Banks down to the level of Government Savings Banks. But it seems to me there ought to be no competition between them; each has a distinct reason for its existence and a distinct position to occupy. The Post Office Banks are for our migratory population who want to move their investments from Manchester to Liverpool or London, as their occupation carries them. On the other hand the old banks are for our stationary people, and I confess in the interests of society I think the stationary people are the branch of our fellow citizens that ought to be encouraged, and therefore if by a small premium of 10 per cent. we can give an advantage to the stationary over the locomotive population it should be done. I haven't been here long enough to pay minute attention to the state of things here but my experience in life tells me we are all living too fast. We don't leave margin enough between income and expenditure I take this institution to be a visible witness in a great commercial community of the value of thrift, and am not only gratified but proud, to be elected its President."

Address to Working Men, Trinity Church, Salford.— 1870
"I am glad to see you here to-night just as you have left your mills and workshops. I regret bitterly that churches, not only in Manchester but all over England, and I fear chapels also, are too much in the possession of the well-dressed, the comfortable, and the well-to-do." . . "If you will take a little more pains to ask God to give you grace to get rid of lust, intemperance, all that keeps you down, I am sure there is no country in the world (and I have seen many) in which the honest, sober, industrious, thrifty workman has so good a chance of raising himself to a position of independence as in England."

These specimens of the Bishop's utterances during the first year of his episcopate may be closed by the following speech on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of Owens College on Sept. 24th, 1870, when he responded to the toast "the Clergy of all denominations." The founder (in 1845) had made a condition of his gift that no religious instruction should be given within its walls. "There might have been a time," he said, "and not so long ago, when a Bishop would have felt uncomfortable in being called upon to respond to this toast in this company, but I do not think now there is any man on the Bench of Bishops who would feel so, and if there is I am not that man. I do not claim to be more liberal than my neighbours—there is nothing more distasteful to me than quasi-liberality. But I claim this, that I love my fellow-men, and further that I take a large and broad view of what is understood by 'truth.' I believe that every man who is earnestly trying to spread the truth which he knows, is labouring in the cause of Him who is first of all a God of holiness but secondly (if it can be called second) a God of truth. I never have believed that true science can be contrary to true religion, or that true religion ought to be afraid of any of the legitimate conclusions of science. I know that I am in the

1870 presence of men who have established their right to be interpreters of the laws and phenomena of the material world. I read their speculations with the deepest interest, with much more interest than they would bestow on any speculations of mine. I can listen with interest while a learned professor speculates whether we who live in Manchester are deteriorated angels or developed savages. I only ask to be their fellow worker in building up the great temple of truth. But I would ask them whether these material or intellectual theories can solve the moral and spiritual phenomena by which they are surrounded, and whether there is not a place for poor parsons as well as for philosophers? If they would only believe that parsons are not sceptics in disguise, trying to palm off on the world something that has failed; that they are trying calmly, and step by step, to tread the path of truth; I can hope that the disputed boundaries between religion and science may be settled, so that we may both alike minister in and help to build up the great temple of truth."

Later in the evening, Professor Huxley in replying to the toast of the President of the British Association said, "I shall not soon forget the spirit-stirring speech of the noble prelate, a speech I welcome and shall remember as long as I live, as imbued with a spirit, which, if it had always been exhibited, would have prevented the difficulties and misunderstandings which I myself deprecate."

It was not only by his absolute frankness and fearlessness of speech that the Bishop startled his great diocese in these first months of his episcopate. His work more than kept pace with his talk. Besides carefully overhauling, and inspiring with new life and energy, the excellent Church machinery which he found ready to his hand, and establishing in addition a Diocesan Board of Education, and a Diocesan Church Building Society, he undertook a new crusade of a kind, and in quarters, which had been hitherto quite neglected. It took him only a few weeks to make up his mind that the

Church in Lancashire, if she was ever to fulfil her mission as 1870
he understood it, must take quite new ground with the two most numerous sections of the people, the factory operatives and skilled mechanics, and the mass of unskilled labour and destitution below, which is commonly known as "the residuum." Accordingly, always with the consent, and generally with the hearty approval, of the great employers of labour, whom he approached through the local clergy, he attended at such establishments as the St. John's Carriage Works, the Atlas Iron Works, and the Gorton Railway Works in the dinner hour, and gave addresses, prefaced by two or three collects and the Lord's Prayer, to such of the mechanics and labourers as chose to attend. In the same way, and for like purposes, he gathered the boatmen on the canals, the scavengers, and the night-soil men, in any suitable room which could be borrowed or hired in the neighbourhood of their work.

Further on we shall meet with samples of the topics he selected, and his method of handling them before such audiences. In the present somewhat unwieldy chapter room must still be found for some short notice of how this strange phenomenon of a Bishop—striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts, and talking familiarly with every one he met, gentle or simple, with a cheerful and healthy curiosity as to all they were thinking about or interested in—struck the Lancashire folk.

The factory hands, and working people generally, were taken as it were by storm, and had installed him long before the end of the year in a place in their hearts which he never lost. The following, which could be multiplied to any extent, may be taken as fair instances of their attitude. A sturdy dissenting operative waited for him at the bottom of the stairs after one of his earliest meetings, and seized him by the hand with the remark, "Ah, Bishop, thou'd'st mak' a foine Methody

1870 preacher." Another, waiting for him outside Church after a charity sermon, forced a sovereign into his hand with, "Bishop, here's a pound for thee." Bishop: "Thanks, my friend, for the charity." Operative: "Nay, nay, for thyself."

"The classes," as represented by the press, were by no means so unanimous, as indeed how should they be, scarcely a day passing in which he did not run sharply counter to some of their cherished beliefs or prejudices. Nevertheless, they were all eager to hear whatever he had to say, and so he proved a perfect Godsend to the local papers, as their subscribers seemed to be never tired of reading about him. Reporters from all the leading papers followed him about mercilessly, reporting all he said *verbatim;* and editors, while ruthlessly printing it, would have been more than human if they had not taken revenge now and then by more or less sarcastic comment for such a crowding of their space.

After the first chorus of applause, which may be summed up in the words, "If not a Manchester man he is the man for Manchester," "He is the most candid public man we have ever had in Lancashire," came uncertain notes, "He may be candid enough, but he always has the gloves on. He is always giving somebody a good dressing," "You never saw a man with that coloured hair and complexion who wasn't hot-tempered," wrote another. A third struck in, "He is like a chestnut horse, and never wants whip or spur. He seems to enjoy as a luxury bursting the trammels which should hedge a Bishop." "He is anyhow," wrote a fourth, "a man of real genius, the genius of common-sense." Then after a month or two began the chorus of reaction. "His forte," wrote one facetious scribe, "is omnipresence, his foible omniscience." "At any rate," laughed the Bishop, "if omnipresence is my forte it is the fault of Lancashire, which drags me about to many more places than I want to go to." Another broke out, "It is no uncommon thing to find him within the space of twenty-four hours speaking half-a-dozen times in as many different places;

and ranging, apart from a somewhat scanty theology, over a field embracing such subjects as the evils of drunkenness, the statistics of crime, mischievous agitators, working hours, church collections, the evils of ignorance, young men's means of saving money, the effect of the licensing Act, and costly funerals. This is no exaggeration." 1870

Of all of which the Bishop took little heed, or replied now and then with a laugh; as, for instance, in a speech as chairman of a meeting of the Education Aid Society in his first autumn, "The newspapers tell you, I see, that the Bishop of Manchester is beginning to be a bore; that his name comes before the public oftener than any one wants to see it. I should be very glad if these gentlemen would help me to decline invitations, or at any rate wouldn't report me. The fact is I never have a Sunday, or half a Sunday, to myself. But I do feel that when a clergyman comes to me and says he is labouring in a poor parish with a heavy balance against him, and that if I will go and preach it will be worth 30*l.* or 40*l.* to him, I can only answer, 'If I am disengaged, I'll go.'"

And so the editors kept on reporting him, and as a rule ceased to scoff. Those gentlemen are keen persons, and not apt to waste the lash where it only draws chaff instead of blood.

CHAPTER III.

"He thought the less men's consciences were entangled, and the less the communion of the Church was clogged with disputable opinions or practices, the world would be the happier, consciences the freer, and the Church the quieter."—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON, *Preface to Sermons*, 1693.

MANCHESTER: EXTRA DIOCESAN WORK: HOUSE OF LORDS: CONVOCATION 1870—1871.

1870 BEFORE turning to some of his extra-Diocesan utterances, we must linger for a moment or two on the somewhat pathetic side of his transition from private to public life. Up to this time no man had ever been more diligent in preserving the threads of his early life unbroken, and few have had more threads to preserve. His punctuality in keeping up correspondence with his relations, and old school and college friends, was simply amazing: and the friends of his manhood had been equally well treated. For instance, his correspondence with Mr. Mozley, whom he succeeded at Cholderton, never flagged for twenty years. (It has been preserved, by the way, almost intact, and few editors can have had more genuine pleasure than I have had in reading it through more than once.) The same may be said of that with Mr. Tooke, Canon Norris, and others, though begun much later in life.

All this was now at an end. It was vain to struggle against the inevitable. The enormous correspondence of his diocese —the greater part of it entirely unnecessary and often silly—

which he patiently kept down day by day, without the aid of a secretary, made it simply out of the question to attempt the maintenance of his old habits. His private correspondence fell at once into arrears, and became intermittent and irregular. In this he had to acquiesce, not without occasional repining. Thus to Mr. Mozley he writes:— 1871

Manchester, January 10th, 1871.—"I am utterly ashamed of myself for never having yet answered your kind letter from Rome, in which you congratulated me on my elevation to the bishopric of Manchester. My simple, and I hope my sufficient excuse is, that really my necessary correspondence has been so enormous, that letters which could be written at any time have been postponed again and again, till month after month has slipped away. I am terribly afraid that one of the worst consequences of my new position will be, that I shall lose the intercourse, one after another, with my best and dearest friends. I have wished myself a thousand times back at my quiet parsonage at Ufton, and that some one else had been sent to govern this great and difficult diocese of Manchester.

"Nothing can be more interesting than the work, nothing kinder or more encouraging than the people, but the dignity of the situation is quite alien from all my tastes, and the work is above my strength. But here I am, and I must try to do my best. I dare say I shall make lots of mistakes, but I think also I have made some friends, and the people appraise what work I am able to do, even at more than it is worth; and if I could only feel myself more equal to what is required of me I should be less discontented than I am. If, after such treatment as you have already received, you will ever write to me again I should like to hear something of how you have settled down in your new home, how you like Devonshire and its peasants, how the Bishop gets on (I see he was nearly burnt in his lawn sleeves), &c., &c. I dare say that Mrs. Mozley and

1871 you together have made the house very nice, and I suppose you have by this time got some habitable rooms on the ground floor. Poor old Meacher died November 14th, at Littlemore Asylum, and was buried in the churchyard there. His mind was quite gone, and his death cannot be considered other than a happy release. I am not occupying the episcopal residence" (Mauldreth Hall). "It is quite unsuitable in more ways than one, and in the hope of selling it I have rented a parsonage house in Manchester for two years from March 25th last. But I have had no offers yet, and times are not very prosperous. My mother and aunt are living with me."

To Mr. Tooke. Sept. 1871.—"I don't much like my work as Bishop. Happily I never sought it, or I should reproach myself; but having seen what a bishop should be in Bishop Hamilton, I feel myself so far below that level that I am ashamed of my own unworthiness. Nothing, to be sure, can exceed the kindness of the Lancashire people towards me; and though of course I make many mistakes, and no doubt say things with which even old friends like yourself cannot agree, I hope that on the whole I have their confidence and good opinion."

To the Rev. J. Sale. November 25th, 1871.—"Do, for old friendship's sake, drop the 'Lord' out of your mode of addressing me, and simply call me 'Dear Bishop.' I wish to think and to be reminded of the lordly part of my title as little as possible. I have quite given up horse exercise here, I have no time, and there is no motive. The roads are all paved, and a strip of turf is nowhere to be found. Oh, how gladly I would return to my old bucolic life if duty allowed me! Happily I did not come here of my own choice; and if God sent me He will give me strength and wisdom for the work, but when a few years are gone, if my life is spared, I shall hand over the office to a younger and a better man."

And a little further on:—"I am quite ashamed of the way in which under the pressure of new duties, old friends fall, I will not say out of remembrance, but out of the ranks of correspondents. I hardly ever can find time for those letters which still hold together ancient friendships even when personal intercourse has become impossible." 1871

To the Same. Manchester, January 22nd, 1872.—"I fear I shall fall into disgrace with all my friends, for I find it almost impossible to keep up as I should wish to do my private correspondence. Oh, Sale, I would give half I possess to be back again in my quiet country parsonage! I can't think how I let my friends persuade me that I was fit to be a Bishop. I don't say that I am unhappy, but I am dissatisfied with myself; the work is above my power, and I feel myself not half good or holy enough for such an office as I have to fill. I am going to London on Wednesday to attend the first meeting of the governing body of Shrewsbury School; and then I go to Coventry to preach a sermon; and then to Oxford for Sunday; and then to Chester to preach one of the opening sermons at the cathedral; and then on the 30th home again. That is a sample of the world I am obliged to live in. Just contrast that with my former quietude."

Thus after upwards of a year's experience he is still by no means reconciled, and the longing for country and quiet, and work of which he could feel himself master, was often forcing itself up.

Here is the first gleam of genuine enjoyment of the old kind. He is on a short holiday, and back for the first time in his old Berkshire home:—

To Mr. Mozley. Sulhamstead, Reading, September 26th, 1871.—"I preached twice yesterday at Ufton to crowded congregations. I should think I spoke to and shook hands with

1871 every man, woman, and child in Ufton. Annie Diment had gone back the night before, and played the organ. The school-children mustered in good force and seemed in nice order. The Rectory and grounds looked well, but hardly in such good order to my eyes as it was in my time, and the meadows were very full of weeds. The churchyard also has not been much cared for."

And now, turning again to his public life, perhaps the most noteworthy point in it is the thoroughness and simplicity which he threw still into every act and word. It never would seem to have crossed his mind that the Bishop of Manchester must take more heed to his ways, be more cautious, reticent, circumspect, than the Rector of Ufton. He had always spoken his exact mind up to now, and meant to do it to the end. Thus on his first appearance in Convocation he at once showed his quality in that body in the most unequivocal, but not wholly acceptable, manner. On a motion of his friend, Dean Howson, for the disuse of the Athanasian Creed in the Church services, he warmly supported him. The speech is so thoroughly characteristic that I give it almost at length.

He said: "The Creed may be ancient—may be authentic—may be true—may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture, and yet may be unsuitable for use in the public service of the Church.

"To prove its suitableness for the instruction of the ignorant and unlearned, certain verses of it are selected, which, it is maintained, the youngest children in our schools can take in and accept. But these same verses produce an effect upon the mind when they are taken out from their setting in the document quite different from that which they produce when taken in connection with a number of other propositions, which every one must allow to be simply unintelligible to the ignorant and unlearned. Taken as a whole, I can hardly conceive

any one considering this Creed as ministering to the instruction and edification of the poor, or of the unlearned. It is certain that it is not so regarded in the Church of Rome, for it is only used by them at the service of prime, which is almost exclusively a service for the clergy. 1871

"And if, as the Bishop of Peterborough said in the Southern Convocation, 'words mean nothing more and nothing less than what logic and grammar make them mean,' I believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury said neither more nor less than the truth when he expressed the opinion that nobody in the Church of England takes the monitory clauses in their plain and literal sense; because that plain literal sense is that whoever does not hold the Catholic faith as set forth in the dogmatic statements of the Athanasian Creed, without doubt shall perish everlastingly. If Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are to sit down in the kingdom of God, some who have never been able to comprehend the length, and height, and breadth and depth, of this formulary, may possibly sit down there too!

"Is it pretended that the Athanasian Creed is ἡ ἅπαξ παραδοθεῖσα τοῖς ἁγίοις πίστις, of which St. Jude speaks? or that Gospel which Paul preached to the Corinthians, which they had received, and by which also they were saved, unless they had believed in vain? a Creed of uncertain date, doubtful authorship, precarious interpretation, not publicly used as we use it in any other Church in Christendom, which has never received the sanction of an Œcumenical Council.

"There is a clause in the Creed declaring 'every Person by himself to be God and Lord,' which does not seem to be much modified in the proposed new translation 'every Person severally is God and Lord,' which Canon Liddon himself admits can only be received 'with considerable intellectual caution.' Indeed, all through this part of the Creed, one is trying to steady one's mind to keep to that narrow line which separates what the Church has

1871 condemned as Sabellianism on the one hand, from Tritheism on the other. When a Creed contains doctrine of such subtle intricacy, and matters which even theologically educated minds are warned to receive with caution, I cannot think, with the speaker who immediately preceded me, that it is a document as a whole for recitation in mixed congregations. In fact, this Creed illustrates in a remarkable way the manner in which the wit of man, aiming at a noble end, trying to pierce the cloud of darkness in which we feel we are enveloped, and through which we naturally desire to grope our way to higher, and further, and clearer truth—this Creed, I say, illustrates in a remarkable way the manner in which the wit of men has endeavoured to give, out of its own resources, a definiteness beyond what is given in Holy Scripture to religious ideas, by putting them into theological terms.

"For thirteen years of my ministerial life I had charge of a rural parish of 200 souls. The one intelligent man in my congregation was the squire. Whenever I stood up to recite the Athanasian Creed in his presence he did what Archdeacon Churton has told us George III. used to do—he sat down at once, closing his prayer-book with an angry slam. And the pain this used to give me was poorly compensated by hearing the clerk, and some fifty or sixty agricultural labourers, reciting their alternate verses, from which, I doubt if they received as much edification as they would have done from the more familiar language of the Apostles' Creed.

"The amendment which has been moved by an old and valued friend of mine, with whom it was once my great advantage to be associated in the discipline and instruction of the same college in Oxford" (Rev. C. P. Eden), "pleads for delay. Though of a somewhat impetuous nature, I do feel that in solemn matters like this, we must not risk the perils of precipitancy. I should be very glad if his Grace the Archbishop, amid his multifarious engagements, could find us a little more time to discuss the weighty and serious problems

that lie before us. But in this particular instance, I do not 1872
see what is to be gained by delay. The Church of England has been belated more than once in her ecclesiastical history. She has done things, and attempted to do them, when the time for doing them wisely and well had passed away. I can see nothing that can be gained by delay but an increase of strife. I can hardly believe that there will be any one in the Church of England—I was going to say, so disloyal, I will say, so unwise, as to forsake the communion of his Baptism, it might be the communion of his Ordination, because the Church in the exercise of a wise discretion, while still recognising the value of the Athanasian Creed as a document of her faith, declined any longer to disturb thinking minds, or weak consciences, by making its use compulsory in her public service."

The speech was salutary, but did not prevail. The motion was carried in the Upper House, but lost in the Lower.

Equally characteristic was his maiden speech in the House of Lords, of which a few sentences must suffice here.

On the University Tests Bill, May 10th, 1872.—"We are living in an age when it is not wise to tie the tongue of any teacher on any subject. I believe the truth of Christianity will stand examination. I have no fear for Christianity, but the greatest fear for the interests of religion if subjected to these objectionable tests. I venture to think that our Colleges will be very much improved by the admission of Nonconformists; and that such admission will be a gain to the nation, to the Nonconformists, and to the Church of England, which has suffered by the exclusive possession of these privileges and prerogatives. I do not believe the Nonconformists will be one whit behind the most earnest members of the Church in making the colleges places of sound education and religion."

1871 These deliverances, so direct, so unexpected, so uncompromising; while they delighted and put heart into many who were losing hope of ever seeing a Bishop who could understand and speak out their minds, greatly scandalized orthodox Churchmen generally, and in particular a number of his old Oxford friends. While Dean Stanley broke out into the delighted exclamation, "Well! you do verge on the imprudent more than any man I know," others, and notably Mr. Burgon, (formerly a fellow of Oriel, but now a Dean), fell upon him in the press with an insolent assumption of superiority and a loss of temper, which would have roused most men to angry retort, but neither disturbed his equanimity, or drew from him a word of reply. He went on his way, giving out constantly, and without stint, the best that was in him. This was the business, as he understood it, of a Father in the Church. It was not his business to make things pleasant, or conceal any of his own convictions. "I hope," as he wrote to Sale, "I shall be always straightforward."

Speech at Annual Meeting of the Sanitary Association, May, 1871.—"There are four requisites to healthy decent life which every Englishman should be able to command in our times—good food, wholesome air, pure water, complete drainage. The foremost heathen nations seem to have understood their duty in these matters better than we do, even now. The main hindrance to my mind to the work of this excellent association is likely to be crotchets. You do not seem sufficiently inclined to believe in experts for this work. 'Cuique in suâ arte credendum' is my motto. Don't go in for crotchets, is my advice. I have had very striking experience in these matters. My first country living was near Salisbury, to which my duty often called me, and I knew it well. It was a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and was at that time almost the most unhealthy of any English city. Now I see by the last official returns it is all but at the top of

the list. This shows what may be done by wise sanitary measures. . . . Since I have been a Vice-President I have been deluged with pamphlets on the Contagious Diseases Act. For the present I must reserve my judgment on the whole subject, as I have not been able to come to any definite conclusion. This however I am quite sure of, that the moral and physical questions should be kept quite distinct." 1870

Sermon in Westminster Abbey, July, 1871.—"To live on the verge of mystery is the very condition of our human life. If the phenomena of natural life are most mysterious, what must be the case as to spiritual life? No revelation can be asked to unveil more than it is necessary for man to know. This Christianity does for the spiritual life. The readiest and best explanation of the whole mystery is, that a loving God is restoring the creation by His Son and His Spirit. We have lost the note of unity but we need not lose the note of love. That one strong cable is enough. Without it there must be the unstable mind, the dragging anchor which wrecks faith, and is as bad for souls as for ships. The true attitude for man's will is humility."

Dean Stanley, and all the Liberal clergy of London, Mr. Llewelyn Davies, S. Hansard, and others, were always on the look-out for him on the occasions of his rare attendances at the House of Lords, so that even when in London he got little rest on Sundays. As to that assembly, "when I go to the House," he said jokingly, "I always feel as if the officials kept an eye on me lest I should be come for some of the coats. If it were not for my apron and knee breeches I believe they would beckon for the police."

Prize Day at Rossall School, June, 1870.—This gathering consisted mainly of Lancashire manufacturers and business men. "Listen to me! Don't put your boys to business

1870 till you have given them a thorough, sound, liberal education. This is made up of three elements, μουσική, γραμματική, γυμναστική, as the wise old heathens taught; and that old system which England has adopted in her old Universities and schools has produced, and will continue to produce the best specimens of men and citizens. I am bound perhaps, however, to admit that of late the γυμναστική has been a little overdone."

Consecration of Bacup Cemetery, August, 1870.—At the consecration service in the morning the Bishop had said, "St. Paul calls the resurrection of the body a great mystery, and I hope you won't ask or expect me to explain it . . . but the only thing which will keep you from the resurrection of the body, whatever that may be, will be obstinacy, hardness of heart, continuance in the devil's ways."

At the dinner which followed, the chairman in proposing his health admitted that he had been watching him now for six months, and thought they had got the right man in the right place. In reply the Bishop said, he knew that most of those present were not of his communion, but by the constitution of his mind he couldn't be a partisan. He was something of a Laodicean, and admitted (as he had been warned in the papers) that impatience was his danger. However, anyhow he was glad to work with all of them whenever he could, though he felt that his system was much better than theirs.

At a great Sunday School Demonstration in the Corporation Park at Blackburn, at which 16,000 children and their teachers were present.—"Our National Church cannot afford to be the church of the privileged classes. It must be by its constitution the Church of the whole people, tolerant, catholic, evangelical, comprehensive, conciliatory. . . . I am surprised myself to find the loyalty to the National Church in this diocese and great county of Lancashire. In fifty years

some of you children may remember my words, and I tell you that then you will be living in a country more happy, better educated, more civilised, more united, and more religious, than we are who are now treading this English soil." 1870

It is time to pass on from this first year, to which more space has been given than can be spared to any of those which follow. The chapter may close with two more abbreviated speeches, and a note from his old school-fellow Lord Lingen.

June, 1870.—At a meeting of the "Working Men's Evangelistic Mission," to raise funds for building a tabernacle, he said "he was aware that he was not standing on a Church platform, but if he thought the dissenting platform more solid and broader than that of the Church he should be a Dissenter and not a Churchman. . . . This he understood to be a special effort to meet a Society for the Propagation of Anti-Christian Atheism which had been established amongst them. The powers of evil were being arrayed more actively than ever, and he could wish Godspeed, and give all the help in his power, to any effort which seemed likely to extend or strengthen his Master's Kingdom. He must give them one warning, however. As he understood it, the congregation which would gather in this tabernacle was to be what he might call a transitional one. It was meant for birds of passage, not for a local congregation. This was well. But he must warn them not to drift into any attempt to found a new sect. That they must avoid as a rock on which they might strike, and probably founder. For himself, he rejoiced to be there. In two months he had already confirmed upwards of 4,000 young folk, but they were almost all of what were called the respectable classes. The Church ought not to be content with that."

July, 1870.—At a meeting of The Evening Visitors Society.—"He always felt most satisfaction when working on

1871 his old lines as a country parson—teaching boys to love God and their school-fellows—going from cottage to cottage, and hearing simple tales of sorrow and suffering. This was their work, and he said now again, as he had said before, it ought to be organised. He saw in the papers, 'Oh, the Bishop wants a convent or a monastery.' That was, he supposed, because he had said that the Roman Catholic methods were better for great towns than those of our Church; and he thought so still. The Bishop ought to be the chief minister in a diocese like this, with a special staff which he could send about where they were most wanted. He himself ought to have at least half a dozen Church houses, with three clergy in each of them, for such work as this. An idea of this kind had been slumbering in his mind these fourteen years, and he should like to see his way to making it a reality."

"If ever there was a sociable and sympathetic man he was one," Lord Lingen, his old friend, writes in reference to this period, "pleasantly inquisitive and ready to talk to any one. I remember the night when the great repository in Belgravia was burnt down, he and I had walked across Hyde Park to my house, and, having seen there was a great fire in that direction, had started after dinner to look for it. Fraser said to a casual bystander, 'There is a great deal of property being destroyed, how much do you think it is worth?' The man answered, 'About five millions, I should say.' Whereupon Fraser said, in the gentlest way, 'Oh, hardly so much as that,' and proceeded to state why he thought the estimate excessive. I can quite understand how his heart, always showing itself good in contact, however slight, with his fellow men, won for him that character in his diocese which made the Manchester people, with the truest instinct, desire to have a statue of him out of doors, in some place of public resort. His readiness to talk to every one always reminded me of what Thirlwall says of Socrates, 'He became one of the

most conspicuous and notorious persons at Athens. There perhaps was hardly a mechanic who had not, at some time or other, been puzzled or diverted by his questions.' " 1871

After reading the above extracts from, and condensations of, his utterances in this first year, which could be easily multiplied tenfold, readers will probably have no difficulty in understanding how it came to pass that by the end of that time he had already earned the title of "the Bishop of all Denominations."

As this chapter commenced, so it may well end, with words spoken of the great Archbishop of the seventeenth century, which might well have been written of Bishop Fraser: "A decent but grave cheerfulness, made his conversation as lively and agreeable as it was useful and instructing. He was ever in good humour: always the same; both accessible and affable. He heard everything patiently; was apt neither to mistake or suspect; his own great candour disposing him to put the best construction, and to judge most favourably of all persons and things."

CHAPTER IV.

"If any existing society or church is to be the nucleus of a new system it can only be by the sloughing off much that is old. But I hope this will be done rather by the impulse of new life from within than by any wrench from without. The quantity of inwardness, faithfulness, and power which has come before me in my own generation, cannot, I think, pass away without helping towards some great outward revolution."—J. STERLING to JULIUS HARE, *Life*, p. 79.

MANCHESTER, 1871—1875.

1871 THE next years of his episcopate must be passed over rapidly. It will be only possible to indicate generally the lines on which he carried out the work he had laid down for himself, which will be best done by short extracts from speeches and letters, with the least possible comment. It is within the mark to say that, except in the short holidays he allowed himself, and the very rare occasions on which he was kept at home by illness, scarcely a day passed in which he did not do some public work. Most men whose sense of duty might compel them to live such a life—in which evenings were nearly as much occupied as the day—would have fallen into mere mechanical drudges, doggedly getting through their daily tale of talk, consultation, admonition, encouragement, but losing their hold day by day on current politics and literature, and on all social questions outside their routine work. Nothing of the kind happened to him. The order and method, which had become a second nature to him, helped him here; and, either in his odds and ends of time at

home, or in his journeys about his diocese, when he always carried some book he wanted to read, he managed to keep abreast of the best thought and literature of his time. "Man's first word is, Yes; his second, No; his third and last, Yes; and while the bulk of men stop short at the first, very few attain to the third," says Julius Hare, and the saying holds true of most of us. But there are men, and the Bishop was one of them, who reach the final Yes without having had to pass through the second or negative stage. He made himself acquainted with all our modern speculations, agnostic, atheistic, positive, but more because he found that he wanted such knowledge to do his own work of "ministering" thoroughly, than because his faith in the Gospel—the good news of God he had learnt at his mother's knee—ever faltered. The negative tendency, which must have been in him as in every man, was held in check and defeated by the purity and practical activity of his life. He who is in earnest daily conflict with the falsehood and disorder which he finds in himself, and all around him, is of all men least likely to be troubled by "the universal No." Such men learn as by intuition, what comes to most of us only as the result of long and painful effort and experience—that there are depths in human hearts, and regions in human lives, which no plummet of man's intellect or reason can sound, and so will neither wander out into the wilderness, nor beat their heads against stone walls. It may be taken then that, by the autumn of 1871, the Bishop's position was thoroughly established and recognised. He had been tested by all manner of persons, in all kinds of positions and circumstances, and had proved himself a strong man all round, who must be reckoned with by every one who, whether for public or personal reasons, wanted to influence the spiritual or social life of any corner of Lancashire. He had become already a power, which employers of labour and trades' unionists, newspaper editors and politicians, as well as clergy and their flocks, had to take account of, whether they liked it or not—a man,

1871

1871 too, with no weak side—without vanity and without crotchets —of whom it might be truly said, as Carlyle wrote of Schiller, "Abstracted from the contemplation of himself, his eye was turned upon the objects of his labour, and he pursued them with the eagerness, the entireness, the spontaneous sincerity, of a boy pursuing sport."

He had, in short, been placed by acclaim at the head of the religious and social life of his diocese. From scavengers and night-soil men up to the old county families, the hearty Northern folk had learnt to accept him on his own terms, and were ready with cordial act and word to second and sustain him.

One anecdote may serve to show how he had brought the diocese round. In his first visitation to North Lancashire some of his outspoken utterances on matters which old-fashioned people held to be outside a Bishop's province, had annoyed and alarmed one of the principal landowners and Churchmen—Mr. Townley Parker—who expressed himself strongly in this sense in the presence of his rector's wife. She, fresh from the Bishop's address to their candidates for Confirmation, protested that her squire was entirely mistaken, and would have to change his mind. Mr. Parker replied that there was so little chance of that that he would give her 100*l.* for any purpose she liked to name if ever this Bishop entered his doors. Some months later he came again to North Lancashire, and Mr. Parker met him at a neighbour's house at dinner. A week later the rector's wife got a note from her squire asking her and her husband to meet their Bishop, and adding that the 100*l.* would be paid to her order by his bankers. It was invested by the triumphant lady in a portrait of her husband, by Holl.

Now we may turn to his sayings and doings.

Sept. 8th, 1871.—"Those Orangemen at John the Baptist's have, I see, been open-mouthed at me again. I don't think

their barking will do me any harm ; certainly it will not make me alter my course." This parish was amongst the most troublesome in the diocese, and occupied as much of his attention as militant churchwardens and parishioners could manage to monopolise. Amongst the latter was a Mr. Chapman, a journalist, who became a friend and correspondent, but whose first appeal drew forth only, 1872

Nov. 27th, 1871.—"Pray let me draw your attention to the difference between Christian morality and the morality of Christians."

Feb. 27th, 1872.—To Mr. Chapman, acknowledging report of indignation meeting at Hulme upon his refusal as Bishop to interfere authoritatively : "If my general character will not sustain me I must take my chance with other people who are misrepresented. I have no sympathy with the ecclesiastical practices alleged to be in use in Hulme, but I will not help to throw a hard-working (if mistaken) clergyman into the power of a pack of fanatical Orangemen, whose political creed seems to be their religion."

Feb. 29th, 1872.—To the same. "Politics, in the proper sense of the word, are a noble department of human activity, and in this sense not only may, but ought to be governed by religious principles. But mere partisanship, the wretched questions which gender so much strife and bitterness, without having any tendency to increase the sum of human happiness or human virtue, is a very different thing. I am no politician beyond wishing to see good government established, equal laws prevailing, and intelligence universally diffused."

April 30th, 1872.—To the same. "I am sorry that I cannot see my way to interfering, or any hope of my interfering with success. These broils in parishes, partly the offspring of

1872 folly, partly of obstinacy, fill me with anxiety and distress, and make me wish again and again that I had never left my quiet little village in Berks; where such anxieties were utterly unknown."

May.—To the editor of *Punch*, who had written to complain of a published remark of the Bishop's which seemed to reflect on that journal. "I have often admired the skill and right feeling with which your artists touch delicate ground." On which the editor commented, "We can hardly regret an accident which has afforded the Bishop an opportunity of showing how an act of justice can be done gracefully."

Diocesan Synod.—"I was not at first favourable to it, but the wish of the clergy as reported by the rural deans being unanimous, gladly adopt their view. As to the objection that it is 'not legal,' it is allowed to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects to meet for conference so long as they do not break the peace." At the synod which followed, the question of ritualism being under discussion, he said: "The symbolism of Eucharistic vestments, lighted candles, the eastward position, indicate the doctrine that the minister is offering a propitiatory sacrifice, and this is not the doctrine of our Church. . . The whole congregation is a royal priesthood, and not a single place can be found in the Bible where a minister of the New Testament is called 'ἱερεύς.'"

1873.—*On Church Party Organisations.*—In answer to the Council of the Church Association asking him to modify or withdraw remarks he had made as to that body:—

"I am sorry that my language at Stockport 'that the Church Union and your Church Association have become instruments of party, lending themselves to persecutions,' has

given offence. I cannot, however, retract or modify it. The temper of such associations seems to me to be essentially intolerant and persecuting," and in a letter some weeks later to the same: "I never read the report of a meeting of the Church Union or Church Association in which I cannot discern traces of the same spirit, indicating to my mind that these two great antagonisms, by intensifying points of difference, and ignoring those on which they are agreed, are rendering the prospects of union and brotherhood in the Church of England on the basis of the Book of Common Prayer more distant and hopeless than ever." 1873

At a Clerical Meeting.—"Let those dream dreams who please. The simple truth-seeking student of St. Paul's letters knows that the Churches of Rome, Corinth, Galatia, Colossæ, were beset with as many difficulties—doctrinal, ritualistic, disciplinary—some of them touching the foundations of the faith, as the Church of England is now. Easy times are for lifeless Churches like Sardis, for lukewarm Churches, like Laodicea. . . . It was an evil hour when the Church thought herself obliged to add to or develop the simple articles of the Apostles' Creed."

Upon fancy pictures of heaven, and sentimental talk about longing to meet God face to face, "I venture to say there is not one person here who wishes 'to put on immortality.' Let people not talk such stuff, and be a little more real about their religion. The sentimentalism of our day is one of the subtlest of our religious perils." . . . . "Modern hymns are for the most part strangely namby-pamby, many of them grossly materialistic, those addressed to our Lord generally unctuous and sentimental."

To Meeting of Working Men's Wives.—"You must win your children early if you would win them at all. Above all

1874 you must not allow any child of nine or ten, when he brings you home his wages, to see that you spend them all on yourselves, and let him go half-starved. This I know is done in numberless cases."

At a Public Meeting, Bradford.—"The Church with all her faults is labouring for Christ, and as one of her Bishops I call on all you Nonconformists to have a little more charity in your words and conduct towards her."

April, 1874.—Presiding at a lecture on "Cookery for the Sick Room," at the request of the Manchester School of Cookery: "You have elected me your president and so I ought to preside, though I do so with much diffidence, for I know nothing of the subject. Perhaps this may be looked on as a mission of gastronomic philanthropy. I expected only to have a female audience, but I see that there are some men here, led by the irrepressible curiosity of their sex; also my inevitable friends the reporters, but for whom I should not enjoy the bad character I have got throughout England." After which preface he proceeds to urge the *duty* of greater economy in giving dinners.

In *Dec.* 1874, he was again in correspondence with the Churchwardens of St. John's, Hulme, Mr. Andrew and his supporters being still troubled at the rector's practices. "I mark my letters private," the Bishop writes, "because I object to your practice of handing them over to the anonymous secretaries of a local organisation for comment in the press. It is a proceeding to which I am not accustomed and to which I have a right to object." The outcome of the correspondence was that the Bishop objected to one hymn in use in the Church but refused to interfere, and Churchwarden Andrew retired from the encounter "with unfeigned dismay."

Jan. 1875.—"Mr. Bright in a recent speech has been 1875
drawing a picture of the Church of England in which, with his usual power, he has represented her ministers as 'flying at each other's throats,' 'in fetters,' 'tongue-tied.' I have to rub my eyes, on reading this, and ask myself if I am asleep. I find I can move pretty freely in the limits allowed by the Church. . . . . A good deal of what passes as religion nowadays seems fond of parading behind bands and flags through the streets, but is seldom found in a place of worship. I don't care the snap of my finger for that kind of religion. The Church of England doesn't want it." We shall see that he to some extent modified this opinion in later years.

Oct. 1*st.*—"I am surprised and sorry to hear that the bells of the Cathedral and of the parish Church at Blackburn were set ringing to celebrate an election triumph. The Church of England has no right, and no business, to mix herself up with party politics."

To the clergy, at a meeting of the "British and Foreign Bible Society": "When you are asked questions about the meaning of isolated texts have the courage to say 'I don't know.'"—"People are, or fancy they are, troubled about fantastic questions, such as whether it is a necessary part of a saving faith to believe in a devil. A man can be saved without believing in a devil. But what we have to teach is, that no devil or evil spirit can bind even a child until it surrenders its will."

He was fond in his speeches of getting off a joke at his own expense. Thus: "A lady, he was told, when asked what she had brought away after a service at which he had lately preached, replied that 'the Bishop's sleeves wanted washing.' That was very likely, as he always carried them in his bag."

Here are a few of the sayings which brought on him angry

1875 comment. "Habitual confession and absolution is a practice fraught with every conceivable mischief; not so public congregational confession."

"It was an evil day when the Church added to the Apostles' Creed 'curious reticulations of faith.' As soon as she began to multiply dogmas she had to fulminate anathemas. One great secret of Christ's influence was that he turned men's thoughts away from the discussions of the Rabbis."

"The difference of opinion which she allows to her children is the glory of our National Church."

"Christians must always be growing, but nowadays we are trying to grow by taking drugs instead of food."

To Working Men.—"If your education doesn't teach you to say, 'As long as I can help myself I will ask no other man to help me,' it is a bad education."

To bell ringers: "If their hands were required to be clean who bore the vessels of the Sanctuary, their hearts should be pure who ring the bells of the Lord."

At meetings at or for working men's Clubs of which he was at first a warm advocate. "When in London, but for the restraint of my apron and gaiters, I might have to spend my evenings at a public-house, if I had not been made a member of the Athenæum when I was made a Bishop."

Manchester.—"I approve specially of the breadth of your membership, that you propose to include members of all political and ecclesiastical parties. I hope you will stick to this. If you do, and remain open to all Churchmen, when I am detained in town after 5 at my somewhat gloomy den in St. James' Square, I shall hope often to spend an hour or two here over a tender mutton chop, and see what *The Rock*, and *The Church Times*, and *The Manchester Courier*—papers I don't very often see at home—are saying about me."

Rochdale.—"I see your Club is founded on a non-religious basis, which is quite right. You also allow your members to be supplied with drink, the profit going to the Club funds. That is quite right also, if kept within proper limits, as it seems to be here, for I see that the consumption of your members for the year averages 1*l.* a head, whereas the average for the whole country is 7*l.* a head." 1875

It is sad for one who, like the Bishop, has been a supporter of Working Men's Clubs since Mr. Hodgson Pratt, their chief advocate and promoter, started on his crusade, to have to record his latest views on the subject. In April 1885, only six months before his death he was present at a gathering at Owens College, at which Mr. Goschen delivered an address on the University extension movement, urging the importance of sending thoroughly trained lecturers into all the great centres of industrial life, and suggesting that the Clubs should be invited to work with the Universities. The Bishop said, "that he had been an early and hopeful well-wisher to the Club movement, but, going about as he did amongst all the Lancashire towns he was sorry to say he had found these Clubs doing anything but aiding and raising the social and intellectual life and habits of the working men. Perhaps well-systematised courses of lectures, if they could be established at the Clubs as centres, might bring them back to a higher ideal. He heartily wished success at any rate to any effort in this direction."

Jan. 19th, 1875.—The Churchwardens of his Cathedral follow him to London, where he has gone for a few days, with a complaint that "Canon Woodard has been preaching the doctrine of the Mass." From the Athenæum the Bishop replies, "Of course I can't refuse to comply with the request of yourself and your colleagues, and will write to Canon Woodard for his sermon; I can only hope that on a subject so

1875 mysterious, and on which considerable latitude has always been allowed in the Church of England, his language may have been misunderstood."

1875.—Presiding at first Diocesan Conference.—"I have never been able to ascertain what is the exact kind of Court it is which the Church Union would consider to be spiritual; why a Chancellor appointed by the Bishop should be more a spiritual judge than the same man appointed by the Queen. Why Sir Robert Phillimore should be a secular judge in the Admiralty and a spiritual judge in the Court of Arches. If the law requires me to wear a cope, though I don't like the notion of making a guy of myself, I will wear it."

The diocese was by this time in thorough working order, so here it may be well to show how the most important of the Bishop's functions, the ordaining of priests and deacons, was conducted. Archdeacon Norris, his senior examining chaplain, writes:—

"The arrangements for the Ember weeks were as follows: "The candidates came up on the Wednesday evening. As "many as the Bishop's house would hold were received by "him; for the rest he found beds at friends' houses in the "neighbourhood. On Thursday morning we all received the "Holy Communion together in the private chapel. Then "followed a three hours paper on the *Greek Testament*, and a "three hours paper on *Doctrine and Practice;* at 6.30 P.M. "evensong with a charge from the Bishop. On Friday, after "morning service in the chapel, papers on the *Old Testament* "in the forenoon, and on *Evidences* and *Church History* in the "afternoon; then evensong with a second charge. On Saturday morning prayer in the chapel, *Latin Composition*, and *a* "*sermon;* evensong with a third charge.

"Each candidate was examined individually and orally by 1875
"the chaplains; and the Bishop had a private interview with
"each. In the evenings there was supper and music for all
"who liked to come.

"In his later years all who sought ordination came up some
"weeks before the Ember week for a preliminary examina-
"tion, the deacons in Holy Scripture, the priests in the text
"books mentioned above. This not only relieved the work of
"the Ember week, but also enabled the Bishop to caution
"backward candidates privately that they would do well to
"delay their ordination some few months, when needed. His
"chaplains would have been glad if a larger portion of the
"examination could have been taken at the earlier date, so as
"to relieve the Ember week yet further, and enable us to spend
"some hours of each day devotionally. But the Bishop feared
"that the majority of the men would not appreciate this, or turn
"the devotional hours to good account. And anything like
"unreality, or a forcing of devotion, was abhorrent to him.
"*Laborare est orare* was his maxim, and hard work was never
"irksome to him, nor unfitted him for prayer and devotion;
"and he was apt to make scant allowance for the infirmities
"of others in these respects. I am sure that he often failed
"to realise how intellectual weariness, and anxiety about the
"result, unfitted many of the men to approach their ordination
"in a really devotional spirit. But, on the other side, it was one
"of the strong points in the Bishop's character, that he was
"always *natural*. The men could not fail to see this and to
"appreciate it. Speaking to them in the chapel after evensong
"from the few notes that he had put together in his study,
"his earnest warnings, his pathetic appeals, his ever fresh
"applications of Holy Scripture to the duties and inner life of
"the clergyman, came, and were felt to come, from his lips and
"heart as *naturally* as afterwards the pleasant anecdote and
"playful conversation in the drawing-room. To have endeav-
"oured to sustain the higher tone of the chapel during the

1875 "hour or two of relaxation that followed, would have been "alien to his nature.

"Talking of the '*retreats*' and 'quiet days' in which many "of the clergy have come to find great comfort, he used to say "to me :—'I can entirely believe that such days are profitable "'to others; but hearty earnest work is my best offering to "'God. And here in Manchester I could not well spare more "'than an hour or two for such devotional exercises.'"

Dec. 24th, 1875. *To Archdeacon Norris.*—"I am afraid you have been thinking all manner of evil of me for my apparent neglect of your letters and suggestions concerning the conduct of future ordinations. But it is the exceeding difficulty of the subject which makes me hesitate, and even now I can't see my way at all clear. I still think that something not very different from our present manner of spending the time is best and healthiest for the mass of men. I don't believe that the intellectual exercises—alack! for the little intellect that is generally shown in working them —are a hindrance to a spiritual frame of mind, and I think it quite possible to attempt to force this latter into an exaggerated, abnormal, and therefore unhealthy, temperature. But I shall be glad to do anything that can be done to bring the more direct influence of prayer and meditation, and godly counsel, to bear on the candidates individually, and if any practical scheme can be suggested, I will thankfully fall into it. Can you come and help me in Lent, and then we will have a good deliberation upon the matter with the Dean, Anson, and Birley? But I assure you I have had frequent testimony from the best men that they have been, I won't say satisfied with, but benefited by, things as they are. Still, I don't deny that improvement is possible."

CHAPTER V.

"Surely that wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen slow and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

"In that new childhood of the earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's old veins make mirth,
And Labour meet Delight halfway."

J. R. LOWELL, *Beaver Brook.*

MANCHESTER.

THE LABOUR QUESTION. TRADES UNIONS—CO-OPERATION.

IN the Diocese of Manchester, the centre of England's industrial life, it was of course impossible that a Bishop should not be confronted at once with the problems of the labour question; and equally impossible for a Bishop of Fraser's temper and principles to stand aloof from them on the plea that the Church had no concern with such, being only responsible for the spiritual life of the nation. In his quiet country parish he had only been a distant spectator of the struggle, but, as was his wont, had formed a very decided opinion upon the central and critical question round which the battle was in those days raging most fiercely. This opinion was soon drawn from him in Manchester, and he gave it concisely, precisely, and once for all, in the words, "I am no lover of the principles of trades unionism, but they have been forced on the working classes by the inequitable use of the power of capital." 1874

1874 This emphatic utterance, putting, I think, truly the conclusion to which the independent judgment of the nation was already leaning, drew on him the fire of both sides: the employers taking care that he should be informed of all high-handed or tyrannical doings of the unions, and the working men returning the compliment with equal vigilance. The Bishop, as usual, went his own way, promptly answering all appeals, and never mincing or paring down his honest opinion to suit the prejudices or views of either side. Of course the result was, that he was constantly being taken to task by the organs of both, while at the same time the faith of both sides in his fairness and sympathy was steadily growing. The first public proof of this occurred in the spring of 1874, when, in a dispute between the master painters of Manchester and Salford and their men, the arbitrators being unable to agree, both sides appealed to him to act as umpire, under their "working rules, agreed to between the employers and operative painters of Manchester and Salford, on January 6th, 1871."

The Bishop accepted the office, and went into all the questions at issue with his usual zeal and thoroughness. He delivered his award in writing on the 27th of March, prefacing it with "As I think it will be more satisfactory to both parties if I give not only my decision, but (as briefly as may be) the reasons which have led me to it in each case, it will be the simplest and clearest course to deal with each rule in order." This he then proceeds to do.

Those who have had experience in these references, will, I think, demur to the Bishop's conclusion. Giving reasons for the decision arrived at by an umpire in a trade dispute will be found as a rule merely to exasperate the parties, and to prolong the war of words and arguments. In the case in question, however, no harm seems to have come of it, and the Bishop's award insured peace in the trade for two years. It dealt with three points, and decided "(1) that the minimum rate of wage per hour shall be 7½*d*. (2) That over-

time on full working days shall not be paid for at the rate of "time and half" before the hour of 9 P.M.: but that on Saturdays, whether a job is being finished or not, overtime shall be reckoned and paid for at the usual rate. (3) That 1*s* per week extra shall be allowed to men employed on country jobs who are required to stay away from home on Sunday." 1874

The rules were altered in accordance with this decision, and the Bishop heard no more of the painters till March, 1876, when the court of arbitration again appealed to him to act as umpire, and he again consented, and went once more through the usual drudgery of weighing and comparing the contradictory statements and figures of two sets of disputants, neither of whom will frankly put their umpire in possession of the whole of the facts. Again the Bishop in his award gave the reasons for his decision, an extract from which may be given here.

The men were applying for an increase of 1*d.* an hour on the rate of 7½*d.* fixed by him two years before. "It was indeed asserted," writes the Bishop, "that the men could not 'live in comfort' on this wage, and their condition was even represented as 'little better than paupers.' But it was replied that a wage which (exclusive of overtime) amounts to £1 14*s.* 0½*d.* per week, and, allowing for three months lost time in the year, gives an average weekly income for the fifty-two weeks of £1 6*s.* 2*d.*, was considerably above the earnings of large classes of men in Manchester—carters, gardeners, &c.—who certainly would not consent to be characterized as paupers. 'Living in comfort' is a phrase depending for its meaning on the ideas of him who uses it. I heartily wish that every working man in England were in possession of every comfort which his station will reasonably allow him to procure, and with the cultivation of frugal and temperate habits, much more might be done in this desirable direction than is done; but I venture to think that in determining the rate of wages I must not be led away by a somewhat vague phrase, but must be guided in

1874 my judgment by other and more relevant considerations. My own observation of the condition of this country, in which many great branches of industry are lying almost prostrate, and none of the staple trades of this district can be called flourishing, would lead me to the conclusion at which the masters have arrived, viz., that the public generally can ill afford to meet enhanced prices, which would necessarily follow a higher wage rate; and that if prices are enhanced trade would probably be in the same proportion contracted. The demand, therefore, for an immediate advance of wages would seem to be inopportune." And then, after commenting on the rates of twenty-four towns in the north, some higher, some lower, than the Manchester rate, he goes on, "It must not be forgotten also that the wage rate fixed by the rules is a minimum rate, and that good men can and do earn higher wages, so that a man has only to improve his skill as a tradesman to improve his position as a wage-earner. Upon these considerations which I have thought it well to state fully, my original conclusion was, not to disturb the arrangement of 1874. But upon reflection that it was admitted that there has been a slight increase in house rent, and, following the usual method of compromise to halve the amount in dispute, I have finally decided that $7\frac{3}{4}d.$ per hour—the mean between the $7d.$ offered by the masters and the $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ demanded by the men—will not be an inequitable solution of a problem, all the elements of which are with difficulty apprehended by one outside the trade, and I award accordingly. I am afraid that the decision will not give satisfaction to either party, but I hope I shall have credit for having attempted to decide it fairly and without favour."

His experience with the painters made him rather shy of the office of umpire in trades disputes for the future. To spend three or four days hard at work on detailed statements of accounts, which you feel all the time are, not exactly cooked, but so arranged and manipulated, both as to what is disclosed

and what concealed, that you never can feel sure of your premisses, is an occupation which to a busy and accurate man can never seem profitable. And the usual conclusion, arrived at by the Bishop in this instance—as happens, let us add, in nine such cases out of ten with other than episcopal umpires—to split the difference between the parties is, it must be owned, not otherwise than a humiliating one. 1878

Nevertheless he was still ready to come forward as a peacemaker, and never lost an opportunity of protesting against the folly and the waste of strikes and lock-outs. Thus, when the Agricultural Union in 1874 first began to show that it was becoming a power which might have to be reckoned with in the future, and the employers endeavoured to crush it before the mischief was done, a letter of the Bishop's went the round of the papers which sorely tried the public, and drew on him a perfect storm of letters, abusive, sympathetic, critical. "Are the farmers of England mad?" the peccant sentences ran. "Fair wages will have to be paid to the labourer. If farmers can't afford fair wages at present, rents must come down—an unpleasant thing no doubt for those who will spend the rent of a 300 acre farm on a single ball, or a pair of high-stepping horses, but nevertheless inevitable."

When the great cotton strike in North-East Lancashire in the summer of 1878, on the question of 10 per cent. reduction of wages, had lasted for seven weeks, the operatives proposed to refer the points in dispute to him (no doubt as an escape from the humiliation of an unconditional surrender). This the employers, now sure of their ground, refused, but it gave the Bishop the chance of making an appeal, and reading both sides a lesson. "I appeal to you as your Bishop," he wrote, "bound by my office to promote peace in this county: as a resident amongst you witnessing the fearful distress and misery which this dispute is causing: as an Englishman interested in the prosperity of my country which these trade disputes are threatening to destroy, to put an end to this mad war. This

1878 is the seventh week of idleness, and the loss to the workpeople has already mounted up to 525,000*l.* in wages alone. What next? The extraordinary growth and prosperity of this business in past years would seem to have blinded all connected with it. The prosperity of fools shall destroy them!" The Bishop exhorted in vain. In a week or two the operatives had to surrender unconditionally and go back to work on the 10 per cent. reduction. No bridge or even plank for retreat was allowed by the triumphant employers, who were resolved that the workpeople should drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. They drank, and the taste remains in their mouths to this day.

Three years later another wide-spread strike occurred in Bolton and the neighbourhood. A local relief fund for the families of the operatives was opened to which the Bishop sent 20*l.* This was acknowledged by Mr. Broadhurst, the Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Unions, who took the occasion to forward copies of the reports. In acknowledging them the Bishop took care to show that he had not changed his mind as to the Unions and their policy. "It surely indicates," he wrote, "that something is needed, when at Bolton it has required a strike of nine weeks, involving a loss of 90,000*l.* in wages, to arrive at a settlement which might just as easily have been arrived at without any strike at all." It was in connection with this strike that he commented on the luxury and extravagance which was growing in several districts, instancing the case which had come to his knowledge of a factory girl giving three guineas for feathers. "Wherever luxury marches a waste is left behind as if an hostile army had passed." Again, "He was told, forsooth! that luxury was good for trade! if good trade means bankruptcy both to tradesman and customer, perhaps it is."

He continued to the end to make his protest whenever occasion offered against the folly of strikes and the fearful responsibility of those who promoted them. One of the last

and most powerful of these was a sermon on the subject at Blackburn on January 27th, 1884. 1878

We may now turn, with a sense of relief, to his relations with the other and hopeful side of the labour movement, co-operation. Of this, even more than of trades-unionism, he found himself in the very centre. The offices of the Central Board were in Manchester, and the publishing office of "The Co-operative News." The wholesale society, or federation of the associations throughout the country for purchasing, also had its warehouses there, and in many of the Lancashire towns and villages a large and constantly increasing portion of the trade was already in the hands of the associations. Now the Bishop had been the first person of any influence outside the co-operative body to draw public attention to the movement. So far as the public were concerned he had been the discoverer of the Assington Agricultural Association; and, as readers may remember, in his report as a sub-commissioner had expressed warm approval of the principles of the association, and a wish for their extension. It was a cause therefore of much rejoicing to the Co-operative Union when his appointment was announced, for at that time outside help was still valuable, both in Parliament and the country. The Union, however, much to their credit, abstained from seeking to parade him as an ally. Great jealousy of the movement prevailed amongst the trading classes throughout the country, which was even shared to some extent by the Trades Unionists; and it was felt that it might seriously jeopardise his influence for good generally if he were to be pushed to the front as an advocate and supporter of co-operation. It was only, therefore, on rare and special occasions that he was asked to take any active part in public. Nevertheless it was impossible that the fact of his sympathy should not become known, and equally impossible that it should not become the subject of warning and comment in the press. To this he paid no heed, going his own way, and never out of his own way; but taking

1878 care also never to conceal or pare away any conviction which he held when the occasion for speaking came. Thus, when at length taken seriously to task by the Grocers' Defence Association, and warned that "a dignified neutrality" upon this question was the proper attitude for a Bishop; he replied promptly, "a dignified neutrality is not my attitude on any question I think important."

It was not till 1878, when his position had become too secure to be damaged by friend or foe, that he was called on to identify himself publicly with co-operation. In that year the annual Congress was held in Manchester. The Bishop was of course invited. He came on the platform on the first day to support Lord Ripon, and on the second himself presided. His address was thoroughly characteristic of the man, whose special function as an orator was always *not* to say soft things which his audience would like to hear. He had not been on his feet two minutes before he had assured the meeting that though an old believer in the principle he had never spent sixpence in a co-operative store, and didn't mean to do so as long as his tradesmen served him well. Then, passing over the statistics of increasing numbers and trade, so tempting a subject for the ordinary chairman, he put his finger at once upon what probably three-fourths of his hearers knew to be the tender place. He was afraid, he said, as an interested watcher of the movement, that serious disaster must be in store for many of the mills which had of late been, and still were being, started by the working men, both as registered industrial societies and as joint stock companies, at Oldham and elsewhere. The recent years of great prosperity seemed to have turned their heads, and made them reckless, and ready to fall into the bad paths which it was the main object of their movement to avoid and protest against. And then followed one of those humorous scenes which not seldom occurred at his public meetings. He was speaking as usual without a note, and following wherever his subject might lead

him. Something had been said on the first day as to the narrowness of the clergy, and their want of sympathy with co-operation. Referring to this the Bishop went on, "I am more of a Liberal than a Conservative myself, but it may be true that the great body of the clergy are Conservative. Haven't they got a good thing to conserve?" At once, γέλως ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει. There was something in the words and manner of the speaker which touched the risible nerve in the delegates, and for some seconds the hall rang with laughter The laughter was followed by hearty cheers, when the Bishop after looking round, completely unconscious of what had caused the explosion, fell into the humour of the situation and laughed as heartily as any of them. As soon as he could be heard again he went on, "I hope you will pardon anything I may have said. I know I shall hear enough of it to-morrow morning but I am used to that sort of thing, and it doesn't hurt me." Then, having his audience entirely in hand, he went on to give his experience at Assington, and to say that it would be an excellent thing if the clergy would let their glebes to their steadiest labourers. He had meant to do it with his own sixty acre glebe if his tenant had given them up in his time. 1878

He kept the chair during the day, listening carefully to the business discussions, and at the close, in answer to a vote of thanks, said, "He did not know when he had been more interested than by what he had seen in those two days. No one could despair of his country, however gloomy the look-out might seem to be in many directions, when he saw the stuff which was left to make citizens and Englishmen of." From this time he was hand and glove with the co-operators coming whenever he could to all great gatherings, and always telling them of any weak spot in their armour, or back-sliding in their doings. Behind their backs he could scarcely speak too well of them. Thus at the Church Congress at Newcastle, in October 1881 (on which occasion the Ritualists

1884 took occasion to absent themselves in a body from the opening service at which he preached), he urged with great earnestness that the Church could not, and ought not to stand apart from the co-operative movement, an exhortation which has borne noble fruit in these later years. In passing it should be noted that it was at the working men's meeting at the end of this Congress that he spoke to the strong north countrymen of family purity as the foundation of all noble life, till he brought them all to their feet with the shout "We will! We will!"

In the last year of his life he presided (Dec. 1884) at a meeting of the Union, where a presentation was made in connection with the foundation of a scholarship at Oriel, which was not only his college, but that of Mr. Vansittart Neale, the devoted general secretary of the Union, and of the present writer, both of whom had been connected with the Christian Socialist movement of 1848. In referring to this coincidence, and to Christian Socialism as in great measure the parent as well as precursor of the present movement, and welcoming the Oriel scholarship as an honour to that distinguished college, he added that what was wanted now was not so much "to Christianise our Socialism as to Socialise our Christianity."

His last appearance was at the Annual Congress at Whitsuntide in 1885, at Derby, when he preached by special invitation to the assembled delegates. His presence amongst them once more was hailed with joy, not unmixed with forebodings. Not a few amongst those who knew him best could help feeling that there was some truth in the words of warning which had lately appeared in a leading Lancashire paper: "Work and worry are making their ravages even on his herculean frame; without and within, like Paul and Job, he has had many tribulations. The breadth of his Christianity has not found the echo he might have looked for in this north country." True enough no doubt. But the writer

had missed the secret of this Bishop. He had not come 1885
there to expect faith and nobleness from these north countrymen, but to give them of his own faith and nobleness, which he did with open heart and full hands. And not only of his faith and nobleness, but of his joy and wisdom, which were mirrored back to him by miners and cabmen, and scavengers and ragged children. "Where sympathy is, it needs but one man in a company and all are wise." It must in fairness be added—as it perhaps, if possible, adds something to the worth of Bishop Fraser's advocacy of co-operation—that he never could rise to the enthusiasm which in its early days possessed, and still to some extent possesses, the leading men of the movement. Whether from deficiency in imagination, or sturdy common sense, he opposed a steady *non possumus* to exhortations to believe in the final extinction of competition, and a world of buyers and sellers reorganised on the principle of "bearing one another's burthens."

Happily, the loss of no one man can now seriously arrest the great reform. The spirit of the gospel is marching to its sure triumph, in the trade world as in all others, without taking much account of the men who range themselves on either side in "the valley of decision." But we may cordially admit that few have fought more bravely on the right side, or will be more missed in the ranks, than James Fraser.

CHAPTER VI.

"The more sides a man has to his mind the more sure he may be of receiving blows on all of them from one party or other."—JOHN STIRLING, *Hare's Life*, vol. ii. p. 158.

MANCHESTER, 1876—1880.

1876 WE must bear in mind the condition of the Bishop's household in these years in order to form any trustworthy estimate for ourselves of the man. Of the two old ladies who lived with him at Bishop's Court, his mother was now a confirmed invalid, and confined to her own room, while his aunt, though bright in mind and still able to move about the house, was becoming very infirm. On December 23rd, 1876, he writes to Mr. Fletcher (one of his oldest Manchester friends and supporters, who had retired from business and settled at Bath): "I am happy to be able to report fairly well of my two invalids to-day, and I hope fully that my aunt will be permitted to see another Christmas Day and to enter on her eighty-eighth year. A special kiss by special request from my dear mother. I often joke her on the fondness she has for kissing gentlemen. She kissed dear old Canon Gibson the other day at a visit, apparently to their mutual satisfaction. Poor thing! one is only too glad when she is in a sufficiently cheerful temper to be amused by innocent levities of this kind. I feel that she is slowly passing away, and I can't expect to keep my dear aunt long after her. The world will seem a lonely place when they are gone. These thoughts prevent my Christmas from being a very cheerful one." A year later, Christmas 1877, to the same: "My two

dear ones are wonderfully well. My dear aunt 'entered her 1876
eighty-ninth year,' as she likes to speak of the event, with more than her usual spirits and strength. Of course a change may come very suddenly, but at present I have nothing to make me anxious about either of them."

"Very often," writes Dr. Crompton, his physician, "he came into his mother's bedroom, when I have been visiting her during her long illness and confinement to her room, and it was delightful to see her look of affection on his appearing, and the loving way he went up to her—the chuck under the chin—the kiss—the kind and cheery words—and then the merry laugh. One day he came in and said, 'Mother, I've finished all my lettters, and have nothing to do. Have you no linen that wants marking?' and then the room rang with his merry laugh.'"

"While his aged mother lived," Canon Norris writes, "however pressed for time he was, he never failed to be by "her side in her accustomed evening prayers: and his guests "might overhear his strong musical voice singing in her ear "(for she was very deaf) one of her favourite hymns. So in his "own bedroom the little desk by his bedside, with the well-"worn book of devotion upon it, showed how through a most "active life he had maintained the very simple habits of "devotion which his mother had formed in his boyhood.

"However natural and unconstrained his conversation, "however gay his temper, a serious word would never have "seemed out of season had it been called for. In all his gaiety "he never failed at once by look or word to check anything "approaching to frivolity.

"In society he was delightfully cheerful, and even playful; "but any one who watched him at a dinner-table might see "that he had not only his own mirth, but the mirth of others "round the table, well in hand, so to speak; and that any low "toned or ill-natured remark would not pass without all being "reminded that their Bishop was among them.

1876 "It was this blending of seriousness with cheerfulness and "naturalness that gave him such an influence among the "Lancashire people. He seemed to carry about with him an "atmosphere of sunshine, and he seemed never to forget that "it was God's gift."

Oct. 12th, 1876. To Archdeacon Norris.—"I am getting anxious about my charge, for which as yet I have made hardly any preparation. There is no lack of stirring topics; the difficulty is to select the most suitable, and to say what is wise and profitable about them. All men just now have not the faculty for saying wise things, have they? I am glad you liked what I said about the forthcoming mission. I look forward to it with considerable anxiety, as I doubt my own power to direct an enterprise, lying wholly outside my sphere of experience. The results of other missions have been described to me as so very mixed. Venables was describing the Lincoln mission in this way to me last Saturday, when I met him at Crewe Hall. But I am not very sanguine."

Dec. 20th, 1876. To Sale.—"I am glad you liked my charge. I got such a kind letter from dear old Newman about it, apparently pleased that I had remembered and noticed him." In this charge he commented on the new theory put forward in some quarters, that the tribunals of the nation have no authority in matters ecclesiastical. "Such a church as you dream of," he said, "an *imperium in imperio*, never has existed in England. Such talk is the mere rant of fanaticism." —"There are two enemies the clergy have specially to fight against, indifference and intemperance. I should like to see in every parish a band of young men bound to lead temperate and pure lives, and entertaining high and honourable feelings to women." . . . "Such a diocese as this is not a field in which a Bishop with decaying powers has any right to stay — I have already passed half my allotted term."

1877.—*Speech as Chairman of meeting of "Poor Clergy Relief Association."*—"He had been called a hard-hearted Bishop because in his first charge he had said he would never consider it a claim for the promotion of a clergyman that he had a wife and six children. He must have men who could and would work. But where he found such men he was always ready and glad to say, 'Because you have done your duty I will forgive your recklessness.'" 1877

In August the endless ritualist controversy came upon him again, in the shape of one of the churchwardens of St. Paul's, Pendleton, heading a deputation representing 172 parishioners, and asking for a faculty to remove two candlesticks which had been placed on the Communion Table, and to lower the table itself by two steps. The Bishop, after warning the churchwarden that he had no official *locus standi*, the two churchwardens being a corporation at law, so that one could not act without the other in such a matter, allowed him to proceed. After his speech the Bishop asked, "What is the ground of your application?" CHURCHWARDEN: "Raising the table is unscriptural. Exod. xx. 26." BISHOP: "Your construction is foolish. The Communion is the highest act of Christian worship. The table is necessary, and has been proved to be too low. I can't see how raising it can turn it into an altar." As usual the deputation retired, bootless, but protesting still.

On August 27th he received a deputation headed by Mr. Holt, M.P., to protest against the practice of confession in certain churches in the diocese. In his speech Mr. Holt said that many Bishops used strong language, but when it came to action they had failed. He could point out several instances. The Bishop, interrupting, "You are at liberty here to bring any charges you like against me, but not against my brethren." In his reply he said, "There are only four out of 460 churches in this diocese where confession is taught by the clergy."

1878 1877.—At the consecration of Rowtenstall Cemetery, on which occasion Mr. Fielden and others of the resident gentry refused to attend, or to bear any part of the expenses. "It is God who makes the earth holy and not the Bishop. I hope that none of you here present to-day will go away with the idea that anything I can do will make this ground one whit more holy than it was before I came here. . . I think that people are beginning to look Christianity more fairly in the face. At any rate the Church stands in the midst of you, to remind you that there is a higher life always about you, of which you should be partakers, that while you are in the world you are not of the world."

At the laying of the first stone of the Church of St. Andrew's at Eccles, a rich and fashionable suburb, he requested that he might have an iron trowel, and that the value of the silver one, which it had been proposed to use, might go to the consecration fund.

1878.—In March forty-three colliers were lost in an explosion at Unity Brook Colliery, Kersal Moor. The Bishop at once sent 20*l.* to the relief fund, and although in the middle of his ordination, responded to the appeal of the rector to come over to say a word of comfort and sympathy. "I will try," he wrote, "to drive over to your evening service. You may expect me at 6.30." He came and preached, specially dwelling on the gallantry of the volunteers who, headed by the Queen's Inspector, went down the pit at the peril of their own lives, to rescue, if it might be, any comrade still alive. These men had realised the power and the lesson of Christ's grace. "Though many who had volunteered may not be professors of Christianity, they have at any rate learnt some of Christ's deepest and sweetest lessons, for He was ready to lay down His life for His brethren."

Then, in the autumn, came the cloud of the approaching war with Afghanistan. The Bishop was strongly moved. Those who agreed with him begged him to act. He wrote a

letter to the Mayor as to a public meeting. "It may be too late to demand that Parliament should be summoned, but not too late to protest against a war on such flimsy pretexts. No man in his conscience can think that the rectification of our frontier, or the insult to our envoy (if ever offered, which seems at least doubtful), could justify the horrors of a war." The publication of this letter drew a protest from the then Lord Wilton, who, "while entertaining a strong personal regard for his Bishop, wished he would confine himself to his ecclesiastical duties." 1848

Some of the Lancashire editors followed in Lord Wilton's wake: others as strenuously defended the Bishop, to one of whom (who had also written privately to him) he replied:—

"*To the Editor of the Leigh Chronicle.*—SIR,—I beg to thank you for the remarks in your leading article on my sermon at Leigh Parish Church last Sunday.

"Nothing but (as you say) 'sophistical and prejudiced reasoning' could have given the semblance of a political bias —in the narrow sense of the word 'political'—to what I then said. I merely endeavoured to temper the violence of the war-spirit which is rising in the country with an ignorance of facts and a recklessness of consequences which constitute one of the most alarming signs of the times. The torrents of abuse to which I have been exposed in the correspondence columns of the *Manchester Courier* would be things to laugh at, if rather, when one reflects upon the spirit from which they proceed, they were not things to weep over, as indicating the political temper of a large mass of people in the country.—Yours faithfully, J. MANCHESTER."

At the consecration of Chorley Church: "What are called the six points in this controversy" (ritualism) "are, incense, lighted candles, eucharistic vestments, the eastward position the mixed chalice, and wafer bread. To make such things vital is the height of human folly."

1878 1878.—*At the opening of the Art Treasures Exhibition:* "I have no wish, like Mr. Ruskin, to retire into the solitude of a Westmoreland valley. I like to hear the thud of the steam-hammer and the whistle of the locomotive. I like to live in the midst of men and women who are dependent on their industry for their daily bread. Where I find content and good relations subsisting between men, that is my bit of blue sky, of which I want to see more and more."

In Nov. at a public meeting in connection with the Oxford Local Examinations the question of "woman's sphere" was introduced, and an eloquent appeal made to him by Miss Vernon to modify some remarks on the subject which he had made from the chair. "I cannot modify what I have said," the Bishop replied. "The cases you cite are exceptional—woman's sphere is the home. If a woman has no home, then in God's name let her go out and fight the world, the flesh, and the devil, in any place to which God in His providence sees fit to call her."

It is common enough to hear Bishops and other public men saying these kind of things; but they are seldom said with perfect directness, and without qualification, to the persons, and on the occasions when they would be most useful. It was precisely his straightforwardness and courage which gave Bishop Fraser his unique position and influence. This woman's question is an excellent example. It came up again a few months later at a prize distribution at Southport. The Committee had arranged that the girls should not come on the platform to receive their prizes. The Mayor, who was to preside objected to this. The Bishop supported the Committee. "It might be old-fashioned," he said, "and unpopular, but he held strongly that men and women had each their proper places. 430 B.C. a wise Athenian statesman had said, 'That woman discharges her duty best who is least talked about for good or evil amongst men,' and with that he cordially agreed."

Oct. 1878.—*On Theatres at the Church Congress.*—In the discussion on this subject, at which it had been maintained that "The Theatre must be abandoned or Christ would be lost," the Bishop's summing up came in, as one of his audience wrote, "like a breezy day by the sea-side." "The Church," he urged, "must recognize the instincts and appetites of human beings. You, the people who form the audiences, have the remedy in your own hands. If the plays are bad, stay away. It is only a question of demand and supply; you demand and the actors supply. As for the actors and theatrical people generally, I have found them much like other people: no better, no worse. I know the *première danseuse* at Manchester, a good Christian girl, and the scene-painter there has sent me a nice water-colour drawing of my cathedral. Do you want to revive a practice of some early Churches in which actors were refused the Communion? At a mission which was held in Manchester last year I gave an address to the actors in the theatre at their request. It was the Theatre Royal, and I reminded them that they were the King's servants: and I told them that when an Education Commissioner in 1858, visiting the towns in Dorsetshire, I had found Macready maintaining, and himself teaching, one of the best ragged schools in the country. Shortly afterwards a fire occurred in the house of a Mr. Hazzopulo a Greek merchant, while his servants were at the theatre, and my friends of the *Rock* newspaper urged that I should be made personally responsible for the damage."

1879

1879.—As a noteworthy instance of his habit of saying what he believed, without the least regard to the probable convictions or prejudices of his audience, we may take the annual meeting of the National Society, which he attended this year on special pressure. The chairman, Lord Carnarvon, had moved and strongly supported a resolution in favour of "distinctively" religious teaching in schools. The Bishop,

1879 following, said he should have been better able to support the resolution cordially if it had been worded "distinctly" instead of "distinctively," at which remark arose at once strong expressions of disagreement from all sides. When these subsided, the Bishop went on smilingly "to tell the country clergy who refused to admit dissenters' children to their Sunday schools unless they attended the religious teaching on week days, that they were to be condemned. If only they would confine their teaching to the outline of the Church Catechism, he hardly knew an orthodox dissenter who would not accept it and be glad that his children should get it."

Jan. 1879.—*Presiding at the Savings Bank meeting:* "We English are the slowest nation in the world to learn by experience. We are actually now building new mills all through this district, and the banks are helping, even encouraging this. The facilities they are giving are, in my judgment, very mischievous, morally, socially, and industrially. . . . . There has been a great failure in Scotland, that of the City of Glasgow Bank, and, if we can believe the papers, a scheme is on foot to compensate the bank's customers and shareholders by a great system of lotteries! Who would have suspected sedate and religious Scotland of starting a gigantic gambling scheme to relieve a banking catastrophe? The aspects of the present distress, and the ways of meeting it, fairly frighten me."

Feby.—Oxford University Sermon.—"A friend, as we were walking round the Parks yesterday, said to me that our nineteenth century has left off bearing—that we have reached a period of barrenness on all stocks—that there are no more ἄνδρες πέριττοι—that, as Tacitus said of the Rome of his day, 'we can neither bear our vices nor their remedies.' What was the most loudly vaunted remedy for this state of things? An elaborate ceremonial! You might as well try to persuade me (as silly people, I hear, are trying to prove) that the coat Paul left at Troas was a chasuble. It may be hard for one in the

heat of the fray to look fairly at these things, but I can't see 1879
that they are making any one better, purer, stronger. However, I, like Robertson, can sympathise with men in earnest, whatever their beliefs may be, but not with the epicurean cynicism now so common—cruelly mocking at life, itself secure; abjuring every high aim in pursuit of personal comfort; checked by no moral considerations on the path of selfishness; wrecking woman's honour; shattering simple faith; discussing the most solemn truths—at any rate the most solemn subjects—over wine and olives; the unhappy, but too legitimate offspring of an age which has resolved religion into phrases, and God's service into a gorgeous ceremonial—with this I will hold no truce, make no terms."

1879.—An effort at Pendleton to establish a voluntary society for investigating and aiding cases of distress in that district, met with his warmest commendation. It seemed, he said, as though his dream of old standing was about to be realised. He had corresponded at that time with the curate of Elberfeld, where the system had been just established. He had learnt from him how satisfactorily the system worked in a population where one-fifth were Roman Catholics.

He recurred to this subject on presiding at a meeting of the Salford Relief Committee. "It was a question still with us whether such efforts did more good than harm. Here were scandalous disclosures within the last few days. One man taking potted salmon for his relief ticket; another, who had been earning thirty-five shilings a week for months, on the rates. The Elberfeld system of inspection had made all such scandals impossible. It had superseded the poor law and abolished pauperism. Were there no young men in Manchester who didn't want a stable of hunters, or a yacht in the Menai Straits, and would take hold of this work?"

On the other hand, at the Social Science Congress which sat this year at Manchester under his presidency, when the subject, "The best means of encouraging thrift and

1879 diminishing mendicancy" came up, he criticised Canon Blakeley's proposal for compulsory insurance, as "ingenious, perhaps logical, and popular with sanguine men." This "damning with faint praise" brought up the excellent and enthusiastic Canon, and a little liveliness was infused into the proceedings which no one enjoyed more than the presiding Bishop. Some one had called the proposal "Blakeley's baby," which phrase the Canon frankly adopted; and then, turning to the chair, declared that their Bishop "may be, probably is, the best of Bishops and presidents, but he sha'n't bang my baby about without the parent saying everything he can in its defence." What he did say considerably modified the Bishop's opinion, which became decidedly favourable to the Canon's principle.

1879.—The bitterness which surrounded the Miles Platting controversy during these years, though raging in the rival church societies and the religious newspapers, and raising its baleful head in Convocation, had no voice within the diocese, where Bishop and clergy were all the time working together in great harmony, and with most satisfactory results. Thus the reports of the diocesan conference of this year show that the most burning questions of the time, the Act of Uniformity, Church Courts, the Ornaments Rubric, were all discussed fully and gravely as by sensible Christian men, desirous of understanding each other and coming to the wisest conclusion for the Church and nation. The Bishop as president expressed his own views with his usual frankness, and no doubt was as pleased, as he had good reason to be, with the result. For before separating, he spoke on the one subject more hazardous in such a gathering than even the Act of Uniformity or the Ornaments Rubric, the relations of the clergy with Nonconformists, in support of two resolutions, (1) "That this conference desires to promote a friendly recognition of those of our Dissenting brethren who will consent to meet us on the ground of our common Christianity, and expresses an earnest wish to cultivate friendly relations with them, and to co-operate with them on

any possible platform of Christian work; (2) That in the 1879
opinion of this conference it is desirable that Convocation should consider the question of comprehension of Nonconformists, with a view of devising the best means of terminating our dissensions, and establishing essential unity and working harmony between all sections of Christian people in the land." These resolutions were carried unanimously, to the delight, and probably to the astonishment, of the Bishop, who thereupon declared that he hoped to see practical effect given to them, and he himself as Bishop would lead the way, adding, "I am one of those who wish to see the principle of the Act of Uniformity Amendment Act carried much further."

March 25th, 1879.—*Meeting of "Church Missionary Society."*—"I see that some of my friends in the press have been calling me a 'latitudinarian' and 'indifferentist.' Well, I want to see less partisanship. For instance, I don't like to see in advertisements for or by curates, such phrases as C.M.S. or S.P.G. men."

April.—The incumbency of Rivington fell vacant, to which the parishioners elect under a statute of Elizabeth. A public meeting was held in the parish at which the following resolution was passed without a division:—"That under existing circumstances it is expedient to accept as incumbent of this parish a person to be nominated by the Bishop of the diocese, and this meeting desires that this decision may be unanimous and uncontested."

August.—We may note in passing several sayings, which in this autumn brought down on him more even than his usual share of angry and patronising comment in the press. "Competition run wild is the curse of our day and may bring England down yet. 'Shoddy' is ruining her." "Yes, I did see men carrying crops last Sunday. I don't blame them. It has been bad harvest weather." "I am not prepared to join this agitation for the abolition of flogging in the army."

1879 *November 10th.—To a Temperance Meeting at Blackburn.* —"This is a great gathering no doubt, but the people we want to get at are not here. You have just been singing that spirited hymn, 'The Battle is the Lord's.' No doubt. It is His battle, but you mustn't be sitting with folded hands. You ought to be working parochially to mend matters. Why I see that one in every thirty-three houses in Blackburn is a public house!"

As Patron of the County Penitentiary—Presiding. "Prostitution is called 'a social evil' by those inclined to jest on it. I call it a social crime." And, after speaking of the hardness of our social laws in this matter, the poorest and weakest being made to suffer, while the rich and strong escaped—"If it is to be dealt with at all, the 'embarrassing element' as it is called, of religion, must come in—the simple, tender, healthy, sympathising, and generous application of the teaching of Christ's Gospel. And remember, this tells us not to point to the terrible tract which lies behind, but to the hopeful one in front."

From Mr. Cremer to Bishop of Manchester.—"May I take the liberty of asking from you whether I may join in the celebration of the Holy Communion, although I have not been confirmed; and whether I may consider myself a member of the National Church? I was brought up a Scotch Dissenter, and have spent twelve years up country in the Cape Colony, where I was admitted to all their Church privileges by the Dutch Reformed Church, but was in a manner outside all Churches. For my own and my children's sake I would like to belong to some body of Christians, but my views on many points are at variance with those of any voluntary associations of Christians that I am acquainted with."

To Mr. Cremer, Nov. 5th, 1879.—"DEAR SIR,—There is no question that the law of the Church of England is (strictly

interpreted) that no one shall receive the Holy Communion in 1879
her churches 'until such time as he be confirmed, or is ready and desirous to be confirmed.'

"It is a rule that is most proper and defensible in a Church where infant baptism is the custom; and where persons may reasonably be called upon to make a public profession of their Christian faith, before being admitted to the highest act of Christian worship.

"I cannot see what there is that need cause you any difficulty in complying with the rule; and of course, I, as a bishop, have no authority to relax it. If you chose to present yourself for the Holy Communion, without saying anything about the question, I don't suppose that you would be refused, or that any inquiry would be made; but if I were in your place, I should feel it much more satisfactory to comply with the rule of a Church of which I desired to be a member. There must be some general rules of order, and if these do not really hurt the conscience, individuals do wisely in submitting to them.—Yours faithfully, J. MANCHESTER."

The end of this year (1879) was marked by a curious episode. In the December number of the *Contemporary Review* a letter appeared from Mr. Ruskin which contained the words, "On myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was or was not according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any of them." The Bishop replied at once (Dec. 8th), and the reply with a long rejoinder by Mr. Ruskin was published in the same review in February, 1880. "I confess for myself," the Bishop writes, "that until I saw this passage in print a few days ago I was unaware of the existence of such challenge, and therefore could not answer it. . . . I have no idea why I had the honour of being specially mentioned by name, but I beg to assure you that my silence did not arise from any

1879 discourtesy towards my challenger, nor from that discretion which, some people may think, is the better part of episcopal valour, and which consists of ignoring inconvenient questions from a sense of inability to answer them, but simply from the fact that I was not conscious that your lance had touched my shield." He goes on to argue that all depends on the sense in which the word is used. "Covetousness," πλεονεξία, is no doubt denounced by our Lord and St. Paul, but the πλεονέκτης is the man who claims more than his share, and the words cannot be twisted into a general law, determining for ever and in all cases the legitimate use of capital. And again, in the parable of the talents, 'Thou oughtest,' says the master addressing the unprofitable servant, 'thou oughtest—ἐδει σε—to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming, I should have received my own with usury,' thus recognising and impliedly sanctioning, the practice of lending money at interest." And then he proceeds with his usual candour and *naiveté*, "Let me take two or three instances by way of illustration. The following has happened to myself. All my life through, when my income was not a tenth of what it is now, I have felt it a duty, while endeavouring to discharge all proper claims, to live within that income, and so to adjust my expenditure to it that there should be a margin on the right side. That margin of course accumulated, and reached in time, say, £1,000. Just then, say, the London and North Western Railway Company proposed to issue debenture stock bearing 4 per cent. interest, for the purpose of extending their lines, and so increasing the wealth by facilitating the intercommunications of the country. Whom in the world am I injuring—where or how am I thwarting the will of God—if I let the Company have my £1,000, and have been receiving from them £40 a year for the use of it ever since? Unless the money had been forthcoming from some quarter or other a work which was absolutely necessary for the prosperity of the nation, and which finds remunerative employment for an

immense number of Englishmen, enabling them to bring up their families in respectability and comfort, would never have been accomplished. Will you tell me that this method of carrying out great commercial enterprises, sanctioned by experience as the most, if not the only, practicable one, is 'not according to the will of God'?" The Bishop goes on to give two more examples, of working men associating to start a mill, and borrowing a portion of the necessary capital; and a farmer paying interest on the outlay for draining; asking in each case how such a transaction is contrary to the will of God; and then defends big cities, which Mr. Ruskin had called "loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness, the smoke of their sin going up into the face of heaven like the furnace of Sodom," maintaining from his own experience, that "a great city even with the smoke of its sin going up to heaven, is the noblest field of the noblest virtues, because it gives the amplest scope for the most varied exercise of them." He concludes, "If you will teach us clergy how better to discharge our office as ministers of a kingdom of Truth and Righteousness, we shall all owe you a deep debt of gratitude, which no one will be more forward to acknowledge, than, my dear sir, yours faithfully and with much respect, J. MANCHESTER." 1879

This answer, so thoroughly frank and characteristic as well as respectful and friendly, drew from Mr. Ruskin by way of rejoinder twelve pages of "notes attached to special passages," after the manner of *Fors Clavigera*. The tone must be gathered from the following, "note B," on the words "I have no idea why I had the honour of being specially mentioned by name." "By diocese, my Lord, not name, please observe;" [the challenge had been addressed, "to the Bishops of England generally, and *by name* to the Bishop of Manchester"] "and for this very simple reason, that I had already fairly accurate knowledge of the divinity of the old schools of Canterbury, York and Oxford, but I looked to your Lordship as the

1880 authoritative exponent of the more advanced divinity of the school of Manchester, with which I am not yet familiar." And again, note G; "Your Lordship's frankness in referring me to the instances of your own practice in the disposal of your income must plead my excuse for what might have otherwise seemed impertinent." . . . . "It may be matter of private opinion how far the lucre derived by your Lordship from commission on the fares and refreshments of the passengers by the North Western may be odoriferous and precious, in the same sense as the ointment on the head of Aaron; or how far that received by the Primate of England in royalties on the circulation of improving literature (see the articles of association of the East Surrey Hall Museum and Library, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXX.) may enrich—as with perfumes out of broken alabaster—the empyreal air of Addington. But the higher class of labourers in the Lord's vineyard might surely, with true grace, receive, from the last unto the first, the reflected instruction so often given by the first unto the last, 'Be content with your wages.'" The bitter tone of the rejoinder, sprinkled over profusely as it was with "my Lord" and "your Lordship," after the manner of Junius, made any prolongation of the argument impossible so far as the Bishop was concerned. He had no notion of quarrelling with Mr. Ruskin under any provocation, and so, with a shrug of the shoulders, went his way about his work.

It may be well in this place to add something on financial matters. Certainly it would be hard to find a more remarkable illustration of the text, "There is that scattereth but yet increaseth" than this Bishop. It has been already noted that at Cholderton and Ufton there were no destitute poor. At the former he built the schools, spending on them and the site upwards of £300, and as much more on the painted windows. At Ufton he rebuilt the school and a cottage, and added to the rectory and outbuildings at a cost of £1,200, no charge whatever being left on future incumbents. He

also gave a reredos to the Church; and a permanent bene- 1880
faction to the parish of £20 a year at a cost of £620.

His accounts were all kept so accurately that I am able to give a precise statement of his charitable expenditure during his episcopate. It was as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1870	942	9	6
1871	866	8	0
1872	1,047	11	0
1873	1,668	5	6
1874	1,525	13	6
1875	1,769	7	6
1876	1,962	1	0
1877	2,076	9	0
1878	1,778	16	0
1879	1,609	1	0
1880	2,946	7	6
1881	1,959	5	0
1882	2,339	17	0
1883	2,460	19	0
1884	3,556	3	0
1885	1,927	6	0
Promises in 1885 made good by his widow	1,100	6	0
	31,535	19	6

He was always hospitable, though a strict economist, and, like Abbot Sampson, though "much condemning persons who were given to murmur at their victuals, especially monks" (clergymen), "was strict in his injunctions and practice that there be no shabbiness in the matter of meat and drink."

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CHAPTER VII.

"He looked on men's contending about lesser matters, or about subtleties relating to those that are greater, as one of the chief practices of the powers of darkness to defeat the true ends for which the Son of God came into the world."—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON, *Preface to Sermons*, 1693.

MILES PLATTING

WE must now break the continuity of this narrative to put on record, as shortly and plainly as may be, the history of the Miles Platting case. The legal proceedings stretched over more than five years; but, if the merits are to be understood, the facts must be grouped together, and this seems to be the best place to do it.

It may be well to preface the narrative with a notice of his attitude towards the Public Worships Regulation Act. In his charge for 1876 he had expressed his thankfulness that the spirit of fairness and calmness seemed increasing amongst them, and went on, referring to the Act. "Though I have never regretted that statute, I feel that if it were rigorously interpreted or severely applied, a train would be laid to which any foolish or ill-disposed person might place a match; and if an explosion occurred, it is difficult to say what mischief may not be done. Happily amongst ourselves even men with strong party feelings have had patience to wait and charity to forbear: and from all I know of the diocese, and I think I know it pretty thoroughly, that patience and forbearance are reaping their reward. We

might have been all in a blaze, we are in a singularly happy condition of quietness and peace. There are very few of the extreme men, and I speak of extreme men in both directions, whom I as their Bishop cannot esteem and honour for their work's sake." It has been fortunate for the Church that the match was applied and the explosion took place in his diocese. 1873

The parish of St. John's, Miles Platting, is one of the poorest districts in the southern suburbs of Manchester, densely inhabited, grimy, and, so far as externals go, altogether unlovely. The one group of buildings which break the depressing monotony are, the church, the schools and clergy-house. These had been for the most part built and endowed by the Heywood family, and Sir Thomas Heywood, the then patron, had presented the rectory to the Rev. S. F. Green in June 1869, the year before Bishop Fraser came to Manchester.

Mr. Green proved himself at once a zealous and able rector, and his good work in the parish was fully recognised by his Bishop; who, though not in sympathy with, or approving, the ritual used in the church, was on cordial terms with the rector, and content in this, as in all other cases within his jurisdiction, to assume in the absence of proof to the contrary —for which he held it to be no business of his to search—that nothing was being done contrary to law. It was not long, however, before his attention was called to the fact that Mr. Green was in the habit of mixing water with the sacramental wine, lighting candles, burning incense, and otherwise conducting his services in a manner which a portion of the parishioners strongly resented. These complaints were formulated in a letter from a parishioner, which the Bishop inclosed to Mr. Green, accompanying it with a friendly note of warning, that the mixed chalice had been declared illegal, and that he must forbid its use; adding, with reference to the other points, how painful it was to him to see the

1878 Sacrament "obscured under such questionable subtleties." To this Mr. Green replied at once, frankly acknowledging that he had used the mixed chalice, and saying that he would discontinue its use. This he did till 1873, but began again to use it in that year without communicating the fact to the Bishop.

During the next five years several anonymous complaints reached the Bishop from time to time; but of these he took no notice, relying on Mr. Green's promise, and the friendly relations which existed between them. At length, however, on the 17th of May, 1878, he received a petition purporting to be signed by 320 parishioners, complaining of Mr. Green's practices, and praying "that your lordship will use your great power to *irradicate*" (*sic*) "this abominable idolatry, so that God's blessings may freely descend upon us." This petition was forwarded by one George McDonagh, and was obviously the work of illiterate people. It is written in an execrable hand; on coarse sheets of paper, over which the signatures are irregularly scrawled; the specific charges, such as they are, being added on the last of several blank sheets, at the end.

The Bishop wrote by the next post to Mr. Green, informing him of the petition, and warning him that, if the charges were true, and the parishioners claimed their remedy under the Public Worship Regulation Act, he could not refuse to allow them to proceed. To this Mr. Green replied at once that he was "obliged to plead guilty"; and, after explaining that he had "sought to press into the service of the Church everything which adds cheerfulness and beauty to it," ended his letter; "But pardon me, my dear lord, that I presume to write to you in this way. Your letter is so very kind and considerate, speaking of what I clearly see is an inevitable necessity, so far as you are concerned. I must bow to my fate. There seems no alternative; but I shall always remember that during the time of what has been the heaviest trial and

affliction of my life so far, I have received nothing but kindness and consideration at your hands." 1878

There was some dispute subsequently as to what was referred to in the words "the heaviest trial and affliction of my life," but there is no need to discuss the point. It is only the general tone of the letter that is of any importance.

To Mr. McDonagh the Bishop wrote :—

"*Manchester, May 20th*, 1878.—SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a petition signed (you inform me) 'by 320 parishioners of St. John the Evangelist, Miles Platting,' in which the petitioners 'publicly testify to the propagation of false doctrine and deadly error by the Rev. S. F. Green,' the rector of the said parish, and call upon me to 'use the power committed to me to eradicate this abominable idolatry.'

"I respectfully submit to the petitioners, that as no particulars either of the 'idolatry' or of the 'false doctrine and deadly error' alleged are given, I can take no steps, either by way of remonstrance or otherwise, against the inculpated clergyman.

"I have not counted the signatures to the petition, but I observe, upon a cursory examination of it, that whole families of five, six, and in one instance, seven persons, have signed it at once, and that whole groups of signatures are evidently in one handwriting, and are not therefore the signatures of the persons whose names they profess to give. This fact very much weakens the value of the petition in my eyes.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, J. MANCHESTER.

"MR. GEORGE MCDONAGH,
522, *Oldham Road*."

On May 22nd McDonagh replied, referring to "the margin" of the petition for the specific charges, and challenging an inquiry as to the names and residences of the signatories.

On May 23rd the Bishop writes :—"You must excuse me

1878 from taking any further notice of charges against a clergyman, which are alleged in so vague a way—without dates or particulars of any kind—that no action can possibly be taken upon them. What you call 'the margin of the petition,' I confess entirely escaped my observation. It is no 'margin' at all, but the last of a number of otherwise blank pages, which I did not look through because I had no idea that I should find any handwriting upon them. I must take leave to say that in making and publishing serious charges of this kind against a clergyman, a little more precision of language and accuracy in the statement of facts would be desirable.

"You are of course aware of the remedy which has been provided for breaches of the law in matters of ecclesiastical ritual. While I regret that such breaches should be committed, I look for their correction rather to the gradual influence of public opinion and feeling than to any stern or peremptory enforcement of the law. But if legal proceedings are ever taken, they must rest upon much clearer and more distinct allegations than are contained in the representations which you have made in this case to me."

On May 27th McDonagh wrote to remonstrate, ending, "As we are but a body of working men, without the means of putting the Public Worship Regulation Act in force, there remains but the alternative of placing the case in the hands of the Church Association."

Here the matter rested, until on the 2nd December, the "presentation" required by the Act reached the Bishop. The case had been taken up by the Church Association, and was now virtually in their hands. On the same day the Bishop wrote as follows to Mr. Green:—

"*Manchester, December 2nd,* 1878.—MY DEAR MR. GREEN,—I am sorry to have to inform you that a 'presentation' by three parishioners, complaining of certain practices of yours in the conduct of Divine service, has been made

to me under the provisions of the Public Worship Regulation Act. The Act empowers me to stay proceedings 'after considering the whole circumstances of the case,' if I think it expedient so to do; and nothing certainly can be farther from my wishes than ecclesiastical litigation in this diocese. It was the unanimous opinion of the Bishops assembled in the Lambeth Conference, this summer, that no change in accustomed ritual ought to be made in a church against the admonition of the Bishop; and, whatever may be your opinion of the authority of the courts which decide ecclesiastical suits in this country, I hardly think you could refuse submission to a principle, so reasonable in itself, thus laid down. If you will call at the Registry to-morrow, you can see the 'presentation' and the matters complained of; and I hope myself to be there at one o'clock, when I shall be glad to see you. It ought not to be difficult to you, as a point of principle, to submit to the direction of your Bishop—under protest, if you please—in a matter of this kind; but if you refuse to do so it seems to me that I have no choice but to allow the proceedings to go on. I should do so with infinite regret, but I have no alternative." 1878

On the next day the proposed interview took place, at which Mr. Green declined to place himself in the Bishop's hands, or to abandon his practices; pleading that "in giving up the mixed chalice I should deny my Lord and imperil my own salvation." He was warned that after twenty-one days the Bishop's right of intervention would expire. "Will you not exercise your discretion and stay the proceedings?" Mr. Green then asked. "How can I suspend an Act of Parliament in my diocese, *meo mero motu?* That's not what my discretion means," was the Bishop's answer. After this no further communication came from him, or from any one on his behalf, except a letter of December 20th, containing an elaborate defence of the mixed chalice; but no hint that he

1878 was prepared to abandon its use, or to alter the ritual in his church in any of the matters complained of. In this condition of things, on Christmas Eve, the twenty-one days expired.

The Church Association lost no time in commencing proceedings, and now, when too late, the congregation of Miles Platting began to bestir themselves. A memorial, signed by 208 persons, of whom, however, only one-fourth were parishioners, was sent to the Bishop on December 30th, enclosed in a letter from the churchwardens, containing an appeal for intervention. He answered:—

"I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of the 30th instant, together with the memorial that accompanied it. I have already informed you that, through no fault or precipitancy of mine, the period allowed by the law for the Bishop to exercise his discretionary power in staying litigation has some time since elapsed; and that, as Mr. Green refused to make any concession upon the points complained of, I had no alternative but to let the proceedings take their course;" and then, after commenting on the form of the memorial, as he had done on the previous petition, he goes on:—

"It is true that I have frequently expressed the hope that in this diocese the Act would never be used as a weapon of partisan persecution, because I had hoped that few, if any, ritual excesses would be perpetrated; or that, if they were, the offending clergymen would be willing to yield to the admonition or entreaty of their Bishop, and so peace and order might be maintained. But when the excesses are just in those points which have been most signally declared to be illegal, and the Bishop's counsel and entreaty alike are disregarded, I am at a loss to know, unless absolute anarchy is to prevail, how a Bishop is to act except to take the course marked out for him by the law. If I do not like the law, I am justified in using every effort to get it repealed: but as long as it is the law, I am bound by all the obligations of a good citizen and a loyal Churchman to obey it. I may

save my conscience, by protesting while I obey, but I must obey." 1881

The proceedings ran their melancholy course, accompanied by the usual scandals and outrages. St. John's Church was broken into in April 1879, and a cross, a number of robes, books, and other property were partially destroyed by fire. The Bishop immediately wrote to express sympathy and denounce the outrage. The letter was couched in the old friendly terms, though Mr. Green's attitude towards him was no longer the same. Fierce and intemperate language and wild accusations were interchanged in the partisan press, and at public meetings. In June, 1879, the cause came on before Lord Penzance, and resulted in a finding that the allegations were proved, and the issue of a monition prohibiting the practices complained of. The monition was entirely disregarded, the case having now become the battle-ground between the Church Association and the Church Union; and so, in due course, in June 1881, Mr. Green found himself, to the great regret of the Bishop, a prisoner in Lancaster Gaol for contempt of Court.

The scandal thus brought on the Church roused a strong feeling throughout the country, and especially amongst the clergy. The trouble was, however, to find out what could be done. The clergy of the diocese, in the belief that something at any rate should be tried, presented a memorial to their Bishop by a deputation, at a personal interview. The contents of the memorial will sufficiently appear by the Bishop's reply, which, condensed, was as follows:—"The memorial proposes a 'readjustment on the lines of the constitution.' No words could be more vague. The 'dislocation' it speaks of seems to refer to the constitution of the Court of Final Appeal. I cannot see the grounds for quarrelling with it. It is in accordance with the Royal supremacy, which has been the principle governing the relations of Church and State since the Reformation. However, if the

1881 Royal Commission can bring about any more satisfactory relations no one will rejoice more than I. But what do you mean by 'the lines of the constitution'? The preamble of 24 Henry VI., or that of 25 Henry VIII.; or the Act of Uniformity of Elizabeth, or the Act of Uniformity of Charles II.? It was said that the approval of the Crown being necessary made the judge of the Court of Arches a secular judge. I can't see how any one can hold that and yet accept the Thirty-seventh Article. It was suggested by some of them that they would be quite content with a Court of Appeal consisting of Bishops. But Mr. Littledale (a representative ritualist) had declared such a court to be totally incompetent, as not half the Bishops knew the rudiments of theology, and not six were acquainted with Canon Law. I myself moved in Convocation for the removal of the Ornaments Rubric from the Prayer-Book and the substitution of a clearer one. At the same time I must tell you that there are no questions which seem to me so utterly insignificant as these." Nothing, as may be supposed, came of this memorial.

Next came an effort by the two Archbishops. After consulting together, the Archbishop of York, as Metropolitan of the Northern Province, having first obtained Bishop Fraser's ready consent, wrote to Mr. Green offering his good offices to obtain his release if he would make a submission, under protest, to his Diocesan. Mr. Green answered that he had read the Archbishop's letter three times, and considered it carefully, and had come to the conclusion that it "only recommends the course which—as I believe on good grounds —I rejected two and a half years ago." The Archbishops then drafted a Bill to make the consent of his Bishop necessary to any proceedings against a clerk under the Public Worship Act, and introduced it in the House of Lords. But the release of Mr. Green having, as we shall see, been effected *aliunde*, on the application of Bishop Fraser, the Bill was dropped.

Baffled in their first efforts, the Archbishops were yet too much in earnest to throw up the game. They met again to consider whether, even yet, a way might not be found. The result was a suggestion that, if Bishop Fraser could find and put in a man, as curate-in-charge, firm enough to refuse to allow Mr. Green to take any part in the Miles Platting services, his discharge may be safely arranged. For "in that case," urges the Archbishop of York, "he could not commit any breach of ecclesiastical law without in the first place committing a breach of the peace, which the ordinary courts will deal with." The only objection to this plan might be that (as the Archbishops hear) the present curate-in-charge, who continues the illegal practices, holds Bishop Fraser's licence. Of course, in that case, the prosecutors could not be approached. Will Bishop Fraser advise on this suggestion? 1881

The reply comes promptly. No (September 4th, 1881); Bishop Fraser can see no hope of success in the plan suggested; but their Graces are in error in supposing that the curate-in-charge (Mr. Cowgill) holds his licence. "I have allowed him to remain, or rather I have taken no steps to remove him, at the risk of being thought inconsistent, rather than occasion a scene of rioting such as was lately witnessed at Hatcham, and does not seem to have come to an end there. The congregation is largely one of non-parishioners, and would resist almost to a man any change, and the parishioners have been estranged and would not easily gather round a new man. As two years of inhibition expired on August 9th, and at the end of three years the living becomes *ipso facto* void, I think it best to wait for what seems a natural termination to the embarrassment. At the same time I devoutly hope that Mr. Green may be brought to a reasonable obedience, so that this penal consequence may be avoided. After what has passed between us I don't think he will listen to anything from me." Will not their Graces make some proposal to him? Even then, "I do not think

1881 he will give way even the breadth of a hair. I do not think however, that his fate excites much sympathy or commiseration amongst the laity, in Lancashire or elsewhere."

After this the Archbishops gave up their proposal of a "courageous curate-in-charge" but were still desirous that the Bishop should make another effort. Accordingly, at the suggestion of his Metropolitan, on September 14th he wrote :—

"MY DEAR MR. GREEN,—You will, I trust, have no difficulty in believing me when I say that I have regarded the whole course of proceedings which have resulted in your present imprisonment, and separation from your parish and people, with the gravest anxiety and regret. I could not but foresee the issue from the very first; the law was certain in the end to assert its superior strength over the individual who contested it."

Then, after a careful restatement of the case, and a reminder that Dr. Pusey, "not a fortnight ago," has admitted the mixed chalice to be non-essential, the letter goes on :—"As for the Bishop's right to interfere in a matter of this kind, it rests on the simple and direct language of the preface to the Prayer-Book concerning the service of the Church. It was with this knowledge, that, at the interview which I had with you before these proceedings commenced, I so earnestly endeavoured to persuade you to bring your ceremonial practices within those limits which the law allowed, and which you yourself recognised, or at any rate did not exceed, in the earlier years of your ministry.

"I said that you might throw all the responsibility upon me, and that, in any explanation you might offer to your people, you could tell them that you made the concessions solely and entirely because your Bishop desired you to do so. My efforts were ineffectual; and as, in my view of my office, I did not feel myself justified in interfering to protect a clergyman, however zealous and conscientious, who was openly and unquestionably breaking the law of the Church,

as that law had been interpreted by tribunals whose constitutional authority both he and I had recognised when we were ordained—at least, which were in existence then, and whose jurisdiction we had tacitly accepted—I was obliged, though with the greatest possible reluctance, to let the proceedings take their course. I have had no opportunity of interfering since; and if I had attempted to do so, my interference probably would have been as ineffectual as it was at first. 1881

"But now that every appeal to reverse or stay the proceedings under which you have suffered has failed, it has been suggested to me by those whose authority I am bound to regard—the Archbishops of both Provinces—that I not only might, but that I ought to make one more effort to bring this painful state of things to an end.

"As for the Bishop's right to interfere in a matter of this kind, it rests upon the simple and direct language of the preface to the Prayer-Book, 'concerning the service of the Church.' 'Forasmuch,' says that document, 'as nothing can be so plainly set forth, but doubts may arise in the use and practice of the same; to appease all such diversity (if any arise), and for the resolution of all doubts, concerning the matter how to understand, do, and execute, the things contained in this book, the parties that so doubt, or diversely take anything, shall alway resort to the Bishop of the diocese, who by his discretion shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same; so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this book. And if the Bishop of the diocese be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop.'

"I must call upon you therefore, as your Bishop, to put an end to a grave scandal,—which is causing grief to Churchmen of all parties; which is separating you from the parishioners whose souls were committed to your cure and government; which is imposing hardships, which no one desires to see

1881 imposed, upon yourself and your family; and which, I am afraid, is likely, if prolonged, to lead to yet further distress and embarrassment, ending finally in your deprivation,—by adopting the course so plainly indicated to you by an authority the spiritual character of which you can hardly dispute.

"I would readily, if you preferred it, leave 'the resolution thereof,' to our common Metropolitan. He can have no prejudice in the case, and may be trusted to decide the issue on the broad grounds of judicial impartiality.

"The whole responsibility of any concessions you might be required to make, would be thrown upon me, or upon him.

"I most earnestly pray that you may be guided to a right mind in a matter vitally affecting, not your own personal interests alone, but those of the Church to which you belong."

Mr. Green's reply need not be given here. The Bishop showed it to his chaplain, Archdeacon Norris, who happened to be staying with him, saying, "I see no opening for further correspondence in this letter. Do you?" The Archdeacon read the letter carefully, and advised that, in a sentence alluding to his canonical obedience to his Diocesan there was an element of hope, and begged to be allowed to go next morning to Lancaster Gaol, with one more appeal from the Bishop to Mr. Green. The Bishop at first demurred, and they parted for the night; but later he came to his chaplain's room with the draft of a letter in his hand, and said, "I have thought it over, and will accept your judgment rather than my own. Will this letter do?" The Archdeacon thought it might, and accordingly carried it next morning to Lancaster Gaol, where he delivered it to Mr. Green. It was as follows:—

"*September* 21*st*, 1881.

"DEAR MR. GREEN,

"I have read your letter carefully. There is a bitter tone in it, and bitter words, and what I cannot but regard as ungenerous interpretations which I deeply regret. But I

excuse, and more than excuse, all this, when I remember the 1881
place from which you write, and your six months' imprisonment there. But I will neither justify my own conduct in this painful case, though you have very seriously misrepresented it, nor will I further discuss any of the issues you have raised."

Then, referring to his chaplain's report, he asks "May I interpret the expression, 'I require no reminder of my duty in respect to obedience to episcopal authority,' as Archdeacon Norris thinks I may, to mean, '(1) that you hold your promise of canonical obedience to me as your Bishop as binding on your conscience as ever; and that you are willing to return to your cure of souls at Miles Platting under the solemn obligation to me as your ordinary which your oath of canonical obedience imposes?' and, if so, would you consent (2) if at any time your judgment should differ from your Bishop's as to what 'canonical obedience' requires, to accept the joint determination of the Archbishop of the Province, and his suffragans? If this is accepted," the Bishop concludes, "I will do all I can to restore to you your liberty."

The Archdeacon spent three hours with Mr. Green, and brought back the following:—

"*Lancaster Gaol, September 22nd*, 1881.—MY LORD,—I am at a loss to know why I should be required to assert that I hold my promise of canonical obedience as binding as ever. I certainly do say so *ex animo*, and have never, since my ordination, held otherwise. I fear there must be some misunderstanding between us as to the above, otherwise I should be able to see the motives for your offering the concession number 2. I think it very kind and generous to put it in that way, but I am quite content with my original obligation to my Bishop.

"I am, my Lord, your faithful servant in Christ,

"S. F. GREEN."

1881 It must be allowed that this document is not easy to construe. However, the Bishop, with the Archdeacon's help, managed to read into it a relenting on the part of his sturdy subordinate, and accordingly, without losing an hour, forwarded it to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, with a copy of his own letter. These, he submitted, justified him in asking whether the Royal prerogative of pardon might now be exercised and Mr. Green released from gaol. "I do not know whether I am asking a thing which can be done, but I am sure I am asking what, if it can be done, would be a relief to many minds, and my own amongst the rest, at the present time."

Mr. Gladstone replied by return of post:—

"*Downing Street, September 23rd,* 1881.—MY DEAR BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,—I have received your lordship's letter, with its inclosures, copies of which I keep, returning the originals.

"As I understand the matter, the exercise of the prerogative of mercy is a matter uniformly reserved to the initiation of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The case of Mr. Green is manifestly an unusual one; but I imagine it must fall under this head. My duty therefore is to transmit the whole contents of your lordship's cover to Sir W. Harcourt, and I shall add a copy of this letter. I have no doubt that, if he sees occasion, he will consult the Lord Chancellor, and their joint opinion would probably embody whatever means of authoritative judgment the Cabinet may possess. Should he think that considerations of general policy require him not only to do this, but to ask my opinion, I will give any aid in my power, but I think myself, from a variety of circumstances, very ill qualified to render assistance.

"I feel sure that my colleagues, with myself, will be glad should it be found practicable for them, or for the Home Secretary, consistently with the general rules of his duty, to

put an end to the painful state of things that has evidently caused your lordship much anxiety." 1881

It was now the middle of the long vacation, when the Home Secretary and law officers of the Crown are not so easily accessible as usual. Their deliberations were still pending at the date of the Manchester Diocesan Conference (October 13th), at which a resolution as to vestments, moved but not pressed to a division by the Dean, brought the question of the imprisonment of Mr. Green forward. The Bishop in summing up the debate stated that, having lately received a letter from Mr. Green, which gave him some hope that he accepted canonical obedience and would act loyally, he had applied to the Prime Minister, who was at that very time in communication with the Lord Chancellor and Home Secretary, with a view to putting an end in some legal fashion to Mr. Green's imprisonment.

The report reached Mr. Green in Lancaster Gaol, eliciting from him promptly a letter to the Bishop for the purpose of explaining that he had never made "any concession of the principles for which he had been contending," and went on, "To prevent all possibility of misconception, I beg leave to add, that by 'canonical obedience' I understand obedience to the rules or laws of the Church, and that it is a part of the office of a Bishop to see that such rules are observed; (*c*) that my obligation to obey the rules of the Church is, like the obligation to obey the moral law, entirely independent of whether the Bishop thinks it his duty to require obedience to them or no; (*d*) that should the Bishop order what is inconsistent with a rule of the Church in the name of some other power, we must obey the Church and take the consequences; (*e*) that as there is a rule of the Church (the Ornaments Rubric) which orders lights, vestments, incense, and the mixed chalice, there is no possibility of canonical obedience except in conformity to that rule; (*f*) that with

1881 regard to things as to which there is no *κάνων*, or rule, Bishops can hardly expect obedience in deference to complaints made by outsiders, and which are purely vexatious. I write thus fully for the purpose of enabling your lordship at once to cancel any intervention you may have exercised on my behalf, if such intervention be based upon a misconception."

Here was a bombshell thrown into the midst of the great folk! The position, in spite of its gravity, has undoubtedly its comic side. The highest officials in the realm, in Church and State—Premier, Lord Chancellor, Home Secretary, and two Archbishops—utterly foiled in the endeavour to get a contumacious clerk out of Lancaster Gaol.

The laymen (and the Archbishop of York) at once agreed that there was nothing for it but to leave the matter there, scandal or no scandal. Not so Archbishop Tait. The scandal was still weighing heavily on him. He now opened negotiations with the prosecutors, the Church Association, and, at an interview with four deputed members of their Council, on the 10th of January, 1882, obtained from them a promise themselves to apply to the Court for Mr. Green's release "if they can obtain any guarantee that the law will not be allowed to be violated." So the Archbishop writes, and asks, Can the Bishop see his way to giving any such guarantee?

"No," answers the Bishop. "I may order him to keep away from his church, but he certainly would not heed my order. In July his deprivation will take place, by the action of law. Better wait till then. We shall no doubt have a crop of new difficulties even after that. Besides, I don't like the interference of the Church Association. What have they to do with the case?" Upon this Archbishop Tait also retires, leaving a clear field for the Church Association and Church Union, and the religious newspapers, in which "to make

those sad whom God has not made sad," and to carry on their baneful and slanderous strife. 1882

Meanwhile the Bishop goes sturdily on his own way, the only man, except the prisoner himself, who sees his path clearly, and means to keep it. In January, 1882, Mr. Green applies for extra help for Mr. Cowgill, his curate-in-charge, and the Bishop consents.

In April he has to visit Lancaster for a confirmation, and, still anxious to appease strife if it may be done without injury to reverence for law, writes:—

"*The Vicarage, Lancaster, April 16th*, 1882.—MY DEAR MR. GREEN,—I do not like to leave Lancaster without offering to come and see you, in case you may wish for a conference, or that any advantage may be likely to issue from one. I should wish it to be conducted in a kindly spirit, and with a sincere wish that we might be able to find a door of escape from present and future difficulties. Surely, in the prospect of a possible reconstitution or readjustment of the ecclesiastical courts, you might consent to be guided by your Bishop in matters merely ceremonial, in which your temporary submission to his authority—under protest, if you saw fit to make one,—need not be construed into abandonment of any principle for which you have been contending. I do not see, in spite of what is past, that such a submission should be considered, either by yourself or others, impossible. I need not say how seriously the high interests of the peace and unity of the Church are concerned in it.

"A conference upon this basis might be an opportunity of which I should be glad to think you would not be unwilling to avail yourself; but if this is hopeless, I have no wish to intrude myself, unwelcome, upon you. It may be more difficult for me to interpose myself effectively now than before these proceedings began, but at least I make the proposal with the same sincere and earnest desire."

1882 Mr. Green replies:—

"*Low Sunday*, 1882.—MY LORD,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this evening.

"It can hardly have escaped your notice that I can at any time obtain my release from prison by what your lordship calls submission to the Bishop without troubling the Bishop at all. Surely, then, it would be inexcusable in me to waste your valuable time in calling upon you to do for me what I am quite able to do for myself. I also beg respectfully to direct your attention to the fact that there is no connection between suffering wrong (my present position) and doing wrong under protest. 'I feared the people and obeyed their voice'—'Pilate washing his hands,' have not generally been held as valid excuses. Your letter further remarks that these matters are 'merely ceremonial' (to me they are far otherwise), but were it so, would that not be an excellent reason why you should have protested against this imprisonment? instead of which you have constituted yourself its apologist, and done your utmost to prolong it. The law *De hæretico comburendo* was only repealed in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Had that law been unrepealed, people are asking with some interest at what point of such proceedings your lordship would be prepared to say, 'Hold! enough.' I certainly do not see any 'basis' for a conference in your lordship's letter, and beg to remain your obedient servant,

"S. F. GREEN."

On July 2nd, or—as there seems to have been some question as to the exact date—at latest on August 16th, the three years expired, the "deprivation" followed, and the benefice became vacant, but no action was taken, and Mr. Green remained in Lancaster Gaol. The matter had, however, been referred to the Lord Chancellor, who, though foiled once, was not the man to allow a scandal of this kind to go on, which

was bringing disrepute on the law and its administration. 1882
Lord Selborne accordingly prepared and submitted to the Cabinet a confidential memorandum, of which he forwarded a copy to the Bishop, requesting him, with Mr. Gladstone's concurrence, "to consider the suggestions it contained as to any action which it may be open to yourself to take."

The conclusions and suggestions of the memorandum are shortly (1) that the Court of Arches has the power, after "deprivation," to declare a sentence for contempt at an end, although unaccompanied by a voluntary submission—the "deprivation" being, in fact, equivalent to "satisfaction"—(2) that if Mr. Green would apply all difficulty would be at an end, but as he will not, "the law must not be made the instrument of keeping any man in prison only because he will not ask to come out"—(3) that as the promoters of the suit (the Church Association) had not applied in the three months that had elapsed, and probably would not do so, therefore some other person whom the Court would recognise as having a *locus standi* should make the application. The memorandum goes on to state, that the law officers had advised that it would not be constitutionally proper for the Crown to interfere in this case with a formal pardon. The Home Secretary had suggested that as the writ *De contumace capiendo* had been issued out of Chancery, it was within his (the Lord Chancellor's) jurisdiction: but he was clearly of opinion that he had no such jurisdiction. He thinks, however, that the necessary *locus standi* would not be refused by the Court of Arches to the Bishop of Manchester, if he should think proper to take on himself the responsibility of making the application.

The Bishop replied that, as he had been distinctly told that Mr. Green would be guided by the English Church Union, and as the Union had proclaimed by the mouth of its President that it would treat the "deprivation" with the same contempt as it had treated the "monition" and "inhibition"; and as Sir P. Heywood, the patron, had publicly declared that he

1882 would not recognise the deprivation, but would assist Mr. Green with all his power to maintain his rights as rector of the parish, he (the Bishop) was not prepared to take on himself the responsibility of applying for Mr. Green's release."

This resolution, however, was modified by further correspondence with the Chancellor, who suggested that, pending the accruer of the Bishop's right to fill the vacancy, which would not arise till February 16th, 1883, notice should be given to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners not to pay the stipend to Mr. Green, and that a curate-in-charge should be appointed. And so, while holding to his own opinion, that an unconditional release would only lead to new troubles, the Bishop in the end consented to make this application.

It was not his practice to dawdle over any work, pleasant or unpleasant; and accordingly on October 30th, all necessary preliminaries having been taken, a notice of motion was formally given to the promoters of the suit, that on November 4th the Bishop would apply to Lord Penzance for the discharge of Mr. Green from custody. At the same time he appointed the Rev. W. R. Pym, Curate of Lytham, a young priest of two years' standing, on whose courage and temper he could rely, to take charge of the living. He had already given Sir P. Heywood, the patron, notice that the living was vacant; and that, unless he made a new appointment within six months from September 27th, 1882, it would lapse, and remain in the Bishop's gift. On December 4th the motion came on, and resulted in an order that the seal of the Court should be attached to the writ of deliverance. The Bishop refused all contributions, and paid all the costs himself.

So ended one issue of the controversy, but at the same time his presentiment "that there would be a crop of new difficulties," was at once fulfilled. Mr. Green, in a loyal wish to free his patron from the rash pledge he had given—not to recognise the deprivation, which would involve

the abandonment of his right as patron to present another incumbent—resigned the living. 1882

Sir P. Heywood, after some demur, accepted the resignation, and at once notified the Bishop that he appointed Mr. Cowgill, Mr. Green's curate, to succeed him. This gentleman the Bishop had already refused to license, as he had carried on all the disputed practices. Without any remonstrance or protest, which he knew by this time would be useless, the Bishop examined Mr. Cowgill; and, finding that he admitted having committed the illegal acts charged, and would not undertake not to continue them, refused to institute him. The refusal was made on December 18th, and was answered by the institution of a suit by Sir P. Heywood to enforce his supposed right of nomination.

During these same weeks Archbishop Tait lay on his deathbed, from whence, as one of his last acts, he appealed to Mr. Mackonochie to resign the living of St. Alban's, that the scandal of the imprisonment of a second contumacious clerk might be avoided. Mr. Mackonochie, after some hesitation, complied with the dying Archbishop's suggestions, and resigned St. Alban's. He was appointed shortly afterwards to another cure by the Bishop of London. No sooner was this made public than a chorus of applause broke out in the press, and on platforms. "The legacy of peace," as it was called, was held up as an example, and pressed upon Bishop Fraser with extraordinary persistence, by persons of all classes, from Bishops (of the Scotch Church) to working men. One may say that no argument or device was left untried, and that not a few of the methods used reflected little credit on their authors. The most common exhortation ran, "Will you be the only Bishop to refuse the dying Archbishop's legacy of peace?" With more subtlety it was urged, "Should you fail in your defence, you will have established by legal decision that the clergy are, in matters of ritual, beyond the control of their Bishops." One vehement partisan even

1882 pledged his word that the Archbishop had approved, and sanctioned, lights and the mixed chalice, and other forbidden practices. He was, however, promptly obliged to swallow the statement, with apologies, when brought to book. Want of space forbids the telling at any length of a story which might be profitable as an illustration of the flabbiness and nervelessness of public opinion in the days we live in. One example must suffice to indicate the nature of the pressure, and it shall be the one which exercised him most, an address from the Dean of his Cathedral and five clergy of the diocese, four being rural deans. The nature of the appeal will sufficiently appear from his answer.

"MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—"The address which you have forwarded to me—and which I observe has already found its way into the papers without waiting for my reply—has received, as it deserved, my most careful consideration. If it has failed to convince me that the course which, as a Bishop placed in a most unwelcome situation, I have felt it my duty to pursue is a wrong course, this has not arisen from any want of attention to its arguments, or want of respect towards those who have signed it. You 'earnestly entreat me to consider the desirableness of peace; and you press on me the obligation to recognise the respect due to the earnest desire of the late Archbishop, whose last Christian and statesmanlike effort for peace was made by a spirit illuminated by the approach of death.' Nothing would distress me more than to be thought wanting in respect for the memory of a prelate whom I always held in the most affectionate reverence; but that reverence must not be allowed to pass into servile approval of everything that he said or did; much less into a surrender of my own independent judgment, involving grave personal responsibility, before there has been time for the mind either of the nation or of the Church to be made up whether the policy pursued in the case of Mr.

Mackonochie will really make for peace or no. No doubt peace is desirable. As Cicero says, 'The name of peace is sweet, and the thing itself salutary. But between peace and bondage there is the widest difference. Peace is tranquil freedom, bondage the worst of all evils.' And there is no bondage so great as that of men living in a state of anarchy. I am afraid you give me credit for wider sympathies than I ever possessed. I am a Churchman of the school and type of Richard Hooker; I accept loyally, and heartily, the principles of the Reformation, and have no sympathy with the persons who deny those principles, and would undo that work. There is much in the teaching of the extreme party amongst us—as to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the invocation of the blessed Virgin and the Saints, and the power of the priest in Absolution—that I for one cannot distinguish from the teaching of the Church of Rome. I cannot bid that teaching welcome in the Church of England. I yearn as earnestly as you can do for that better and brighter future for our mother Church which you foresee if the policy you recommend were adopted. I deeply regret that I cannot share those anticipations. Unless men will come back within the lines of the Prayer-Book, as these were understood and accepted till recent innovations blurred them, I can discern nothing for the Church but continued disquiet in the present, and disaster, possibly destruction, in a future only too threatening and imminent." 1882

On the other hand, specimens must be given of his replies to those who approved his conduct.

Manchester, December 30th, 1882.—"Yours is one of a number of letters which I daily receive, assuring me that the course which I have felt it my painful duty to take in reference to the benefice of St. John, Miles Platting, meets with the approval and sympathy of the great body of moderate and whole-hearted Churchmen.

1882 "I feel strengthened by this expression of support. Substantial aid has also been offered—by one gentleman to the extent of five hundred pounds—towards the costs of litigation, which I fear must be the next stage of the proceedings; but this, while feeling most grateful for the offer, I must decline. I do not think I shall need it, and certainly till I need it I am too proud to accept it. But the spontaneousness and generosity of the offers have much delighted me.

"I do not see how I could have acted otherwise. My one aim has been to put on record a protest, which I hope may not be ineffectual, against the spread of that spirit of lawlessness which in its principle strikes at the life of all organised society. If the law chooses to stultify itself, or—going on some narrow technical line—tells me that I have not sufficient legal grounds to justify my action, I shall simply submit, and hope that the good sense of English public opinion will then arrive at the conclusion that it is time for such a state of the law—giving facility to the practice of illegalities—to be altered.

"Meanwhile, perhaps the best course will be to remain quiet, and let matters take their course. I am not actuated by any partisan, still less by any intolerant, motives; and I am sure you, who know me well, will give me credit for this."

In acknowledgment of resolutions passed at a meeting of the Congregation of St. Edmund's Church, Alexandra Park, Manchester, he wrote to the Rev. H. Woods Tindall as follows:—

"I thank you for your letter and the copy of the resolutions passed at the meeting of your parishioners last night which it communicated to me. In reply to them, perhaps it will be best for me, in the present conjuncture of affairs, simply to define, as clearly as I am able, the position which I have taken up. There is a constitution of this Church and realm which has existed for the last forty years, and which is

practically and in principle identical with the constitution devised at the time of the Reformation, which places the supreme and final appeal in causes ecclesiastical in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of the Sovereign. Under this constitution I was myself ordained ; and so were Mr. Green and Mr. Cowgill. It is a constitution against which the Church has never protested by any organised or authorised voice. The High Church party themselves appealed to it, when it suited their purpose, in the case 'Liddell *v.* Westerton.' The Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts now sitting may introduce some readjustments in the working of this constitution ; but it is hardly likely that they will seriously modify its essential principle, which places the supreme 'rule of all estates and degrees, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal,' in the Crown ; nor will the recommendations of such a Commission, however wise and proper, be of any force or validity till they have been ratified by the Legislature and embodied in an Act of Parliament. 1882

"Meanwhile, is it to be seriously maintained that all ecclesiastical order and authority have ceased in the land, and that every clergyman and congregation despising the rights of minorities, and sometimes of majorities also, are to do just what they please ? People are, of course, at liberty to say that they do not like the present constitution of the Courts, or that their decisions do not carry conviction to their minds ; but this only means that people are at liberty, by lawful means, to reconstitute the Tribunals, and to get the unpalatable decisions reversed. It cannot mean, unless anarchy is to be substituted for order, that the Courts themselves, as existing, are to be ignored, and their most solemn decisions trampled under foot. The President of the English Church Union has indeed proclaimed that the party with which he acts will not be satisfied till they have destroyed the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Privy Council in matters ecclesiastical ; but till he has destroyed it by substituting for it a more

1883 perfect system, he must bear the present burden with as much patience as he can command. The Church of England cannot afford to be deprived at once of the protection and authority of all law; for if you destroy the authority you destroy at the same time the protection.

"If there is to be 'a truce' at all, the only ground on which it can be reasonably offered, or accepted, is that both parties should keep within the limits of defined law as it stands, existing provocations being withdrawn, and no fresh ones introduced. Is it an unnatural or improper thing to ask—'Till the law is altered keep within the limits of the law'?

"I neither am, nor ever was, a party man. I am not seeking now popularity with a party, or to win a triumph for one; and I deeply deplore that I have been forced into a position which is unwelcome to all my natural inclinations and impulses. But there are principles which I feel bound, by every sentiment of fealty to my Church and to my office, to endeavour to maintain; and the time may be coming rapidly on when it will behove Churchmen, if they would save Scriptural truth, to declare that, while desiring to be true to the principles of all really Primitive and Catholic Christianity, they will be true also to the principles of their own sober and well-considered Reformation."

To Canon Stowell, who had forwarded an address of sympathy from the clergy of the diocese, he wrote:—

February 12th, 1883.—"I am grateful to you and the other clergy of the diocese who have signed it, for the address expressing sympathy and confidence in the difficult and unwelcome position in which the action of the patron of the benefice of St. John's, Miles Platting, has placed me. There are times in the lives of most men, when they have simply to do what they feel to be their duty and to take the consequences. As the matter has entered on the legal stage it is perhaps better that I should say no more. Those who

know me will at least acquit me of having had any party aims in the course which I have taken." 1883

On the 27th January, while the case was preparing for trial, the Bishop informed the plaintiff, through the Rev. H. Heywood, his brother, that, though the patron's right of presentation had lapsed, he had no wish to avail himself of the lapse, and would much rather accept a presentation from the patron "if he will only nominate a clerk who will conform to the law of the land."

In March he renewed his offer to Sir P. Heywood, that if he won his cause he would not take advantage of the lapse, but would allow Sir Percival to present, provided only that the appointee would undertake to obey the law. To Mr. Oliver Heywood, the plaintiff's younger brother, he made a similar offer "in the event of the presentation passing Sir Percival." Both offers were declined.

Having now done all he could, or felt that he ought to do, for peace, the Bishop was not the man to sit down and allow himself to be beaten if he could help it. The battle was to be fought out, but fought out on lines marked out by him. He employed the best counsel he could get, Lord Herschell, and Mr. Jeune, and, while putting himself frankly in their hands, stipulated in a paper of memoranda prepared for them, "that the case should be argued on the broadest possible grounds of obvious legality and common-sense, and not entangled in the smallest measure with mere technicalities—viz., that what is sufficient ground for deprivation is sufficient for refusal to institute—as the Bishop wishes the importance of the issue to be intelligible to every one."

It was not until December that the cause came on for hearing. In the long months which intervened, the suit, and the parish,—which, however, was being served with admirable temper and discretion by Mr. Pym and Mr. Williamson,—were a constant cause of anxiety, all the harder to bear with

1884 patience from his sense of the pettiness of the questions at issue. Probably no living Churchman of any eminence cared less about the ritual of the second year of Edward VI., or what robes were worn, or positions or gestures used, if only the law were obeyed. "I am terribly weary," he writes to Mr. Sale, "of the utter unprofitableness of all this strife. What a different thing from preaching the Gospel, the work Paul felt himself sent to do."

To Canon Stowell. Nov. 29th, 1883.—"My horrible trial was fixed for December 5th, and I had made all my arrangements accordingly. To my disgust I hear this afternoon it is postponed till the 10th. Of course I must be present, and therefore I give you the earliest notice I can of my probable inability to fulfil my engagement with you for that evening. I hear it said that the opposite party—or some of them—are eagerly hoping for some terms of compromise. There was a time when such a thing might have been possible, but not now. I shall be satisfied with nothing but the legal decision of an authorised tribunal. Did you see in the *Guardian* this morning, the intimation that, under certain circumstances, Mr. Mackonochie might be presented to a benefice in this diocese? *There* would be a pretty kettle of fish to fry."

At last, the hearing came on, before Baron Pollock. The argument lasted over two days, the 10th and 11th of December, and judgment was reserved. It was not delivered until January 22nd, 1884, when verdict and judgment were given for the defendant, with costs.

To Archdeacon Norris. Jan. 26th, 1884.—"I cannot affect to be otherwise than satisfied with the judgment of Baron Pollock, though I never sought the controversy. It was a cruel (as it seems to me) and quite unnecessary act, on the part of Sir P. Heywood to *force* me to set my back against the wall

and fight; and I can't profess to be sorry that he is beaten. 1884
His time for presentation has lapsed, but even now if he would nominate to me a clerk who would not exceed the limits of ritual allowed by law—and I am sure these are wide enough for any honest English Churchman—I would accept him. And so I have signified to him through his brother Oliver; and this perhaps would be the best solution of the difficulty. I feel no elation whatever at my success. If the judgment has increased a Bishop's authority and made it real, it has also largely increased his responsibility; and I have two churches in the diocese in which illegality in ritual is carried to its highest extent, the clergy of which have utterly despised my admonition, which are not unlikely to be vacant at an early date, when I may find myself face to face with this difficulty again. All this makes me weary, and, like the Psalmist, I long to flee away to some more sequestered spot, not beaten upon by the fierce glare of controversy, and be at rest. You say that the Bishops instructing their clergy, should make no reference to the decisions of the courts. I hardly see why, as at any rate these decisions constitute the working ecclesiastical law, which alone has coercive force. But you know that in my admonition of November 25th, 1881, I most carefully avoided all reference to these decisions, and based my direction on principles that should have commended themselves to all Churchmen, but I only drew forth a strong protest from Knox-Little and others, who will accept no rule but their own tastes and likings."

On the 27th the Bishop instituted Mr. Evans, a young man whom he had ordained in 1878, and who had been doing excellent work in Burnley ever since. The induction took place in the middle of February, when the Sunday School was closed by Sir P. Heywood's orders (the building being his property), and the choir resigned in a body. Seventeen voluntary teachers at once offered their services, and eighty

1884 children presented themselves on the first Sunday, while an efficient choir was at once extemporised from a number of volunteers.

But the subject need be pursued no further here. It was with reluctance that it has been allowed to occupy so much space, but, on going through the whole of the documents, I was myself astonished to find how mistaken I had been on more than one point in the controversy. It is probable that most readers will be in the same position, so that it became clearly my duty as editor to give up whatever space a full, though I hope succinct, narrative of the whole of the facts might require.

CHAPTER VIII

"I doubt not but a very good man may upon several occasions almost unavoidably be engaged in controversies of religion; and, if he have a head clear and good enough, so as to be master of his own notions and temper enough in that hot kind of service, he may therein do considerable advantage to the truth: tho' a man that hath once drawn blood in controversy is seldom known ever perfectly to recover his temper afterwards."—TILLOTSON, *Preface to Sermons*, 1693.

THE CONVOCATION OF YORK.

IT is with some misgiving that I approach the subject of this chapter, the dealings of the Convocation of York with the Miles Platting case, so far at least as the storm which raged in that assembly affected the Bishop. There is something unsatisfactory in the debatings and doings of all purely professional conclaves, and those of the clergy are no exceptions. Moreover, it is exceedingly difficult for an outsider to understand, or appreciate at its right value, much that happens, from want of familiarity with technicalities, and professional habits and methods. But the task must be undertaken, for there can be no question that the course which the Bishop felt constrained to adopt, and to which he adhered with unswerving patience and firmness, was, and still is grievously misunderstood, not only by many of his professional brethren, but by personal friends, and this in consequence mainly of the reports of the proceedings and debates in the Convocation of the Province of York. 1881

We need not concern ourselves here with the part which the

1881 Bishop had taken in the debates and business of the House during the eleven previous years of his membership. He was a man who could not fail to make his mark in any assembly; and his speeches and action on the use of the Athanasian Creed already given, and other important ecclesiastical subjects, had given him a strong position as the representative in Convocation of a frankly liberal and tolerant, though orthodox, churchmanship. It was probably indeed the strength of his position in this regard, and the consciousness of his hold on the highest kind of popularity, both in the Church and outside it, which embittered and turned into a personal attack, a discussion which—for the sake of all parties concerned, as well as of the Church and the country—should have been allowed before all things to remain impersonal.

Ever since its commencement the Miles Platting case had naturally attracted the attention of Convocation, but it was not till 1881 that any formal action was taken upon it. In that year the Dean of York proposed a resolution, the effect of which, whatever its intention, would have been to throw the whole blame of prosecutions under the Public Worship Regulation Act on the Bishop of the diocese in which the proceedings arose. This resolution, though out of order (the Lower House having only the power in such a case of proceeding by gravamen), was not opposed by the Bishops; the President of their House merely pointing out that, if carried, it would be somewhat unfair on them. It was put, and only defeated by a majority of one. Its proposer and his immediate supporters thereupon, in the interval between the sittings of 1881 and 1882, circulated a gravamen on the same subject amongst the members of the Lower House, for which before the next meeting of Convocation they had already obtained thirty-six promises of support. It does not seem at all clear that this was not as illegal as it certainly was unusual. The point was noticed by the President in his opening remarks, but without comment; and no action was taken by

him or his colleagues to hinder this gravamen from being 1882
brought forward. Convocation had scarcely met, in February, 1882, before it became clear that the intention of its supporters was, that it should be moved, not in full Synod, but in the Lower House sitting apart.

For eighteen years there had been no separation of the two Houses. The custom of separate sittings had obtained at first after the revival of Convocation, and had lasted till 1865. But, shortly after his succession to the Archbishopric, the present President, with the zealous assistance of the then Prolocutor, had procured that the two Houses should sit together; an arrangement which, while it obviously facilitated business, gave the Lower House the advantage of at once knowing, and taking part in the consideration of, all questions which might be introduced in the Upper. It had worked perfectly well, and apparently to the satisfaction of all concerned, until the discussion and division in 1881, already referred to. Now however, after a short discussion—during which the President pointed out that there was a motion on the paper for discussion in the united Houses which would raise the whole question, but that nevertheless it was within their right—the Lower House voted to retire for the discussion of this gravamen by thirty to twenty-six. In the separate sitting which followed, the Prolocutor, having stated his reasons for the course which he and his immediate supporters were taking, called upon the Dean of York, who proceeded to move that the gravamen in its amended form, "That the continued imprisonment of the Rev. S. F. Green, a clergyman of this province, is a perplexity and scandal to this House and to the Church at large," should be adopted as an *articulus cleri*.

The opening sentence of the mover's speech was ominous. "It was his honest and conscientious intention," he began, "to promote peace"; but he confessed that his experience of efforts to promote peace in that House was that of every one who had the same object, viz., that he was almost certain

1882 to be misunderstood and misrepresented. However with this view of promoting peace, he had felt that they ought to discuss this question amongst themselves, which they could do more freely than in the presence of the other House. As to the merits of the gravamen before them, all of them broke the law, which it was simply impossible to obey. Let him who was without sin amongst them cast the first stone. As to Mr. Green, it was asked why he didn't do what he was required to do, and he would be at once released. Mr. Green had told them why. He had said, 'As an honest and conscientious man I cannot do what I am required to do.' To detain a man in prison and tell him that he must either do something which his conscience forbade him to do, or stay there till the penalty had worked a change in his mind, was an act of cruelty, an act of persecution, and a downright disgrace to the day and the country in which we live."

The seconder, the Rev. Canon Owen, relied on the same arguments as the mover; adding "that it was urged that Mr. Green and his friends would not attend to the voice of their spiritual fathers. But how if the father's voice came with the predominant accents of the Privy Council? There ought to be a stop put to this state of things."

In the long debate which followed, the main argument was met by Canon Eden with the remark, "that no Government could in such a case admit this plea of conscience; for a man picking his neighbour's pocket might say that it was a matter of conscience with him to attempt thus to obtain a more equal distribution of wealth." But this very obvious *reductio ad absurdum*, and the common-sense argument of the Dean of Chester—"that, if there was nothing in the background, they were going in solemn assembly to vote what nobody doubted, as the whole country felt already that the punishment was utterly unsuitable to the offence; but why should they bring all their learning and experience to the passing of a truism, and a truism which was certain to be misunderstood"—were equally

urged in vain. On a division the gravamen was carried by thirty-eight to eighteen votes. 1882

So far the debate had turned on general principles, and had been free from personalities, but, now that the gravamen had been carried, the atmosphere changed. No one can have listened to the speeches in Parliament, or in any large gatherings of laymen where great issues are at stake and men are keenly interested, without having learned sorrowfully to admit the truth of the Psalmist's bitter cry, "Their words are smoother than oil and yet be they very swords." If the Lower House of Convocation of the northern province may be taken as a fair specimen of ecclesiastical bodies they form no exception to this rule. The Dean of Durham now rose to move the reformandum founded on this gravamen, "That the Lower House therefore humbly requests of the Upper House to take some united action, by address to the Crown or otherwise as they may be advised, which may lead to the removal of this scandal by the release of the Rev. S. F. Green." Possibly the intimation already thrown out by the President, that a reformandum in this form could not be admitted, the Convocation of York having no *locus standi* for approaching the Crown directly, may have accounted for the line now taken by Dean Lake, as it had by anticipation rendered the whole discussion useless for any practical purpose. "The imprisonment," he urged, "was a fatal mistake, and a mistake for which the Bishop of Manchester was responsible by allowing the proceedings to be taken in the first instance. As to concessions, if Mr. Green had made those demanded of him, he could scarcely have held up his head as a gentleman afterwards. Then as to the means used to induce Mr. Green to submit himself to his Bishop, he (Dean Lake) was astonished recently when reading a pastoral address of the Bishop's, in which, after referring to the leading features of Mr. Green's case, he went on to say, 'I don't like this posing as a martyr when you are only playing the part of an anarchist and bad

1882 citizen.' He put it to that House with much sorrow, whether that was quite the way to induce a clergyman to submit to his fatherly admonitions." Such, in an abbreviated and expurgated form, is the gist of this inexplicably bitter attack. It is needless to quote further a speech of which one of the most moderate of those who heard it has written: "I well remember the feelings of pain, I may almost say of indignation, awakened in the minds of most of us. It was an outbreak in every respect unseemly and unjustifiable."

The motion was seconded by Canon Trevor, in a similar though milder strain, on the ground that "it seemed to him eminently judicious"! This epithet cannot at any rate be applied to his own only original suggestion. "If," he said, "the Bishops were not prepared to go to the Crown, let them follow apostolic precedent and go themselves to Lancaster gaol and fetch the prisoner out. Nothing, he was sure, would be more grateful to the generous hearts of the Most Reverend the President and the Bishop of Manchester. He would take upon himself to promise that the whole Lower House would be proud to attend their Lordships on their pilgrimage!"

No good, as may well be supposed, was likely to result from a debate opened in this temper and spirit. As a fact, less harm came of it than might have been looked for. Sobered somewhat, it may be, by such comments as those of Canon Blakeney, who expressed himself as deeply pained by some of the remarks which had been made, adding "that people outside would be greatly scandalised at their publication," Dean Lake and his friends accepted an insertion in their reformandum of the words "while it does not feel called upon to express as a House any opinion of Mr. Green's conduct," which made it perfectly innocuous. In this form it was passed without a division.

In due course the gravamen and reformandum were reported to Convocation in full synod. The President, on behalf of the Bishops, answered at once by reading an extract from

a letter of the Home Secretary as follows: "Sir William Harcourt is advised by the law officers of the Crown that the powers of the Crown to discharge persons from custody could not be rightly, or even constitutionally, exercised in the case of a person imprisoned for contempt of Court, and committed for persistent disobedience to the lawful commands of a competent tribunal." He further assured them, that in answer to an application he had himself forwarded early in his archiepiscopacy, he as President had been informed officially that the Convocation of York had no right of access to the Crown. They could not therefore do as the reformandum proposed; while if the Bishops were asked "to lead a forlorn hope to the foot of the throne to get Mr. Green out of prison, though they knew that the law officers had given an adverse opinion, and that the Government had refused to act after receiving that opinion, that they would not do." He concluded: "As I said before, and I repeat it emphatically, we are as anxious as any one possibly can be to embrace any feasible mode of securing the release of Mr. Green; but, with the knowledge that the Crown has been advised not to grant it, and with Sir William Harcourt's assurance that it will not grant it, to tell the Bishops that it is part of their duty to go to the Crown and say it is the Sovereign's duty to release Mr. Green, would not be seemly conduct on the part of this Convocation." 1882

Up to the last day of the sittings the Bishop of Manchester had no opportunity of reply, so on the morning of the 16th of February, the President asked the indulgence of the House, that Bishop Fraser might refer to the quotations made in the Lower House from a charge of his. Dean Lake at once intervened, claiming in fairness that he should be allowed to repeat what he had said below, which he proceeded to do, "with bland but scorching words of professed friendship, which added bitterness to the attack," to quote again from the same member of Convocation.

1882 The Bishop of Manchester then rose, and without a word of recrimination, stated the facts of the case, which are already before the reader. In answer to Dean Lake's charge he simply said, "I can honestly say, that when I wrote the passage in question Mr. Green's case as an individual was not before my mind." He then gave the whole of the passage of which the Dean had quoted a part, and which ran: "No one, I repeat, regrets these prosecutions more than I do, but what I regret most is that there should be a justifiable ground for them. No one likes less than I the policy and proceedings of the Church Association. I refer to the way in which the prosecutions have ordinarily been got up, notably so in the case of St. John's, Miles Platting; but both their policy and proceedings would be frustrated unless there were men who provoked their action by ostentatiously defying the law of the land. I do not like this posing as a martyr when you are only playing the part of an anarchist and bad citizen." He ended thus: "I have now laid the whole case before Convocation, and ask you frankly—I ask you as fair-minded Englishmen, whether you are not willing to make allowances for the difficulties in which a Bishop is placed by a clergyman, who will neither acknowledge the law of the land, nor submit to his Bishop's decision or advice. Without inviting any comment, speaking to you only by your indulgence, and by favour of his Grace, I thought it right to lay my case plainly before you, for I am not afraid to trust it to the fair and equitable consideration of the clergy of this province."

This appeal is now made to a wider audience.

"A man that hath once drawn blood in controversy is seldom known ever perfectly to recover his temper afterwards," are words of the sagacious English prelate quoted at the head of this chapter, than whom few men have had better opportunities of watching the working of the *odium theologicum*.

They were verified in Dean Lake's case, who returned to the charge more than once, and notably on the occasion of the notorious "legacy of peace." I add here the Bishop's answer to a letter in *The Times* of Dean Lake on this subject. The passage quoted by the Bishop is all that need be given of this document. 1882

"*To the Editor of The Times.* Sir,—The Dean of Durham indulges in a latitude both of statement and comment, which is not unusual with him, in the letter which appeared in your columns of last week.

"There is, however, only one passage in that letter which I feel disposed to notice. He says, 'The case assumes a more painful character when the Bishop of Manchester asserts, as he is well known to do, that he is acting by the advice of his Metropolitan. . . . For surely it is hardly in accordance with any ideas of authority, or even of propriety, in our Church, that two Bishops should thus combine, immediately after the death of so great a Prelate as the late Archbishop, to thwart his last attempt to give peace to the Church.'

"A few dates will dispose of this not very generous attempt to give an invidious character to the action which a sense of duty led me to pursue. The Archbishop of York paid me a visit, on November 1, on the occasion of the first degree day of the Victoria University, and I naturally consulted him upon the difficulty in which I foresaw I was likely to be placed, in regard to the vacant benefice of St. John's, Miles Platting. He concurred with me in thinking that I had no alternative but to refuse institution to any clergyman who might be presented to me by the Patron, of whom I had good reason to believe that he was likely to continue the same illegal practices for which Mr. Green had been deprived.

"It was not unnatural, nor, I hope, improper for a Suffragan Bishop, in a matter of great difficulty and responsibility, to consult his Metropolitan. One or two of my friends

1882 are aware that I did consult the Archbishop; but for obvious reasons, not wishing to draw another into my own quarrel, I have not been in the habit of 'asserting' the fact, in the way the Dean of Durham's words imply. On the 10th November. Sir P. Heywood announced to me his intention of nominating Mr. Cowgill; and on December 2nd, I first saw that gentleman with reference to his institution. On December 3rd, Archbishop Tait died; and it was not till a full week after that date that the public became aware of what had been done with reference to Mr. Mackonochie.

"The Dean of Durham could, of course, have authenticated his statement before making it, if he had been so disposed; but this would not have answered his purpose of putting the most invidious construction that he could on the conduct of the Archbishop of York and myself.

"But I submit to your readers that my consulting my Metropolitan on November 1st on a matter of serious difficulty —which I maintain was a perfectly proper proceeding on my part—could never have been tortured by a fair mind into 'a combination between two Bishops, immediately after the death of so great a prelate as the late Archbishop, to thwart his last attempt to give peace to the Church.'"

CHAPTER IX.

"Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath like cauler air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair."—MICKLE.

MARRIAGE. 1880.

BY this time readers must be aware that Fraser was a man to whom "home" meant more than it usually does to men of his energy and ability. Without ambition, in the ordinary sense of the word, his strong sense of duty and delight in thoroughness had made him a splendid worker in his parish, and on Royal Commissions; and no man could be more keenly interested in all that was going on in the nation and the world. But his life—that in which his heart lay—was, before all things, a home life. He stood aloof as long as he could from clerical gatherings and political meetings, even when social questions on which he felt deeply were to be discussed. He scarcely ever went to London, and never belonged to a club until, as Bishop, he became a member of the Athenæum *virtute officii*. Bright and frank as he was in all companies, he was never so bright, or seen to such advantage, as in his own home. It may seem strange that such a man should not have married early in life, and indeed *is* strange, when one remembers his chivalrous feelings for women and delight in their society. But the reasons are not far to seek. During the years when young 1880

1880 people fall in love he was too poor to allow himself the luxury voluntarily, and too much master of himself to fall into it involuntarily. Within a few months of his leaving Oriel for a home of his own, at Cholderton, his mother was left without one by the death of her youngest son. She came to him at once, and became the mistress of his house, and identified herself so thoroughly with all his interests and hopes that the idea of displacing her became a painful thought to him. Then, until his removal to Ufton, he would have forfeited the income of his Fellowship by marriage, an important consideration when the orphan children of his brother Edward, who was killed in the Mutiny, came home from India, and were to a large extent dependent on him, as he writes to his friend Sale.

August 12th, 1857.—"Dear Edward's three eldest boys, aged eleven, eight, and seven, are with us. The care of their education will mainly devolve on me, and becomes a great responsibility. For the first time I am thankful to find myself unmarried that I may the better discharge it."

Again, the arrival of the aunt, to whom he was deeply attached, and who had been almost a second mother to him and his brothers in their early years of comparative poverty, to share his home with his mother, placed yet another obstacle in the way of such a change. To these, no doubt, may be added the one reason of itself sufficient, that since his mature manhood he had not happened to meet the right person. That the persons specially interested in this part of their neighbours' lives were not wanting in solicitude on his behalf may be taken for granted. One specimen only of such fruitless industry will be quite sufficient for our purposes.

To Rev. J. Lonsdale. Dec. 19th, 1872.—"The gossips of Manchester have been engaging me to a young lady said to be worth a quarter of a million of money, and the idle

rumour even got into the London papers. You may judge 1876
of its credibility when I tell you that I have never seen the lady in question."

At last, however, to the Bishop, as to all men who deserve and wait for it, came the right opportunity. When in Norfolk in 1868, as an assistant commissioner, he had stayed with a Mr. Parker, the rector of Saham Tony, formerly a Fellow of New College, to whom he had been introduced by his chief, Mr. Tremenheere. An intimacy sprang up between them, one result of which was that Mr. Parker set aside a fund for the education of the sons of poor clergy in the diocese of Manchester, of which he named the Bishop trustee. In 1876, Mr. Parker, now an old man, was compelled to give up active duty, and went to live with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Duncan, who, with an only daughter, Agnes, was settled in Weston, a suburb of Bath. Here the Bishop came to visit his old friend on business connected with the trust, and became acquainted with the lady who was destined to be his wife. Miss Duncan came of a family entirely congenial to the Bishop. John Shute Duncan, her father, and Philip Duncan, her uncle, had both been Fellows of New College, and residents at Oxford, in the early decades of this century. They had taken active part in the life of the University, and had been friends of Copleston, Whately, Sydney Smith, Hooley, and Buckland, with the last of whom they were in special sympathy, as they were amongst the earliest and most zealous promoters of the study of natural science at Oxford. In 1829 Philip was appointed Curator of the Ashmolean Musæum, of which both brothers were munificent benefactors. They were also the founders of the first savings bank in Oxford. On his marriage Mr. John Duncan left Oxford for Bath, where he became one of the foremost promoters of the Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, and of the savings bank, and an active supporter of all the local charities until his death in 1844. It would

1878 seem that, at the date of the following letter, the engagement was of some years standing, but had not been acknowledged in consequence of the state of Mrs. Duncan's health. She was quite blind, and her daughter could not entertain any proposal for leaving her. She died in the autumn of 1878.

To Archdeacon Norris. Dec. 24th, 1878.—"They have been anxious times with me of late. I have been laid up myself for a month with bronchitis, and even now only get out of the house when the weather is propitious. To-day I am a close prisoner. My two dear old ladies, too, have been a cause of much anxiety, and three weeks ago I did not think I should have had either of them with me now. But they have rallied wonderfully the last few days, and my dear aunt looks almost at her best and brightest for her eighty-ninth birthday, which is to-morrow. You see in the papers accounts of the distress which prevails amongst us. I hope, however, we shall be able to bear it. *My* chief grief is that I can only send my money, and in the present state of the weather (with my bronchitis) cannot take any active part in the relief-organisations, which are wisely planned, and are becoming very effective.

And now, to whom can one tell a secret if not to a friend? I am going *to tell you a secret*, which has been disclosed to a few mutual friends, but which for obvious reasons I wish to be kept as *a secret* from the gossiping world. There is a lady—Miss Duncan—staying at the St. Vincent's Rock Hotel, Clifton, in whom I have a special interest. I wish you would take Mrs. Norris to call on her. I have told her I should ask you. She lives at Bath, and about five weeks ago lost her mother at the age of eighty-seven. She comes to Clifton for a change and stays there till the 31st. She is daughter of John Duncan, and niece of Philip Duncan, both formerly Fellows of New College. Well, I won't say to you what I think of her. You and Mrs. Norris shall form an independent judgment. We have

been attached to each other for two years, but hitherto the circumstances of each of us have compelled us to wait, and that is why we have wished our engagement to be known only to a few friends who could be trusted not to divulge it. Even now we can't see our way clearly yet. I should like your wife to know her. Now, keep my secret, and don't write to me till you have seen the lady, and then tell me if you don't think I have the right to consider myself entitled to look for that happiness which you have found." 1879

The secret was well kept by all his friends for the next two years. In the autumn of 1879 the suspense was over and the time fixed for the marriage, so that the reasons for any further reticence had disappeared.

To Mr. Cornish (who had been appointed Honorary Canon of Chester Cathedral). Oct. 22nd.—"I am very glad you have told the dear Bishop of Chester. He has always been most affectionate to me, and I think the news would give him pleasure, particularly if you added how happy I was in my choice. I think I told you that our marriage will probably take place early in January, though you know for what contingencies we have to make allowance, and that we cannot therefore fix dates with absolute certainty. I have had a letter from Gould and his wife this morning, congratulating me; so I suppose the secret is a pretty open one in your neighbourhood by this time. I find too that it is spreading in Lancashire, but people are very kind, and do not annoy me with impertinent questions and gossip."

"I have just got through my diocesan conference. There was an attendance of about 350 (200 laymen and 150 clergy), and though we touched burning questions, it was done with much good temper, and the net result was most encouraging. I have received several testimonies from lay-members to that effect."

1879 *To the Rev. Canon Cornish. December 22nd*, 1879.—"Well! you are getting your name up in the agricultural world! shall expect next year to hear of your exhibiting, and perhaps carrying off a prize, at Smithfield; but did you *really* breed as well as feed? or is this a pardonable exaggeration of Comber? who (as dissenters are apt sometimes to be) is not as scrupulous in the use of words as he might be."

"My bronchitis has not yet assumed any serious symptoms. I laid up for a week, from motives of prudence, and to get ready for my journey to Monckton Farley, where I enjoyed myself to my heart's content, but I am at work as usual again; till to-day, which is bright, the weather here has been villainous, a succession of fogs, which have made it specially difficult to throw off a catarrhal ailment.

"I may tell you as a secret to be communicated only to your wife, that, if all goes on well with my two dear old ladies, the event will take place in London on the 15th January. It will be as quiet as it can be, and we propose to spend three or four weeks at Torquay which we hope to find pretty warm and pleasant even in January. The Ufton rates have of a truth come down! if no hardship is being inflicted on the really deserving poor in the process, it is a matter to rejoice over. I shall venture to send you a cheque for 15*l.*, to distribute in the parish, according to your discretion, on the celebration of my marriage, and as a token to the people that I do not forget them. I would suggest that it should be laid out in clothing. I must remember the dear old Cholderton people in the same way. I hear that the new rector is a very good man. I am sorry to hear "the missus" is ailing: I hope it is only a passing attack."

To Canon Cornish with Cheque for £15. Jan. 5th, 1880.—"When you distribute it, tell the people that I am sure I shall have their good wishes and prayers for my happiness. I think

you might, without impropriety, give rather a larger amount to the people who lived in the parish in my time; though I should not like to leave out any household. But I leave the matter entirely to your discretion. 1880

"Stanley is to marry me, and Hugh Pearson of Sonning is to be my best man. I see he has just lost his old and valued parishioner, Miss Caroline Palmer; but I hope that will not interfere with his promise to me. I have just had sent me this morning almost the handsomest wedding present I ever saw in my life, from dear old Canon Gibson, accompanied by a most affectionate letter. The clergy of the diocese, I hear, are also going to join in a handsome piece of plate. I am almost sorry, as I need none of these things, but, of course, the spirit is gratifying. But I absolutely forbid you and Mrs. Cornish doing anything of the kind: I know I shall have your best wishes, and I want no more. Really, I do not know what to do with some of the things that between us we have received."

Besides the gifts to Ufton and Cholderton, the Bishop sent cheques for 250*l.* and 50*l.* to the secretaries of the Manchester and Salford District Provident Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association, with the following notes:

"*Bishop's Court, January 14th,* 1880.—Dear Mr. Smith, To-morrow, all being well, will be my wedding-day, and in the midst of my own happiness I should like to mark the day by some little effort to promote the comfort of others in the midst of whom I live. I know of no organisation which will carry out my wishes so effectually as your society, and if you as its agent will kindly undertake to distribute for me the sum of 250*l.*, for which I inclose cheque, amongst the deserving and necessitous poor in those parishes of Manchester and Salford in which at the present time there seems to be most distress, you will lay me under an obligation. After much reflection I could think of no better way of showing my appreciation of

1880 the kind interest which people of all classes in Manchester have taken in an event so materially affecting my happiness, for which I am deeply grateful to them. I remain, dear Mr. Smith, yours faithfully, J. MANCHESTER."

"*Bishop's Court, January 14th*, 1880.—Dear Mr. Newett, You have, I believe, a fund in connection with the Y.M.C. Association, out of which you make from time to time helpful gifts to persons who have seen better days, but who are suffering very acutely from the present depression of trade. To-morrow, all being well, will be my wedding-day; and I wish at such a moment to think of others who are less happily circumstanced than myself. Will you accept the inclosed cheque for 50*l.* for your fund? I can entirely rely that in your hands a wise and good use will be made of it. Believe me to be yours, very truly, J. MANCHESTER."

"We have been enabled by your gift," reports Mr. Smith, "to get at a class of the most respectable poor, who never received anything in the shape of charity, and would shudder to receive anything in that form, but are proud and honoured to receive the Bishop's wedding gift." 500 thick Scotch shawls and fifty boys' suits were distributed by Mr. Smith, the warehousemen supplying the best class of goods at cost price. Mr. Newett was enabled to supply thirty-two families of poor clerks with joints on the Sunday following the wedding, and to prevent the break up of fifty-two households by payment of arrears of rent. While careful inquiries were made as to the fitness of the recipients, no question was asked as to Church membership or religious beliefs.

A service of plate was presented which he (with the consent but somewhat against the wish of the donors) made an heirloom to the diocese.

The wedding was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, by the Dean of Westminster, Hugh Pearson acting as best man, as privately as is possible under like circumstances.

To Canon Cornish. Torquay, January 20th.—"The news- 1880
papers have told you that on Thursday last 'I been and done it' and never did mortal man do a wiser, better, happier thing. All was ordered just as we wished—perfect quietness and simplicity—the dear Dean of Westminster most affecting in his benediction of us, and his kindly address (about which I observe some senseless lover of decency and order in the *Standard* raises the question, whether it was quite legal, *even at the marriage of a Bishop!*—really, I can't conceive how people can find delight in such contemptible quibbles). We travelled as far as Exeter on the wedding day, staying at a very fine and comfortable new hotel, the Rougemont; and on Friday we came on here, where we are equally well housed in a private hotel near the station, commanding beautiful views of the bay and town. We shall probably stay here all the time, or nearly all, that we can allow ourselves, merely breaking the home-journey at Clifton to avoid fatigue.

"The bulletins from Manchester are most cheering, and a general contentment seems to pervade the minds of the good people there that their Bishop has at last taken to himself a wife. When they know what sort of a woman that wife is, their satisfaction will be immensely enhanced. She is just the woman to delight them all. Oh, my dear friend, I cannot tell you how my heart overflows with joy and thankfulness at the thought of God's great goodness to me in this matter. No man can have a wife of whom he is more justly proud. I shall be so glad when you and that good Christian wife of yours will come and brighten up my home; she knows all about you, and is quite prepared to give you the welcome that she is ready to extend to all her husband's old friends.

"The three daughters of Jane Tigwell in London sent me such a nice tea-cosey, and a charming letter, which deeply touched me."

1880 *To Canon Cornish. Torquay, January 27th.*—"Your letter gave us immense pleasure and amusement at our happy breakfast-table this morning. Dear me! I wish I had known that the Tigwell girls were in the little knot of people gathered round us as we took our departure from 11 Cromwell Place just a week ago to-day. I should have so liked to shake them by the hand. Their pluck and perseverance deserved a reward, and I do hope they got into the Church, and saw the ceremony. Their description of what took place was true to the smallest particular, and they must be gifted with quite remarkable powers of observation. Please give the inclosed photograph to little Annie Tigwell, and tell her I was very much pleased with her kind little note and very pretty new year's card. I send you a Manchester paper (addressed by my wife), which you may like to read, and lend about in the parish. I am glad the money I sent went round nicely, and entirely approve of what you are doing with the surplus. Will you divide the inclosed twenty shillings among the ringers? I doubt if we shall be able to accomplish the journey to Torcross which you suggest. The days are bright but the air is too cold for long expeditions. We are going over to Berry Head on Monday to take luncheon with my old friend Mrs. Hogg, H. F. Lyte's daughter, now widowed, but still living in the hospitable house, which so often opened its doors to me and my pupils when I had a reading party at Paignton in 1840, my first long vacation after the election to Oriel. We are as happy as the day is long, and are in very choice and comfortable quarters. The place, however, seems very empty, and the streets have none of that appearance of a throng of fashionables in them which I had expected to see. This, however, is not unwelcome to us, who like to go about quietly and unobserved."

To Archdeacon Norris. Torquay, January 30th, 1880.—"If the *Contemporary Review* of this month comes in your

way you will see a letter of mine there, published by Ruskin, upon usury, with his comments, which seem to me more like the ravings of a lunatic than anything else. There is a most absurd misprint in my letter. I had spoken of the North-Western Railway Company raising money 'for the purpose of extending their line,' this is turned into 'for the purpose of excommunication'! We are having most glorious weather here, and are thoroughly enjoying ourselves, as happy as the day is long. The time only flies too quickly. But perhaps there is as much (if not more) happiness to be got out of work as out of holiday." 1880

To Canon Cornish. Manchester, March 6th.—"The service of plate is very handsome, though it is a serious anxiety to have the custody of a service which cost 500*l.*

"My wife and I are going to double the amount collected for the lay presentation—1100*l.*—and with the united sum a scholarship in classical literature will be founded in Owens College, of 40*l.* a year for two years. As I had wanted nothing personal, I thought this was the best we could do.

"My dear mother and aunt are wonderfully well, and we are quite free from anxiety on their account. It seems as though they might continue in their present condition for years. Agnes is the greatest possible comfort to me, in regard to them, and she delights in watching over them. We are as happy as the day is long."

His mother only lived to witness and share her son's new happiness for three months. She died on the 24th of April, 1880, at the age of 84, and was buried in a small tomb which he had built on the south side of Ufton Church. The tomb is built for four coffins, three of which are already there.

This chapter may well be closed by an anonymous note accompanying the wedding gift referred to, which gave the Bishop and his wife probably more real pleasure than the

1880 500*l.* service of plate from the clergy, or even than the lay subscription of 1100*l.*

"Dear Madam,—Will you please accept a dozen knitted dish-cloths? they are such as we use for a many years, and prefer them to any other kind. I know it is a poor gift, but in a large house the useful are as necessary as the ornamental and are sent as a small token of my esteem and admiration of the Bishop's straightforward manliness in the work he is called to do. May you both be long spared to work for the Master is the prayer, dear Madam, of yours very respectfully,

"A LANCASHIRE WOMAN."

CHAPTER X.

"Arouse! let thy soul break in music thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent—
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.
Where'er a wildered crowd of brethren jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shade of wrong,
There still is need of martyrs and apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying song."

J. R. LOWELL.

MANCHESTER, 1880—1884.

BISHOP FRASER, as the administrator of a great diocese, 1880
will be judged by his conduct in the Miles Platting case, which brought him so prominently before the public, and as to the merits of which both professional and lay opinion were so sharply divided. I have endeavoured to state the facts fairly, and without comment, but am glad before returning to the narrative of his ordinary work to put on record the following testimony of his senior chaplain as to the temper of his intercourse with his clergy, and the distinctness of his theology. I wrote to his senior chaplain, Archdeacon Norris, on these points. From his reply I extract what follows.

"Sherlock said of Tillotson that 'he had a clear, bright
"'intellect, a sound judgment, an easy and happy way of ex-
"'pressing himself, and that he was a true and hearty friend:'
"and he added, that 'though he could not easily part with a
"'friend, he could easily forgive an enemy.' The words might
"well serve as a description of the late Bishop of Manchester.

1880 "That Bishop Fraser 'could not easily part with a friend,' "none can testify better than I; for I much fear that, during "the sixteen years of my chaplaincy, I must again and again "have tried the patience of his friendship, so different were "our judgments on many points. And yet never did these "differences interrupt our friendship. Never once did I arrive "at Bishop's Court without the same hearty, affectionate "welcome in the hall, my hand grasped in both of his, and "not released until he had drawn me into the room where "others might share the pleasure of our greeting.

"That he could most easily and gladly forgive an enemy, "many besides me can bear witness. He has come into my "room sometimes with a letter in his hand that could only be "described as insolent. And when, perhaps, I have said that "it deserved no answer, he has said, 'there must be a soft "'place somewhere in the man's heart, and I want you to help "'me to find it,'—or words to that effect. He was a disciplin- "arian, no doubt; but of this I am sure, that he never admin- "istered reproof until pathetic expostulation had failed, nor "then without positive distress to himself. 'I have told that "'poor man that I cannot ordain him; I must not see him "'again myself, lest I should relent; but, my dear Norris, I "'wish you would go and say something to comfort him before "'he leaves the house.'

"There was one famous case in which many outside his "diocese thought he dealt harshly. Coming fresh to it, I told "the Bishop that one more chance of peace seemed to me to "remain open. The Bishop brought me a file of letters, and "said, if after reading that file I still thought so, he would give "his best consideration to my suggestion. The bitterness of "the letters dismayed me; but still I thought there was an "opening, and told the Bishop so. He came to me that night "at bedtime, saying he would take my judgment instead of his "own, and asked me to read what he had written—one of the "most touching appeals a bishop ever penned, as it seemed to

"me; I was to be the bearer of it the next morning. But it 1880
"failed.

"There was another case of discipline which occurred "about the same time, and which I will mention in this same "connexion, for it cost the Bishop no less pain, though less "perplexity. It was a case that few outside Manchester ever "heard of. He was asked to institute to a benefice a curate of "blameless life, but whom he knew by careful examination to "be unsound in faith; the pressure brought to bear by the "curate's very numerous friends, and by the patron of the "living, was so great that I am persuaded the Bishop might, "without blame from the world, in this case also have accepted "the more indulgent judgment of others; but at the risk of "litigation he refused to institute. I am not quite sure that "Tillotson would have been equally firm. I am the more "glad to mention this incident of his episcopate, because "some of us wished at times that his sermons had contained "more of doctrine.

"But of this I am certain, that few of those who have risen "to eminence in the Church in these latter days have with a "more entire submission held, or rather been held by, the "fundamental verities of the Christian Creed than Bishop "Fraser. If he was less apt to insist upon them in his "sermons than some might have desired, what Bishop Burnet "said of Archbishop Tillotson in his funeral sermon—whether "sufficient or not—was the true explanation :—

"'He was in great doubt, whether the surest way to per-"'suade the world to the belief of the sublime truths that are "'contained in the Scriptures concerning God, the Father, the "'Son, and the Holy Ghost, and concerning the Person of "'Christ, was to enter much into the discussing of those "'mysteries. He feared that an indiscreet dwelling and de-"'scanting upon these things might do more hurt than good. "'He thought the maintaining these doctrines as they are "'proposed in the Scriptures, without entering too much into

1880 "'explanations or controversies, would be the most effectual "'way to preserve the reverence that was due to them, and to "'fix them in men's belief. But when he was desired by "'some, and provoked by others, and saw just occasions "'moving him to it, he asserted these great mysteries with "'that strength and clearness that was his peculiar talent.'

"All who knew him, as his chaplains knew him, will bear "witness to the applicableness of this last sentence to Bishop "Fraser. But they will no less bear me out in saying that "the passage which follows in Burnet's sermon is still more "characteristic of his *habitual* tendency of thought :—

"'He judged that the great design of Christianity was "'the reforming men's natures, and governing their actions, "'the restraining their appetites and passions, the softening "'their tempers and sweetening their humours, the composing "'their affections, and the raising their minds above the in- "'terests and follies of this present world, to the hope and "'pursuit of endless blessedness : and he considered the whole "'Christian doctrine as a system of principles all tending to "'this.'

"He never professed to be a theologian ; but, as examining "chaplain to Bishop Hamilton, he had kept up his knowledge "of the usual text-books—Hooker, Pearson, and Butler ; to "which he added, in his own Ember week examinations, "Davison on Prophecy and Mozley on Miracles. His high "estimate of the value of these books made him strict in "requiring a careful study of them on the part of all who "came up for priest's orders. Ordination to the priesthood "was usually delayed when the candidates failed in this "part of their examination—or in knowledge of the Greek "Testament."

In this connection Lord Lingen's testimony is also valuable. He writes : "Gentle and genial as Fraser was, in the path of duty he feared absolutely nothing. He was essentially a man

of action; not a literary man, further than present practical purposes required him to write. But his writings, for that very reason, like the despatches of generals, or the correspondence of statesmen, have a life in them such as is not often found in merely literary productions. His Charges seem to me to deserve fully similar praise, and to sum up his character and his work. Such compositions are perhaps in their nature ephemeral, and so far the men of letters may, as a class, be longer remembered individually than the men of action. Certainly each class has its place in the world's history, and it is neither easy, nor necessary, to decide their relative merit." 1880

About this time I was appointed judge of a circuit which included a portion of his diocese, and our first meeting was very characteristic. I was waiting for a train at StaleyBridge when I heard a cheery voice calling out my name, and turning saw the Bishop approaching, and waving the blue bag in which he carried his robes. I also was carrying my wig and gown in an old bag much the worse for wear. We got into a carriage together, and after a few minutes' cordial talk of old times—the prospect of frequent meetings on circuit, or at our homes, now that we had become neighbours—the joke that we should always recognise one another at any distance by our bags—I could see that his eye was fixed on mine with the sort of look which he used to cast on my sermon notes or Latin verses forty years before. Next moment he broke out with, "Look here, I won't have you going about my diocese with that bag. It would disgrace an old-clothes man." I had really nothing to say in extenuation. Next minute he had promised to give me one of his, as he had two, if I would come over and dine and sleep, which I did shortly afterwards.

1880.—Presiding at a meeting of St. John's Ambulance Society; after warmly approving the object—"Indeed I am

1880 inclined to become a member of the class myself. It is discreditable to a Bishop not to know how to restore life to a body dragged out of the water."

Speaking to a mission meeting at Ashbury's carriage works: "It is difficult for a Bishop to drop in in this way and talk to working men, but at any rate you are like other men in this; that you have bodies and souls. No doubt you think that what parsons have to say has no bearing on your daily lives. Well, at any rate carry away this from me. If you don't scamp your work you are walking by faith and not by sight."

On the discussion between W. R. Greig and Goldwin Smith, whether luxury is good for trade. "My brain may be bewildered in the mazes of the argument, but my conscience tells me that Goldwin Smith is right."

Hospital Sunday.—"A hospital is as truly a sacred building as a church, and doctors as much ministers of God as parsons. It is a Christian institution, one which was absolutely unknown in the heathen world. Speaking as a layman, I hold hospitals for special diseases to be a mistake. Founding these has an inevitable tendency to unwise multiplication for the benefit of officers, not of patients."

He was a cordial admirer of the medical profession, and always made friends of his doctors. Of these Dr. Crompton, who was practising in Manchester at the time of his consecration and for some years afterwards, and Dr. Boutflower, who succeeded him, were probably the most intimate. Several characteristic reminiscences of the latter may find a place here. He had been present at the evening service in the cathedral where the Bishop, preaching as usual extempore, had said, "It is generally agreed amongst medical men that the simplest remedies are as a rule the best." Shortly afterwards the doctor was writing a prescription in the study at

Bishop's Court when the Bishop "suddenly asked in his blunt but pleasant manner, 'What are you ordering me?' 'Something very simple,' I answered, 'which reminds me of what you said in the cathedral the other night, that doctors found that the simplest remedies answered best.' 'Where did you pick that up? I don't believe I ever said anything of the kind. I wasn't even aware of it,' said the Bishop laughing." 1880

He was always ready to visit patients on the suggestion of doctor or parson. On one occasion a poor girl was dying in Canon Knox-Little's parish, at whose request the Bishop went to her cottage to confirm her. When he had performed the rite, in full canonicals, and was putting his lawn sleeves back into his bag, he said, smilingly, "I suppose you don't believe in these vestments, Canon?" "I believe in the vestments of the Catholic Church, my lord," the Canon replied. "I think the Canon got cleverly out of that," was the Bishop's comment, when repeating the story to his doctor.

"One Sunday," writes Dr. Boutflower, "in his bachelor days he had to go a journey to preach, which would keep him till late in the evening, when his housemaid was lying dangerously ill. On reaching home he went at once to her room where I was sitting, and heard to his great relief that she was better. As we went out, he said,-'I had a strong presentiment that I should come home and find that girl lying dead: so much so that I have been quite unable to attend to the services all day.'"

Another day, just after the Midlothian campaign, on returning after an absence of some days, he heard that his groom was ill, and went up with the doctor to the patient's bedside. "There he sat down with his jovial look, and said, 'Well, Charles, have you heard the news?' 'No, my lord.' 'Not heard the news! Haven't you heard that Mr. Gladstone has got in for Midlothian?' 'Oh yes, I've heard that, my lord.' 'Well, isn't that news?' Very bad news, I thought to myself," adds the doctor, "but said nothing,

1880 not wishing to spoil the Bishop's delight. About two years ago " (November, 1883) " I urged him to lessen his work, more than once. 'What do you suggest?' he asked. I said, 'Don't preach more than once a day, and limit your sermons to ten minutes.' He always answered, 'I must do my work in my own way, or else give it up altogether.' I suggested a coadjutor or suffragan bishop, but he wouldn't hear of it. He was kind-hearted to a fault, exquisitely sensitive, and a thorough friend." So concludes the doctor.

His often expressed wish for lay helpers in clerical work led to correspondence with several young manufacturers and others on the subject. His views at this time will best appear from the following extracts of letters to Mr. George Harwood, a manufacturer of Bolton, and an active member of the Church Reform Union, who had expressed a wish to take orders:—

April 27th, 1880.—" I don't know that I can add much to the advice I have already given you. I really should be sorry to see you take orders because I feel you could do so much more good as a layman. A clergyman is supposed to be *bound* to speak and act in a particular way; the freedom of a layman gives a tenfold value to whatever he does in Christ's service. I cannot *legalise* your doing as a layman anything you could not do without my specific authority; but if a licence from me to preach in the Diocese—not in Churches, which I fear would not be lawful, but in any other place where your ministry would do good—would be acceptable to you, I would grant such a document with pleasure, and it would at least show you were ministering with your Bishop's sanction. There are a hundred ways of doing good that would present themselves to you, such as addresses to bodies of workmen which I myself find so useful. Do believe that my entire sympathy is with you, and that if I thought you

would be a more useful man in your generation by becoming a clergyman, I would not hesitate to advise you to take the step, but my decided opinion is the other way." 1880

To the Same. Nov. 14th.—"You will have seen perhaps what I have said about the National Church Reform Union in my Charge. I cannot accept the whole programme. A Church without a creed would not I think long cohere. Define what you mean by abolition of clerical subscription clearly when you go 'upon the stump,' please. Still I think much of the programme excellent."

To the Same. Dec. 1st.—"I really do not think you are consulting your own happiness or your usefulness, by allowing this desire to enter the ministry of the Church to continue to keep possession of your mind. You can do almost as much now as you could then in the way of preaching, in the fullest sense of that term, and with more freedom. I cannot see my way to encourage you, and I know that this is the opinion of such friends as T. Hughes and others. I think as a layman you may do an infinity of good, if only you do not let your enthusiasm carry you too far. As a clergyman I am sure you would chafe and fret at the restraints you would find put upon your freedom. Preaching may be done elsewhere than in pulpits, and I am not sure you would find the pastoral and didactic office of the clergy to your taste. I speak frankly, but with all goodwill."

1880.—"If a conscience clause had been introduced in 1839 into National Education it would have met the whole difficulty, and the present crisis and all these recent disputes would never have occurred."

In Convocation. On the Burials Bill.—July 6th.—In the discussion the Bishop argued, that the amended Bill

1881 contained all that Churchmen could reasonably stand out for, and then, referring to the passage of the Bill through the House of Lords, he added apologetically, that he feared he had been the greatest offender in the Upper House, for he had voted for the general principle, and, on the second reading, against all three amendments, two of which had been proposed by their President (the Archbishop of York).

On the Remedies for the Diseases of Modern Society.—"Archimedes had said, Give me a fulcrum and I will move the world, but there was no fulcrum from which to attack these social diseases outside revelation. It would be found that every popular panacea involved some kind of Socialism. But it would be found as surely that Christianity would beat Socialism, and that all that was sound in Socialism was Christian. It went to his heart to think of his own happy sheltered lot, and of that of the thousands of whom he read and heard daily. But there were great difficulties in the way of wise benevolence."

In Convocation. April 26th, 1881.—The Bishop moved: "That the present Ornaments Rubric be expunged, and that, by Rubric or Canon, a clear rule be established in conformity with the usage which has prevailed for two hundred years in the Church of England." This motion was carried unanimously in the Upper House but defeated in the Lower by two votes, twenty-eight to twenty-six.

At the Diocesan Conference in this year, the subject of the lawlessness of the Clergy was brought up, eliciting from the Bishop "that the theory now acted upon was, that the Bishop had no authority inside churches, but this was not the Church theory."

At Staley Bridge Mechanics' Institute.—"He knew he should hear from his friends in the press 'here's that political

Bishop again.' However, what he had come to tell them 1881
was that he should have nothing to do with political clubs, whether of working men or others. He wanted all his capital in his own business, and couldn't go into a new line which was likely to prove extensive. Besides, he disliked political clubs, for he thought people fools to be led by the nose, which was what such clubs were meant for."

Meeting for Ragged Schools.—"I was never brought in contact with ragged schools in my ministry, and hope to see the time when there will be no need of them."

On Confession.—"Nothing can be worse than to see a young priestling of twenty-five, with no experience, airing his priestly prerogatives. Not the best or godliest man can release any human being from the real weight of sin."

To Archdeacon Norris. Aug. 10th, 1881.—"It was a most unexpected kindness in Gladstone to offer me Westminster, but it did not require ten minutes' thought to put it aside. The place would not have suited me, nor I the place. The Queen wished for Pearson (she has made him Deputy Clerk of the Closet in place of A.P.S.), but he told her it was impossible, 'he was in no sense a public man.' My wife laughed at your last appeal to her. In sooth she does all she can to keep me within limits, and I am really very tractable."

In Answer to an Enquiry by an Oldham Gentleman.—Sept. 17th, 1881.—"Sir, you are quite at liberty to contradict in any way you please the statement that I ever expressed approval of cards, or other games 'with a small stake attached,' being introduced into working men's clubs. Many strange utterances have been attributed to me, but this is almost the strangest and most absurd of them all. I am yours faithfully, J. MANCHESTER."

1881 *President Garfield's Murder. Sept. 25th.*—The Bishop preached on the Good Shepherd. After telling the story of the President's life, he referred thankfully to the Queen's order that the Court should go into mourning, an unprecedented mark of respect for any but a crowned head, and he went on—"President Garfield died, as all true men would wish to die, at the post of duty. Men like him are those who keep the ideas of faith and virtue, duty and self-sacrifice, alive in the world. The Kingdom of God, as Christ was wont to speak of it, is not the home of sickly namby-pamby sentiment, but of resolute endeavour, of steadfast principle, of high and worthy aim. Ill will it fare with the land where earnestness and devotion to duty, purity of principle, and nobleness of aim count for nothing in our estimate of public men. Thank God cynicism is not yet canonized as a Christian virtue."

To Hon. Col. Shaw, U.S. Consul, Manchester. Sept. 27th, 1881.—"The character of General Garfield has deeply impressed the hearts of the people of England. No public man, in my memory, was ever followed to his grave with a more universal tribute of respect and admiration."

At the Diocesan Synod. Nov. 1881.—The Bishop delivered an admonition to the clergy of the diocese; laying down the rule, "that they do not exceed the limits of ritual practised in the cathedral. If in conformity with this the present ritual has to be reduced, no alteration is to be made which has not been sanctioned by the Bishop."

To Archdeacon Norris. Nov 5th, 1881.—"I am sorry you think my 'Cathedral Standard' untenable. I confess I can think of no better. I want to avoid the necessity of entering into detail. If I do I may get into a difficulty. I enclose the rough draft of my proposed 'pastoral,' which please

return. I have tried to guard myself on every point. I 1883
don't feel the objection that thus the Dean becomes the ruler of the Ritual of the Diocese. I add the words 'allowed, or which may be hereafter allowed,' to the word 'practised,' and Deans are not, I think, likely to run into extravagance. I was talking the matter over yesterday with Anson, Tonge and Gibson, who happened to be here at the presentation of my portrait, and I read your letter to them. They saw the point; but on reflection could not suggest anything better than my 'Cathedral Standard.'"

To Mrs. Besant (*October 18th*, 1881), who had challenged his statement in a speech, that secularism was endangering the sacredness of English family life: "I say advisedly, on the authority of clergy and laymen who mix with the poor and know their thoughts, that the sanctities of domestic life are not valued by men who adopt the secularist hypothesis. If men are taught that they are only to follow nature they will interpret 'nature' to mean their own low bestial nature, and will act accordingly. A book which has been condemned for its immoral teaching, *The Fruits of Philosophy*, for which I believe you are responsible, is still publicly sold in the streets of Manchester."

To Archdeacon Norris. April 12th, 1883.—"Dear Hugh Pearson's death has, as you surmised it would be, been a great sorrow to me. How the circle of one's old friends narrows year by year! The last time I saw him was in the drawing-room of the Deanery, Westminster, on the morning after Stanley's death. We had much solemn talk together over him that was gone, and the fortunes of the Church, and of religion, in the land. Vaughan was a third in our conversation. I dare say you saw the notice of him in the *Times*. I thought the extent of his *influence* was perhaps a little over-rated, but none too much justice was done to the beauty and sweetness of his

1883 character. I think I never knew a more popular man, and that (which is a rare thing to say) on the very best and highest grounds; for there were no concessions in him to fashion, or frivolity, or vice. Everything in and about him was noble and pure."

The Archdeacon, to whom I owe this letter, sends me his own recollection of that same sad morning in July, 1882:—"We were assembling as usual for Convocation in the Deanery Yard, when a notice on the door of the Jerusalem chamber told us of the Dean's death in the course of the night, and that we were to meet in the chapter-room. We met there, but only to adjourn—so profound was the sensation, and so affecting the broken words in which two or three of our elder members tried to give expression to it. I made my way into the familiar drawing-room of the Deanery, and there in the darkened chamber I found Bishop Fraser and Hugh Pearson; they gave me their hands in silence, and drew for me a third chair. And there we sate, the Bishop and his two chaplains, little thinking how soon two of the three were to follow him whom we were mourning. When I think now of those three friends, thus associated in my memory, I seem to see plainly what they had in common—an affectionateness and a truthfulness of character which the world's flatteries and tyrannies had never been able to subdue. And yet how clearly each was distinguished; the Bishop by his robust simplicity, the Dean by his brilliant playfulness, Hugh Pearson by his exquisite courtesy and gentleness. While our Church can draw men of such fine nature into the ranks of her ministry, she need not fear any decay of confidence between her clergy and her laity."

Preaching at Peel Church, having found that remarkable friendliness and unanimity prevailed amongst all religious bodies in that parish. "If I could I would make every

Roman Catholic and Nonconformist a full member of the Church of England to-morrow." 1882

Sermon in Cathedral. Jan. 1st, 1882.—"As faith in God weakens, the world-pain, as the Germans call it, must grow stronger. The old year was what you made it, each of you, and so will this new year be. It is the silliest of delusions to fancy you could do better in any position than that God has put you in. The throne of Antichrist is in unbelieving hearts."

At Levenshulme.—"Happy is the parish of which the Bishop hears nothing."

Manchester Meeting on the Opium Question.—"People said truly that it is a question surrounded with difficulties. Yes, and so is every question worth thinking about. We are bound to give the Chinese Government credit for sincerity in their protests. Suppose they were to board our vessels and throw the opium into the sea, as the tea was thrown into Boston Harbour. What then?" on which Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who followed, remarked that if this Bishop was not on the side of the angels he was next thing to it.

Royal Academy of Music.—"Sir F. Leighton had said that music had no direct connection with morality or religion. He was very sorry to hear it, but couldn't agree. At any rate it had a refining effect on men and women. In one part of his diocese he found forty pianos in colliers' cottages. He hoped the bad times hadn't obliged them to part with their pianos."

Nov. 1882.—The new Mayor consulted the Bishop how he could best vary the usual municipal hospitalities, and on the Bishop's suggestion gave a reception to 800 clergy, district

1883 visitors, and others engaged in philanthropic work amongst he poor.

To Y.M.C.A.—"'Seeing life' is a somewhat dangerous experiment, and a misleading and mischievous phrase. It only means seeing the low side of life, the vicious side, and losing sight of all those qualities which make men really noble and life worth living for at all."

Blue Ribbon Army.—"I should be sorry to say a word in disparagement of the movement; but if the two great devastators, drunkenness and licentiousness, are to be conquered, the assault on them must be calm, temperate, unwavering."

To Canon Stowell. Dec. 17th, 1883.—"I have read with much interest the passage" (in a report) "to which you have called my attention. The details are most interesting and encouraging. I am sure that the large employment of lay people (who I believe are willing and waiting to be employed), with earnest and wise clergy to lead and direct, is the most if not the only effectual way of working our large town parishes."

A little holiday story must find a place here. The Bishop while Rector of Ufton had made it a rule to give a Bible to every boy whom he took to be confirmed, if he could read it, but was strict as to this condition. In early Ufton days a boy named Champion was the only one of a batch of candidates taken up by the Bishop who did not get his Bible. This year (1883) the Bishop was making his short visit to his old neighbours the Thoyts, at Sulhampstead, and, having heard from the squire that he was using a new kind of shoe for his horses, went round to examine them. The groom was Champion, who had enlisted, and learned to read while in the

service. As soon as the Bishop heard the name he remembered all the circumstances, and, learning that Champion could now read, sent him a handsome Bible on his return home. 1884

To Archdeacon Norris. Jan. 14th, 1884.—"Your friend ——— is making a stir. He has published a distinct notice that, after Christmas, he 'will not give Christian burial,' *i.e.*, I suppose, use the burial office, over any who die having lived as noncommunicants. This is a new version, I suppose, of the rubric about 'persons dying excommunicate.' It is a strange proceeding (though one can understand the motive) which he will find himself unable to carry through."

Jan. 23rd, 1884 (the day after the delivery of judgment in his favour in Heywood *v.* Bishop of Manchester), opening a course of Lectures on Christian Evidences. "No one is brought to belief by mere argument. The 18th century ought to be a warning against precipitancy in concluding that the clever persons have disposed of Christianity. No doubt you have been reading, many of you, Mr. Frederic Harrison's and Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings on these subjects. Well, their conclusions are no doubt *cleverer* than the Gospel story of God's providence, if cleverness is what you need."

Address to Y.M.C.A., on the Young Man in Business Life.—"Bishops had to do daring things. He had no experience of business life on which they had asked him to talk. He was quite safe however in warning them against the snobbishness of worshipping wealth, probably their most serious temptation."

Scripture Readers, Liverpool.—"Don't talk goody-goody to people. Don't let your work take an eleemosynary character. Help to find people work by all means."

1884 *Band of Hope Union. March 13th.*—"I ought to tell you that I have great doubts about one part of your system, binding young children by vows. I believe the large majority of you are Nonconformists, but standing on my own ground I can hold out the right hand of fellowship to you."

To the St. George's Association.—"There was one dangerous illusion which he must always denounce, that society as it became less gross became more pure. This had been countenanced by the saying of a great man, Edmund Burke, that vice in losing its coarseness lost half its evil. The devil of impurity is the foulest, strongest, most subtle that comes out of the gates of Hell."

In Convocation this year he took part in the discussion on "the evangelization of the masses," urging the extension of the diaconate, and of lay helpers, but declaring that he must withhold his judgment as to the Church Army, but must protest against a tendency to lawlessness in their work. Later in the year at a large meeting of its members and supporters he repeated his doubts. Their object, "to bring back the Church in fire and zeal to what it was in Apostolic days," as it had been presented, had his full sympathy. He was a Bishop of the older time himself; but he owned that a new and well-tempered weapon might be needed in this new time. He preferred to stand outside, and give advice and help when asked. Some of their doings seemed strange to him, but he always bore in mind the word, "he that is not against me is for me," and there are many ways of casting out devils. On the same subject he spoke again in July: "I do not yet know the method by which we are to reach what is called 'the residuum.' I am inclined to think that our systematic theology has itself been one of the hindrances in our way. The poor cannot find their way about our Prayer

Book. For that I think the true remedy would be, a little systematic instruction in our Sunday Schools in the use of the Prayer Book. I look forward with hope to the time when we can use the Prayer Book freely. And then as to our services, —I should turn out the choristers, or at any rate take off their surplices, or the people will think they are there to sing in their places. Again, I think the rich have still far too much influence in parochial arrangements. I want to see agricultural labourers and artisans appointed as sidesmen in parishes. This is done in a parish where I was preaching the other day when there was to be a collection for a new organ. It is a poor place for Lancashire, and when I got into the pulpit and ran my eye over the congregation while the hymn was being sung, I thought, 'If I get 50*l.* out of you I shall do very well indeed.' They are mostly colliers, and the collection was 128*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*" 1884

At a Meeting of the Yorkshire College. June.—"Though not a pessimist, I cannot shut my eyes to the increase of the dangerous, that is to say the idle, classes, at both ends of the social scale." This was a thought which was pressing on him in these last years. He seldom missed an opportunity of exhorting young men to look upon this as one of their chief dangers, and to put their hands regularly and systematically to *some* work. The most notable instance perhaps was his University sermon at Cambridge on October 19th, when, to a great crowd of undergraduates, he preached a sermon of remarkable force on the need for men in the highest work to which men can devote themselves—"in the noble army of martyrs there is yet room even in this nineteenth century."

About this time he was often the guest of the late Canon Birch, then Vicar of Blackburn, and Archdeacon of that important district. "It was generally my pleasant 'duty,'"

1884 Mr. Herbert Birch writes, "to pilot the Bishop to the church where he was to preach—he usually walked. On one occasion on our way to St. Michael's, in crossing the market-place we met Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, on his way to the Roman Catholic Church. A stop, and cordial shake of the hand followed; and then Bishop Fraser said, 'What! two Bishops in one town! Both of us here to-day. Something wrong here!' On another occasion he preached on the text, 'All things are become new,' to a dense crowd of working people, at the opening of a mission-school, in a large room which had been used up to that time as a 'dancing hall and strawberry gardens,' with anything but good influence on the morals of the neighbourhood. The Bishop fixed the attention of the crowd standing all round the sides and back of the hall by his first words: 'No more strawberries and cream! no more dancing.'"

In December he presided at the Wycliffe Quincentenary, and expressed surprise at the apathy shown in England for the memory of their countryman, "the morning star of the Reformation," who had maintained his forty years' struggle almost alone, as compared with the enthusiasm of Germany over the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth.

In the same month he carried out the plan he had advocated in Convocation by ordaining several lay deacons. The only requirements he insisted on (apart from competent knowledge and zeal) were, that candidates should not be in trade, and should show that they had sufficient means, and were able to maintain themselves.

This chapter may fitly close with a letter on the death from overwork of an old friend, who had been a curate in his diocese in the first year of his episcopate.

To the Churchwarden of Esk, Durham, on the death of Dr. Lee, late Rector.—"Some months ago I met him in this

his old diocese, where he had come to preach. I found he 1884
was still working with the intense ardour he used to show as curate of Preston, and I said, 'Dr. Lee, remember you are not so young as you were, and you must learn to economise your strength.' But he was one upon whom, from his very nature, such words of caution were thrown away, and he has preferred to die in his Master's service, working up to his full power. Who shall say he has done unwisely? Measuring life by what constitutes its true value, I at least cannot say so."

CHAPTER XI.

"Yet at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to be noble; measured; just, where it can tolerate no longer. But on the whole we are not here to tolerate! we are here to resist, to control, and vanquish withal."—CARLYLE, *The Hero as Priest.*

ST. JOHN'S, CHEETHAM HILL.

1884 THE end was now drawing near. The Christmas of 1884 was the last which the Bishop was to see. The sense of failing power was beginning to weigh on him, though apparent to no one else. The resolve, formed in the first year of his episcopate, to resign as soon as he became conscious that he could no longer do full justice to his work and his diocese, had come back upon him; and he had been inquiring for some home in the south, in which he might spend his last days, in the retirement for which he longed, and in the congenial country pursuits to which he had been now for fourteen years a stranger. This longing was not to be satisfied. He was destined, like his friend Dr. Lee, to die at his post. The least hint in sermon or letter of his wish and intention brought in remonstrances and protests from all parts of Lancashire, from people who only saw how thoroughly every duty was still performed, and knew nothing of the cost in wear and tear at which this was done.

The most joyous festival of the Christian year came round

to him at the end of 1884 with every prospect of peace and goodwill. The Miles Platting cloud had cleared away. There was no sign of any other in the sky, and the diocese was never more loyal; when suddenly the atmosphere again became dark, and he was face to face with what, to use his own words, proved to be "the most difficult matter I have ever had to deal with as a Bishop." 1885

It arose thus. The benefice of St. John's, Cheetham Hill, one of the most important in the Bishop's gift, became vacant by the resignation of Mr. Lund, who had held it for thirteen years, during the last nine of which a young Mr. Gunton had been his curate. The excellent order which prevailed in the parish, and notably the good terms upon which Churchmen and Nonconformists were living, were acknowledged by rector and people alike to be largely due to the curate's zeal and energy. Accordingly when Mr. Lund sent in his own resignation, it was accompanied by a memorial signed by upwards of 1,800 parishioners and members of the congregation, reminding the Bishop of his oft-repeated opinion that the wishes of parishioners should be consulted in the appointment of incumbents, and praying that he would appoint Mr. Gunton "as successor to their dear rector." Mr. Lund himself warmly supported the prayer of this memorial.

A considerable number of the signatories were Nonconformists and some Roman Catholics, and it was a document which would probably have decided the matter with the Bishop but for communications which he received at the same time from other quarters. The first was from a lady parishioner, who in 1881 had written to Mr. Gunton as to his teaching on the humanity of Christ, whom, as she alleged, "you make such an one as yourself and myself." To this he had replied in a letter of which the material sentences are, "There are not two Gods, and whatever was of God in Jesus Christ was certainly equal to the Father: just as in you and

1885 me, if there be any of God in us, it is most certainly God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God. . . Jesus Christ is now as He ever was, one with the Father in the same sense that you and I are one with the Father whenever we are good." This letter the lady now forwarded to the Bishop.

The second was a paper or essay on the subject "Who is the Son of Man?" read before the Clergy Society, a printed copy of which was forwarded by one of those present at the discussion which had followed their meeting. It need not be quoted here, being only a repetition with comment and illustration of the doctrinal position summed up in the words quoted above.

The third document was an address delivered on the eve of Lady Day, in St. John's Church, and printed for private circulation at the request of a lady member of the congregation. The material part of it is as follows:—"In Mary, mother of Jesus, we have a type of that character of which the Christ is for ever to be born. She was pure and gentle, and when she became a mother the influence of her nature and character was transmitted to her Child. The Holy Spirit which overshadowed her acted on her Son, and He has become, through the power of that same Spirit, the Saviour of all who know Him. But the miracle of the incarnation of a true son of man may take place continuously—it ought to take place each time a child is born into the world, and it would do so more frequently if more women were true to the type of womanhood, pure and gentle in thought and life—for of such 'the Christ' is born. To all women who love faithful purity of soul, and practise gentle charity of life, the Holy Spirit comes; the power of the Highest overshadows them, and of such are saviours born to mankind. Well has a wise man said, 'Blessed is that man whose mother has made all women sacred to him.' May we not say to-night, 'Blessed is that woman whose purity of heart has enabled her to see God,

and to know Him and love Him; and who looks on her children as God's children, intrusted to her to nurse and to train for their Father's business'?" 1885

The MS. of this address was sent to the Bishop a day or two later, and the matter was brought to a crisis on the 27th of December by a deputation from the parish, who saw him and pressed upon him the immediate appointment of Mr. Gunton. The Bishop replied that his wish was to comply with the prayer of the memorial, and that he would not pronounce any opinion on Mr. Gunton's teaching on hearsay, but that he could say nothing till he had satisfied himself on some of his views. Within the next few days he had an interview with Mr. Gunton, which left him, to use his own words, "in grave perplexity." This he admitted frankly to Mr. Gunton, informing him at the same time that he should take no decision until he had consulted his Metropolitan, as he deemed it his duty to do under the circumstances.

Accordingly, reserving for himself all responsibility, he submitted to the Archbishop of York what the lawyers call an A B case, inclosing the MS. of the paper, "Who is the Son of Man?" The answer came back promptly. "This essay," wrote the Archbishop, "is one of two things: it is the production of one who strives to startle by a paradox a number of those who hold and teach the old belief, which he too holds, into a suspicion that he does not: or else he is prepared to bring down the conception of Christ to a Socinian level. I think that the latter is the true supposition; but either is fatal to his qualities as an incumbent appointed by the Bishop to take charge of a large parish. One idea runs through the whole, that the teaching of Christ is the operative part of the Gospel, and that the personal acts and power of Christ are not. Could you after reading this essay feel sure that he does not mean to lower the conception of Christ below the standard of the Nicene Creed? In my own opinion I feel sure that he does."

1885 This judgment of the Archbishop's was forwarded at once to Mr. Gunton, the Bishop adding :—

"This is the impression left by your paper upon the mind of one of the clearest thinkers of the present day, utterly untainted by prejudice, and who cannot possibly have any animus against you.

"Such too, as I told you, was the impression produced upon me by what I described as 'a most unbalanced essay,' which, —unaccompanied, as I understand it was, by any hint that, over and above the partial, purely human views there elaborated, you distinctly held and taught the higher view which the Church Catholic has ever held and taught in the Nicene Creed, and our Church in her Second Article,—could only leave a most painful feeling in the minds of those who heard it, and is quite sufficient to account for the rumours that are in the air with regard to the unsoundness of your teaching.

"How could I, even in deference to the most strongly-expressed desire of an almost unanimous parish—having, too, good and earnest and faithful men to choose from, many of them of longer service in the diocese than yourself, however much I might esteem you for your personal qualities and even for your zealous work,—how could I appoint to a parish of which I am patron, as Bishop, one of whom it would be alleged with any show of probability that he held Socinian opinions of the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ, and argued that almost anything that the Bible says of Him 'to whom all power is given in the heavens and in the earth,' can be applied, not figuratively, but *in the same sense*, to any other son of man?

"The people of St. John's can no doubt fully appreciate, and have evidently appreciated, your personal character, and your devotion to your work; but they would probably be the first to allow that solemn and serious questions of theological truth like these, which yet most vitally affect the character

of the religious teaching, were not present to their thoughts 1885
when they drew up and signed the very remarkable memorial to me in your favour. And yet it cannot be denied that the teaching which postulates Christ as man, 'differing only in degree from ourselves,' and the teaching which regards Him as St. John regards Him in the first chapter of his Gospel, or St. Paul in Colossians i. 12-18, or the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, i. 1-14, are essentially diverse in tone and character, and must produce essentially different effects.

"If, therefore, I am asked to appoint you to the incumbency of St. John's, in addition to the evidence of fitness and desert which your nine years' honest work in the parish supply, I have a right to ask to be satisfied upon these momentous points. A Bishop's appointment, especially to one of the best livings in his gift, is scrutinised with very other eyes than those which scrutinise the appointment of an ordinary patron. In his hands is placed to a certain extent the guardianship of the faith as the Church receives it; and, if he appears indifferent to the trust, men have a right to resent that indifference, and to call the Bishop to account for it.

"No one can pretend that the Socinian explanation of the mysteries of Christ's being is the explanation either of the Nicene Creed—which indeed was expressly framed as the Church's protest against similar tenets of an earlier date—or of the Church of England; and if I supposed it possible that you held the Socinian explanation, or one scarcely distinguishable from it, I could not, retaining any sense of duty towards the truth as it is held in the Church of England, appoint you to the rectory of St. John's. This is not a secondary and subordinate dogma, framed in a theological school and bearing its stamp, where, as upon many theological dogmas, a wide variation of opinion may be allowed, and it would be inquisitorial to require every man to pronounce 'Shibboleth' in the same way. It is a foundation doctrine of the Christian faith. Jesus Christ is either a mere man 'differing from

1885 ourselves only in degree,' or He is, as St. Paul calls Him, 'the great God and our Saviour, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity' (Titus ii. 13, 14), the owner of the 'name that is above every name' (Phil. ii. 2-11).

"You have laid yourself open, by a lamentably incautious way of utterance, partly also perhaps from a desire to make plain to human reason things that from their very nature must lie beyond it, and which, though we may see analogies to them, we only receive because they have been revealed—you have laid yourself open to these misconstructions. The misconstruction was almost inevitable, when, at the close of reading your paper before the Clergy Society you were asked, 'Does Mr. Gunton then believe in the Divinity of Christ?' and you declined to answer the question; and the feeling of misgiving which the paper, as you see, created in so calm and competent a critic as the Archbishop of York, was of course intensified by this refusal.

"I am bound therefore, not out of a mere timid regard to my own reputation, but under the influence of a solemn sense of responsibility, both to the parish and to the diocese —to the clergy and to the laity also—to call upon you to repudiate these inferences which have been drawn, not unnaturally, from your words. Frankness is, I know, an essential part of your character. You are incapable, from any motive, of simulating what are not, or of dissimulating what are, your real sentiments. You will tell me frankly and without *arrière pensée*,

"(1) Whether you accept the statements of the Nicene Creed about our Lord Jesus Christ—that He is 'God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father'—as *only* applicable to Him, and as teaching His true and essential divinity, and,

"(2) Whether you can *ex animo* subscribe to the Second and Third Articles of the Church of England.

"If you have been misunderstood upon these points, you 1885
ought to be the first to wish to clear away the misunderstanding: and, on the other hand, if you cannot honestly say, 'This is the foundation of my teaching about Him who is at once the Son of God and the Son of man,' you should feel how impossible it would be for me, as a Bishop with any sense of duty, to nominate you to 'the cure and government of souls,' in a Church of which this doctrine is one of the chief corner-stones.

"An unusual and even an excessive pressure has been put upon me. But if, unhappily, you should be unable to give me the assurance that I ask for, no amount of pressure would make me shrink from doing what, in that case, I should regard as my simple duty. I could not comply with the memorial of the parishioners and congregation of St. John's.

"May He, whom Jesus said He would send to guide His people into all truth, in this solemn issue direct both you and me."

It would serve no good purpose to detail the further negotiations. By the second week in January, 1885, the Bishop's resolution was finally taken, and the churchwardens received a letter from him. "I have had before me Mr. Gunton's own statement of his own doctrines, both written and printed, and I cannot consider them as the doctrines of the Church of England, or the Nicene Creed, on the vital point of the Divinity of our Lord. I would not brand them for a moment with so harsh a name as infidelity, but I say they are perilously unbalanced, and very likely to mislead, and this throws on me a very grave responsibility. As a Bishop of the Church, charged to maintain her standards of doctrine, I must not flinch from this responsibility, at whatsoever cost of personal pain, though I know my conduct and motives will be grievously misrepresented. A Bishop's patronage is no ordinary trust. He is bound to do the best he can for the

1885 people over whom he sets a minister. I may even say he ought as far as possible to consider their known or expressed desires. But when the question of soundness of doctrine is raised an entirely new responsibility arises, which the Bishop cannot devolve on any other shoulders than his own. While deeply regretting that I cannot appoint Mr. Gunton to St. John's, I mean, God guiding me, to send them the very best and fittest clergyman I can find."

The storm arose at once, as the Bishop had foretold. It raged in the newspapers and at public meetings, where, as usual, partisan resolutions were passed on both sides. Unhappily, but not unnaturally, Mr. Gunton himself for a moment lost his head, and in a sermon in St. John's pulpit, he being still curate-in-charge, claimed that the three documents in question were private and privileged. The meeting of the Clergy Society was "distinctly private, and the members of the society had always understood that nothing said at its meetings was to be carried beyond the walls of the room." "The second document was equally privileged, partial, and private. A lady of the congregation wrote to ask his opinion on the humanity of Christ. He gave his opinion in a private letter, which was sent to the Bishop unknown to him." "The third was an address given in the church; he had nothing to say against the Bishop for taking up that, but it was printed for private circulation only." "His contention with the Bishop—and he had a contention with him—was, that he had listened to clerical slander, and had been deceived by a woman's cunning treachery." "No one believes more firmly in the Divinity of Christ than I."

This strange assertion of "privilege" and outbreak against the Bishop, no doubt startled some of the liberal clergy who had taken sides with Mr. Gunton. Of these, Mr. Healey protested at a public meeting:—"I had a conversation of an hour with the Bishop, and was touched beyond all utterance by his evident perplexity of mind and distress of heart. . .

Do not allow one error of judgment, however unrighteous in our eyes, to outweigh all that has gone before. I feel as certain as I stand here that the Bishop believed he was bound to do what he has done, and I am as sure that the day will come when he will as certainly feel his mistake." Mr. Lund, the late rector of St. John's, speaking later, said, "I also feel deep sympathy for the Bishop. He has been placed in circumstances of the utmost difficulty and perplexity. I don't think he has acted wisely, but I do think he has acted conscientiously." 1885

Deeply pained, but silent and unmoved, the Bishop pursued his usual round of unceasing work through this trying month. One instance only of the quality of that work shall be given here. Almost contemporaneously with a public meeting, which was "emphatically protesting" against his action at St. John's, Cheetham Hill, he was presiding in the Guildhall, Preston, over a great meeting of men held under the auspices of the Church of England Purity Society. In one of his noblest speeches, on the connection of purity with temperance, he urged that "strong passions mean weak wills, and when men plead the strength of their passions, as an excuse for yielding to temptation, it merely means that they have not endeavoured to cultivate their wills under the direction of their conscience." And, speaking of the indecency attributed by infidel lecturers to the Old Testament, "No honest man ever read the coarsest page of the Old Testament and thence gathered that God was giving him a licence to sin. Vice described with the plainness of an Old Testament writer is hideous: vice disguised by the skill of a French playwright or novelist becomes attractive. I hold that there never was a more false or misleading maxim than that of the great Edmund Burke, that vice loses half its evil when it loses its grossness. 'Keep thyself pure' was not a precept of Socrates to Alcibiades, but of Paul to Timothy." In replying to the vote of thanks proposed by the Mayor, who alluded to the

1885 possibility of the diocese being deprived of his services, there being a rumour in the air that he was to be transferred to the Bishopric of London, then vacant, he said, "It was possible that the diocese might lose his services, such as they were, because when he came to them in 1870 he did not consider he had strength for more than twelve years' work, and he had now completed the fifteenth year of his episcopate. He felt that his strength was not what it had been, and began to feel that he ought to make way for a younger and abler man. But, as to the rumours to which the Mayor had alluded, he would only repeat words he had used in a letter to a friend, 'This is my first, my only, my beloved diocese.'"

In the first week in February he appointed Mr. Beechey, who had been rector of Newton Heath—an old Rossall man whom he had ordained priest in 1870, and who had founded the "Rossall Mission" at Newton Heath, which had had great success amongst the working people—to the living of St. John's, Cheetham Hill. And now the question arose as to the charge of the parish pending the new rector's installation. Mr. Gunton was still in charge, and the Bishop was inclined to inhibit him, having come to the conclusion that "his continuance at St. John's was unadvisable." Upon this Mr. Gunton addressed to him a letter of impassioned remonstrance. "Why should you wish me—nay try to compel me," he pleaded, "to seek work in another diocese? How can you give me a satisfactory character to another Bishop when you condemn me as unworthy to act in your own diocese? My lord, this is as inconsistent as it is cruel. You it was who by your words of appeal first drew me, twelve years ago, to the diocese of Manchester. You ordained me, you declared yourself as my father in God. Under you for eleven years, as you have given me fully to understand with your approval, I have laboured in the ministry, and now you cast me off! Have I been a bad son to you? Have I been false to my vows? Have I neglected my

oath? Have I scattered the flock? I ask you, my Lord Bishop, before it is too late, to reconsider your judgment, and to do me justice. In a worldly sense I am powerless and you all powerful, but we both shall one day stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." 1885

The answer came promptly. The Bishop wrote:—"The last thing in the world that I should wish to do is to act cruelly, or to do you wrong, or to blight your prospects. You have asked me to reconsider my judgment. I have done so. I will trust you."

Within a few weeks Mr. Gunton was presented to the living of Farlam near Carlisle. The storm in Manchester sank to rest, and the most painful episode in Bishop Fraser's career came to an end

CHAPTER XII.

"Life, we have been long together,
In pleasant and in cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Will cost perhaps a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time.
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."—BARBAULD.

THE LAST YEAR, 1885.

1885 THE year 1885, the last he was to see, opened with somewhat better prospects than its immediate forerunners. It had needed all the Bishop's constitutional buoyancy and courage to hold an even course—steadfast, and when needed stern, to friend and foe alike—during the long strain of the Miles Platting litigations.

Happily for the National Church, it was the diocese of the firmest as well as the most liberal of her Bishops which had been now for years the battle-ground of the turbulent and narrow factions, which the so-called religious newspapers hound on, thereout reaping doubtless to their proprietors no small advantage. The Bishop had stood for law and order, like a rock against which the waves had beaten furiously but fruitlessly. They were now subsiding. At Miles Platting the new rector was holding his own quietly; and confuting the dismal and confident prophecies of the destruction of all Church life in that long-suffering parish, which had been freely poured out at his induction in February, 1884. Already 500

children attended the new Sunday School, and the regular communicants numbered upwards of 260. The crisis was past at Cheetham Hill, and in the early days of 1885 the late curate, as we have seen, found work elsewhere. The ritualist storm had spent itself for the time in Lancashire; and, so far as outward appearances could be trusted, had done the Bishop no harm, either in body or spirit. There was no visible falling off, either in the amount of his work, or in the thoroughness or vigour with which it was done. 1885

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that in his own mind the time had come when he needed the rest he had so nobly earned; and his longing for it, though scarcely acknowledged to himself, or formulated as yet in any way, was known amongst his intimate friends, and suspected in the diocese. A sort of vague feeling was abroad in Lancashire, that they were about to lose him in some way, and at this time a rumour grew that it was to be by his translation to the Primacy, vacant by the death of Archbishop Tait. To this the Mayor referred in proposing the health of the Bishop on January 16th, drawing from him the prompt and emphatic declaration that Manchester will be "my first, my only, my beloved diocese."

Meantime as long as he was there, there should be no shirking or scamping of work, and the New Year opened with the usual flood of it. I think, in reading through the speeches and sermons of these months, after the event, that I can detect some slight flagging and weariness now and then, but not the slightest faltering or uncertainty in the note which is struck. That rings as truly as ever. A rapid glance, all that we can take, at the current work will show all the old directness, faithfulness, and even playfulness.

Speech to the Young Men's Christian Association, Jan. 1st.—"I know of no other source of strength for young men—no other hope of victory—than being led by that personal 'Word of God,' who is the way, the truth, and the life

1885 to all. If you young men can find a higher, purer, nobler life than that of Jesus Christ, follow that: meantime follow Him!"

From a speech to a parish gathering at Eccles, a rich and aristocratic suburb of Manchester.—"There is your 'Apparitor' who conducts me yearly to the pulpit with such dignified stateliness. I promise your Apparitor that I shall not easily forget him . . . . The exclusiveness of Eccles is enough to make any one calling himself a Christian a little anxious."

At Meeting of Pastoral Aid Society.—"I protest against the constant tendency which I see to treat our churches rather as the homes of congregations than of parishioners."

As President of Savings Bank Meeting.—"The days of accumulating great fortunes are said to have passed away. I for one shall not regret it, if the class which has had too little in past times shall have more in the times that are coming."

In this same month we may note that he consecrated the Church of St. Paul, at Adlington, the 120th which he had consecrated in his episcopate. Their cost had exceeded 916,000*l.* In February he had to notice Irish and Egyptian affairs, the former from the platform, the latter from the pulpit. "Why do not the leaders of the Irish party express their hatred of these dastardly attempts to create a reign of terror?" was the burthen of his speech on the former, "this age has special need of high types," on the latter occasion, referring to General Gordon, on which he read out Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" and "Who is the happy Warrior?"

April 22nd and 23rd.—In the Convocation of 1885, the last at which Bishop Fraser was present, the two Houses

sat separately. The Archbishop of York in his opening address touched cautiously on the severance—inevitable as he deemed it, if Convocation was "to disengage itself from the personal attacks which were never heard in their debates before 1880,"—and on his hope that, "as his own time must be short, the two Houses might again find it possible to assemble in peace under some future President." 1885

The Houses then separated, and the question of "the paternal authority of the Bishop" was debated in the Upper House. The proposed canon, "that the Bishop should sit with a Council to hear disputed cases," found no support, and was met by Fraser with his usual directness. Such a canon, he argued, would be in direct contradiction to the Prayer Book, "which is, I suppose, part of an Act of Parliament. The Prayer Book directs, that if a Bishop is in doubt he is to apply to the Archbishop, and not to a Council. Even if a canon could modify an Act of Parliament, how would this canon mend matters? So far as I can see we should be setting up a new diocesan court, which would have no power to enforce its decisions. I don't see how this scheme mends the present state of things."

Later on he moved a resolution on a subject on which he had himself grave doubts, "That it is desirable to consider and if possible to define, what should be the relations between the Bishop and any branch of the Church Army in his diocese." No conclusion was reached on this matter.

The subject of Mr. Mackonochie's resignation and the so-called *Policy of Peace* was again raised, upon which he said: "I do not think there was anything beyond a suggestion from the Archbishop that Mr. Mackonochie should be persuaded to resign. So far as I remember, the subsequent action of the Bishop of London was entirely independent of any recommendation of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To call such a simple act 'a policy of peace,' and endeavour to interpret it

1885 that Bishops are in recognition of it to tolerate ritualistic practices, which the proper courts have declared to be illegal and contrary to the formularies of the Church of England, is a very serious matter. I have said publicly, and I repeat it now, that such an idea of a truce has never entered my head. I could not with a due sense of my responsibility as a Bishop accept such an idea . . . and I must add that such a demand on the part of the clergy, whether a small or a large body, that the Bishops shall connive at their attempted violations of the law, at a time when respect for law and obedience to authority is not too common in England, is a matter of the worst example, and calculated to increase the elements of anarchy and confusion both in Church and State which exist already too abundantly on every side."

In May (as already noted) he preached the annual sermon to the Co-operative Congress at Derby; and another on the Free Schools Question in one of his short visits to London, in Westminster Abbey. During that same visit he attended a meeting for securing the better protection of women, and made a thoroughly characteristic speech in following the Bishop of Gloucester. That prelate had urged with much eloquence the duty of making sexual vice criminal by statute. "You can't turn vice into crime by Act of Parliament," commented Bishop Fraser. "The Puritans tried that, and brought back Charles II., with such an outbreak of profligacy as England has never seen before or since."

On the 10th of August he went up to vote in the House of Lords on the "Criminal Law Amendment Bill," returning to Manchester next day. And now again his short holiday time had come round. On the 19th he started with his wife for a ten days' tour in Wales, and reached his dear old home at Ufton on the last day of the month. There he enjoyed himself once more with the zest of a boy in his holidays visiting all old friends, from the squires to the ploughboys, and their wives, and equally welcome wherever he went.

With one of the former, Major Thoyts, the squire of Sulhampstead, he drove in a gig to Bradfield on one of the last days of his stay. A sharp east wind was blowing, and on his return he confessed to some stiffness in the neck. He seemed so strong and well in other respects that his wife was not alarmed, and after their week in Berkshire they turned homewards, sleeping on the night of the 7th at a friend's house near Stow-on-the-Wold. Next morning, his wife writes to Mr. Cornish, "he came into my room and showed me a swelling under the collar-bone, the left hand and arm greatly swelled and somewhat discoloured." The local doctor prescribed rubbing from the fingers upwards, and a pad steeped in liniment, adding that absolute rest was essential. "He said," Mrs. Fraser goes on, "the symptoms were somewhat obscure, but anyhow any sort of excitement or over-fatigue must be avoided. He does not feel ill, *looks* just as he did, sleeps well, but *there* is the swelling, which until it is subdued shows there is something wrong. I am not wholly surprised. I have long urged him to do less, but you know what his energetic nature is. . . We return home on Thursday, and happy shall I be to call in at once the best advice Manchester can furnish. The doctor here talks of an overtaxed system, which is only too likely to be true. The future is dim, but the way will be cleared, I doubt not. I only wish in all things to face matters calmly, not to be in too great haste, and yet not to lose time unnecessarily. I know I shall have your full sympathy. I don't wish the dear Bishop to be made depressed about himself, though to be sufficiently conscious that great care will be needed. We reach home, all being well, at 5.28 on Thursday, via Oxford and Bletchley. The remembrance of our happy Ufton visit will long linger with us." 1885

They reached home as proposed, and the Manchester doctors confirmed the view of their Gloucestershire brother. Next day, Sept. 12th, Mrs. Fraser writes to the anxious friends at Ufton, "You will like to hear at once that the dear Bishop is

1885 none the worse for the journey. Yesterday, Dr. Roberts made a careful examination, and assures me there is no disease whatever. He says it was a congested condition of the veins of the arm and neck, probably occasioned by a chill when the system was somewhat lowered and overtaxed: that absolute rest is required for the next two months, 'mind and body to lie fallow,' every engagement for preaching and meetings to be abandoned. He expects by that time the system will completely recover itself, though it ought to be a warning that work should be remodelled, and not so much undertaken. He must never walk up hill quickly, or do anything to quicken the circulation. When recovered, he says, a certain amount of work will be absolutely necessary to keep body and mind in a healthy condition, but the difficulty with him is to take engagements moderately. He still thinks he shall be able to ordain on Sunday after next, but all the fatigues of the previous week will be taken by Archdeacon Norris and the chaplains, and I hope he will consent to let some other Bishop take the Manchester and Salford confirmations."

In answer to Mr. Cornish's anxious enquiries as to the ordination work, Mrs. Fraser can reply on Sept. 22nd: "He was not even tired, had a good night, and has indeed slept well ever since our return. The arm and hand are all right again. There is just a little enlargement under the collar-bone, which shows the clot has not quite dispersed itself yet, but he really *looks* well, and is as cheery as possible. He has just had an hour at the Registry, but saw only three people, and had no trouble, and I took him down in the carriage and brought him back. On Monday we shall have to go to Bolton for a Church consecration, but there again he will not preach but only read the necessary prayers, and return at once afterwards. *All is going on well.* We have just ordered a gong to be sent to Ufton as our little offering, to summon you to dinner. Please send for it to Theale station."

On the same day the Bishop wrote himself to Archdeacon Rawstone :— 1885

Sept. 22nd, 1885.—"I am putting off every engagement that is not a matter of necessity. I took my ordination on Sunday—being lightened by the kindness of others of all but the necessary part of the service—and seem none the worse for it. I think the swelling near the collar-bone is less and the arm is less stiff, but I must wait for the two months' rest to do their work before daring to think of the future! But I cannot but regard what has happened as a sign and warning that the active work of my life is done. You know as well as any one that this diocese cannot be administered with half-man power. Remember when and where at such times one wishes to be remembered by one's friends."

To Mr. Tooke. Oct. 3rd, 1885.—"I think I am making good steady progress. Four doctors have overhauled me, and they all agree in their view of the case, and I shall form no plans for the future till the period prescribed for rest has expired. If I do not recover my former strength it will be vain to attempt to administer the diocese any longer; and I shall gladly make way for a younger and stronger man. Your Bishop sounded no uncertain note at his Diocesan Conference the other day. I think such utterances are required, and the Liberal party need to be told plainly that Churchmen do not mean to be robbed of their inheritance without a struggle. At the same time, every effort should be made to remove abuses, and make the Church national in the fullest sense of the word."

To F. Mumby, a young friend who had helped in diocesan work while living in the diocese, and had kept up correspondence with the Bishop after leaving it :—

Oct. 14th.—"The only thing I fear is that, with extended 'Local Government' in the air, we shall have all these, or at least most of them, and similar institutions" (Industrial

1885 Schools) "handed over to local control and their connection with 'the State' so far weakened.

"But it is impossible to say to what result these incoherent cries which are rending the air, and about which it is difficult to discern from what side they come—for it's all a Babel—will ultimately tend. At present my head is hardly strong enough to distinguish the wheat from the chaff. All I seem to see is that our leaders on both sides seem to cease to lead, and content themselves with saying to the people, 'You show us the way you wish us to go, and we will take it.' What would Plato have said to the chances of such a republic?

"I hope I am making progress slowly in the right direction; but it must be a matter of time, and for my own part I think I have had a warning that the active work of my life is done."

No harm would seem to have come of this working at half power, to which, to the great relief of his wife and doctors, he seems to have consented cheerfully, with a little playful remonstrance. That he had, however, quite realised how grave the crisis was, his last interview with his senior chaplain puts beyond a doubt. Archdeacon Norris, having taken the labouring oar in the Ordination examination and services, came to take his leave. "Never," he writes, "did I see his natural happiness find expression more delightfully. I was sitting on his bed-side, and he had been explaining to me how the clot of blood might, if it approached the heart, prove serious, and how he looked on it as the ἄγγελος τοῦ Θεοῦ, and then he added, 'And yet—I hope it isn't wrong—I never felt happier in all my life than I do at this moment.' Just then his wife came in, and he bade me farewell and gave me his blessing, adding cheerful messages to my wife, and some playful remark to his own. The squeeze he gave my hand under the coverlet told me how conscious he was that we might never meet again. Again and again he had told me his

dearest wish was to retire to Ufton, and end his days in the old home. Had he survived that illness all was arranged for his resignation." 1885

Still for some weeks all went well. On 5th October Mrs. Fraser writes to Mr. Cornish, as to his promised visit: "We shall be delighted to see you whenever you like to come. The 'rest time' is to extend till the end of the year, when I think the dear Bishop will rise up a new man, and I hope will begin a more moderate amount of work, and yet having enough to do to give interest and occupation. Our doctor is delighted with his progress, and he is as happy and cheery as possible. The Ryles were with us yesterday, as he had to preach two sermons at Kersal for the re-opening of the chancel, and our dear Bishop took the Communion service without any fatigue. They left us this morning after a pleasant visit. The weather is wild and stormy, but the Bishop gets out most days on our pleasant dry terrace. So glad the gong has arrived at last. The Bishop thought a stand for it could easily be made by Bryant."

From his sick room he was planning for his retirement. At Ufton, which would have been his own choice, no suitable home was to be had, the foremost of his requirements being a library capable of holding from 4,000 to 5,000 books. Failing Ufton his thoughts turned to Bath, his wife's old home, where his old Manchester friend Mr. Fletcher, now living there, was looking round for a suitable house. To him the Bishop writes, October 16th, "Many thanks for the trouble you have taken. It is quite evident that 23, Royal Crescent, will not do. The description in the advertisement was most misleading. Montebello would not be large enough, I fear; we would rather also rent than buy, and Montebello, I take it, is to be sold. At the same time, if it is not out of your way just to take a look at Montebello (some people, of whom I am one myself, rather like looking at houses) you can tell us whether it seems at all suitable, or by additions could be made so. . . .

1885 I am still, I hope, moving on in the right direction, at any rate I am not in the least pain, and everybody tells me I look very well. As you may imagine, I have the very best nursing, and begin to give myself all the airs of an invalid."

Five days later he wrote to Mr. Cornish, who had been up at Oxford, staying at Oriel, their old college :—

"*Manchester, Oct. 21st*, 1885.—My dear Cornish, Your letter entertained us much, specially your account of your visit to Oxford. I am very sorry to hear of the continued agricultural depression. When will the lowest depths be reached, I wonder? It can't be very pleasant with the growing luxury of the place to find one's income reduced 50 per cent. Do come to us as you propose on November 2nd. We will try and not let you catch a cold this time. The next week we shall probably go to London, where I have one or two engagements to fulfil, not requiring any great physical exertion—at the Bounty, the Ecclesiastical Commission, and a meeting of the Governors of Shrewsbury School. I may also perhaps take the opportunity of consulting some eminent surgeon—Sir Joseph Lister is recommended —about myself.

"I am making progress, I think, slowly in the right direction. I shall take the full time of rest ordered, but I don't at all expect that I shall find myself equal to the longer administration of this great diocese.

"The dear Dean of Chester is very ill—Bright's disease, I hear—and is leaving home for the winter. People say he is not likely to return alive. Poor fellow, he cannot keep himself quiet. I told him plainly at York last spring, that if he did not he would never live to see another Convocation.

"How did your political meeting go off? I can fancy Miss Sharp bursting with zeal. I hope the gong is busy, and

proves sufficient for its purpose. I think Catherine will not 1885
be at home when this reaches you. The wife sends all kind regards.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. MANCHESTER."

This was the last letter the Bishop wrote. In the afternoon he walked to visit an invalid curate, who has since followed him, and came home full of satisfaction at finding him better. After his return he showed no sign of weakness or relapse, but rather, if anything, more than usual buoyancy and playfulness. This was remarked both by his wife, and by Mrs. Stone, the old and faithful servant who had nursed her from her infancy, and was now performing the same good offices for her husband. In the evening his wife read aloud parts of *Kenilworth*. Since his attack the Waverley Novels had been their evening's amusement as they sat together over the fire. He much preferred them to any modern novels. On going to bed he said to his wife, "What a happy day we have had." An excellent night followed, and as joyous waking.

In the morning of the next day he breakfasted in bed. His wife came into his room at ten o'clock for their morning prayers, and found him looking radiantly happy. "Stone has been excellent company," he said, "and has been talking to me about your childhood. I seem to know more about you, dear, and your good father and mother, than I ever did before. Now let us have our little office together." The psalm for the day was the 107th, which they read alternately, verse 30, "Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be," falling to Mrs. Fraser. When it was over he said, "How I enjoy our little offices together. Now, dear, go down and write those letters for the early post. I will be with you in half an hour." Mrs. Stone prepared his bath, and he went into his dressing-room, saying he must lose no time, as he

1885 expected two clergymen on business at 11.30. There was no shade of suspicion either in his wife's or nurse's mind of any change in his symptoms. In a few minutes his bell rang. A servant came to Mrs. Fraser in the library, where she was expecting him, and said she was wanted up stairs. So little did she expect what was coming that she asked if her aunt was ill. The answer, "No, it is in your own room," alarmed her, and she ran up, and found him in bed, half dressed, and complaining of sickness and giddiness, which had come on while he was dressing. He was already scarcely conscious. The doctor was by his side in a few minutes, but he never rallied, and died in a few hours.

So ended one of the brightest, as well as one of the bravest, lives of our England in this century—the brightest without qualification this editor might have written so far as his own experience goes, and he has lived long and known many men in many walks of life. But, without indulging in any such generalisation, this at any rate can be safely said of James Fraser—and of how few besides!—that in his whole correspondence, and in the memories of his most intimate friends, there lingers no trace of those periods of depression, of hardness, of despondency, which cast their shadow across the paths of most of us, even of the most earnest and faithful. Do you say that the outward conditions of his life may well account for this—that they were happy and prosperous from beginning to end? But we know well enough that college rooms and quiet country parsonages are no surer homes of happiness and peace than palaces, or camps, or cottages; while, for the last fifteen years of his life, few men have borne a heavier burthen, or one more likely to take hope, and joy, and faith, out of the heart of him on whom it was laid. What then was his secret? for it must have been one which it concerns us all to know. If this memoir has been at all a faithful one, readers will not have far to seek. It may be given in half a dozen words. James

Fraser kept his child's heart to the end. Dr. Martineau, in 1885
one of the finest and deepest of his studies, that of St. Paul, uses words which put this in the clearest light, and may fitly close these pages :—

"We too often, in putting away childish things, part with the wrong elements : losing the heavenly insight, keeping the earthly darkness. We put away the guileless mind, the pure vision, the simple trust, the tender conscience; and reserve the petty scale of thought, the hasty will, the love of toils and strife. Paul put away only the ignorance and littleness of childhood, bearing with him its freshness, its truth, its God, into the grand work of his full age. And hence, while our religion lies somewhere near our cradle, and is a kind of sacred memory, his lived on, to speak for itself instead of being talked about. It fought all his conflicts; it took all the weight out of his chains; it condensed the lightning of his pen; and kindled the whole furnace of his glorious nature."

It is of course a comparison of small things with great to set the diocese of Manchester of our day by the side of "all the Gentile churches" under Tiberius and Nero; and St. Paul towers high above every Christian bishop since the days of the Apostles. But the spell which can alone reach the saddest depths of the world's sad heart remains for ever the same. And they who wield it—this secret of the Lord—with the most perfect mastery will be found, in the last century as in the first, to have entered the kingdom of God as little children.

It is Paul and Luther—the apostles of hope, not of asceticism—who can bring out the bright side of the Lord's kingdom, and teach "the wayfaring men though fools" to walk therein. It is this Gospel—this good news of trust and joy which wells forth from the lives and speech of such as he—the few who have seen the beatific vision—which is more than

1885 ever needed for our land, in these days, when its last great preacher of our generation has been called to his rest. "Blessed," says our Master, "are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

He was buried at Ufton, in the tomb in which he had laid his mother, on the 27th of October, in the presence of a remarkable gathering of friends from all parts of England. His old friend and successor performed the service and preached the funeral sermon. A volume might easily be filled with the tributes to his memory. One only can be given here, which I believe he would have specially prized. At his last visitation, some months before his death, he had said in his Charge :—"A friend has lately been good enough to send me a newspaper correspondence which I should not otherwise have seen, in which a good deal of pent-up indignation against me seems to have exploded. I am charged, amongst other grievous sins, of thinking not unkindly, and speaking not unfavourably of Dissenters. I don't profess to love dissent, but I have received innumerable kindnesses from Dissenters. Why should I abuse them? Why should I call them hard names? Remembering how non-conformity was made—no doubt sometimes by self-will, and pride, and prejudice, and ignorance, but far more often by the Church's supineness, neglect, and intolerance in days long gone by, of which we have not yet paid the full penalty—though, as I have said, I love not the thing, I cannot speak harshly of it."

On the Sunday after his death Dr. MacLaren, the chief minister of the Baptists in Manchester, spoke for all the Nonconformists of the north of England when he said, "All parties in religion and politics are one to-day. We all admired him. We all mourn him. Some of us differed profoundly from him on matters which both he and we felt to be important, but all the more do we reverence the goodness and great qualities of the man. We all feel that the public

life of this city is sadly impoverished by the removal of an unique personality, which was the centre of union for many a good cause." I do not know where to look for a tribute of more worth to the memory of any Prelate of the Church of this nation. Equally emphatic is the testimony of Churchmen to the same effect, which may be well summed up in the words of Mr. Holdsworth, M.P. for North West Manchester: "I am quite sure he has knit together the various bodies of Christians in Lancashire in a way which will never be entirely lost." 1885

APPENDIX.

"MY DEAR HUGHES,

"Although I succeeded to Bishop Fraser's Fellowship at Oriel, he had then been for a good many years non-resident, so that his pupils had all quitted the College, and few of his former co-tutors were left in Oxford. I cannot, therefore, tell you anything beyond what you are sure to know already regarding his life in Oriel: my own acquaintance with him arose later, out of our both serving as Assistant Commissioners to the Schools' Inquiry Commission. It was, his friends have generally understood, the excellence of his Report on the Common School System of the United States prepared for that Commission, an excellence which has been warmly recognised by the Americans (although he freely criticised that system), which led to his being offered the bishopric of Manchester in 1870. The late Lord Lyttelton was one of the Commissioners, and had been extremely struck by the great breadth of view, clearness of statement, and sympathetic insight of the Report, which remains to this day the best general picture of American schools. Neither can I tell you anything of his life at Ufton. But as I had means of knowing the diocese of Manchester before he went there, and of watching the effect he produced, I will venture, as you desire it, to send you some impressions regarding his public career and the illustrations it supplies of what an Anglican bishop may accomplish.

"Few changes in our modern England have been more remarkable than that in the character of the Bishops of the Anglican Church and the way they are regarded. Forty or fifty years ago they were usually rich, dignified, and rather indolent magnates, aristocratic in their tastes and habits, moderate in their theology, sometimes to the verge of indifferentism, quite as much men of the world as pastors of

souls. Now and then eminence in learning or literature raised a man to the bench; there were the 'Greek Play' bishops, such as Monk of Gloucester, and the *Quarterly Review* bishops, like Copleston of Llandaff, whose powerful pen as well as his wise administration of Oriel marked him for promotion. But on the whole the prelates of those days were more remarkable for their tact, their adroitness and suppleness, than for intellectual or moral eminence among the clergy so far as they were respected. They were respected as a part of the solid fabric of English society, more than for personal merits. But they were often a mark for political invective and literary sneers. The revival within the Church of England which has gone on all through this century began from below, and reached the bishops last. Palmerston's choice generally fell on men of earnestness, though they may have been sometimes narrow or unlearned. When the High Churchmen began to find their way to the bench under Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone, they showed as much religious zeal as the Evangelicals, and more gift for administration. The popular idea of what may be expected from a bishop rose, and the bishops rose with it. Whatever criticisms may be passed on Bishop Wilberforce every one will admit that he made himself a wonderful force in his diocese; his example told on his brethren, and Prime Ministers became more anxious to select energetic men. There is no denying that the Bishops are now among the foremost men in the Established Church; we see among them at least one brilliant orator, one profound scholar, several admirable administrators. Nobody now thinks of sneering at them as a class, nobody charges them with any fault save a certain episcopal conventionality, a readiness to seek to please all round by the use of vague professional language, a tendency to think too much about the Church of England as an establishment, and to yield to clerical opinion when they ought to speak and act with independence—in fact, a sort of ecclesiastiasm of mind and exclusiveness of spirit, which, however regrettable, are natural enough when one considers their position as the general officers, so to speak, of a sacerdotal army exposed to attacks from many sides.

"It was the rare and splendid merit of our departed friend that he had shaken himself completely free from these faults. With the sincerest loyalty to his own Church, with an untiring activity in the discharge of his episcopal duties, he seemed an Englishman rather than an Anglican, a Christian rather than a priest. You never felt in talking with him that his

position either tinged his opinions, or prevented you from expressing your own with the utmost frankness. He created a new and admirable type of English bishop, and why should we not admit that originality may be shown in the conception and discharge of an office as well as in the sphere of pure thought or literary creation?

"I knew the diocese of Manchester very well in the days when it was ruled by Bishop Lee. Though an able and learned man, who could make himself very agreeable to those whom he liked, he was personally unpopular, and accustomed to do little beyond his formal duties. He lived in a large and handsome country house some miles from the city, and was known by sight to very few of its inhabitants. You might travel, as I did when Assistant Commissioner, up and down through Lancashire, and meet no traces of his presence. Fraser had not been three months in the county before everything was changed. He got the country mansion sold, and established himself in a modest house in Cheetham Hill, one of the less fashionable suburbs of the city. He preached twice every Sunday, usually in some parish church, and spent the week in travelling hither and thither through his diocese, so that the days were few in which he was not on the railway. He stretched out the hand of friendship to the Dissenters (numerous and powerful in the manufacturing districts), who had hitherto regarded a bishop as a natural enemy, gained their confidence, and soon became as popular with them as with the laity of his own Church. He associated himself with all the works of benevolence or public utility which were in progress, subscribed to all so far as his means allowed, and was always ready to speak at a meeting on behalf of any good enterprise. He dealt in his sermons with the topics of the day, avoiding party politics, but speaking his mind on all social and moral questions with a freedom which sometimes involved him in passing difficulties, but stimulated the minds of his hearers, and gave the impression of his own perfect candour and perfect courage. He used to say that as he had to speak without preparation, he often got into hot water, that he knew it must be so, but that it was better to run the risk of making mistakes and suffering for them than to refuse out of self-regarding caution to do the best he could. He had that best kind of modesty which, when it thinks anything ought to be done, is willing to do it even imperfectly, because not over-careful of intellectual reputation. He lost no opportunity of meeting the working men, would go and talk to them at the mills, or in the evening gatherings of

the mechanics' institutes; and when any misfortune befell, such as a colliery accident, he was often among the first to reach the spot, to help the survivors, and comfort the widows. He made no difference between rich and poor, showed no wish to stay at the houses of the great, and treated the poorest curate with as much courtesy as the most pompous county magnate.

"Such a simple, earnest, active course of conduct soon told upon the feelings of the people. After 1870, wherever one went in Lancashire, one heard of what the bishop had been doing and saying. He was much criticised, but (except by extreme ecclesiastical partisans) always in a friendly and appreciative way. One used to be especially struck by the impression his personal presence made on those whom he went among. He was a tall, well-built man, very erect in figure, with a quick eye, a firm step, an expression of singular heartiness and geniality. He seemed always cheerful, and, in spite of his endless labours, always fresh and strong. His smile and the grasp of his hand put you into good humour with yourself and the world; if you were dispirited, they led you at once out of shadow into sunlight. He was not profoundly learned, and he had no time for sustained and searching thought; yet he seemed always abreast of what was passing in the world, and to know what the books and articles and speeches of the day contained, although he could not have read them. With strong opinions of his own, he was anxious to hear yours; a ready and eager talker, yet a willing listener. His oratory was plain, with few flights of rhetoric, but it was direct and vigorous, free from conventional phrases, always charged with solid thinking and genuine feeling. He had a strong sense of humour, the best proof of which was that he thoroughly relished a joke against himself. I remember his telling me with glee of an instance in which a clergyman whom he had reprimanded had turned the tables on him so wittily that he conceived a warm liking for the offender. However, the greatest charm, both of his public and private talk, was the transparent sincerity and honesty that shone through it. His mind was like a crystal pool of water in a mountain stream: you saw everything that was in it: you saw nothing that was mean or unworthy. It was this purity and freshness that made his character not only manly, but loveable and beautiful—beautiful in its tenderness, its loyalty to friendship, its love of truth. Among the public men of our time it would be hard to point to any more simple or noble soul.

"It was no wonder that such a character, set in a conspicuous place, and joined to extraordinary activity and zeal, should have produced an immense effect on the people of his city and diocese. No bishop in our time has been so popular or so useful as he; none certainly has been so much lamented by the masses of the people. But it is a significant fact that he was more popular with the laity than with the clergy. Not that any one ever accused him of want of orthodoxy. His theology, so far as it appeared in his University sermons, seemed, to us of a much younger generation, to be the old-fashioned Aristotelian High Churchism of 1840. Indeed he usually struck one as a moderate High Churchman of the older and distinctly non-Roman type, a High Churchman unconsciously verging towards what would be called a Broad Church position; with no great taste either for scientific theology or for ecclesiastical history; always maintaining the claim of the Anglican Church to undertake the education of the people, and upholding her status as an Establishment, but dwelling very little on minor points of doctrinal difference, and seeming to care still less for external observances or matters of ritual. This displeased the Ritualist party, and even among other sections of the clergy there was a kind of feeling that the Bishop was not sufficiently clerical, did not set full store by the sacerdotal side of his office, and did not think enough about purely clerical questions. Even his friendliness to the Dissenters was ill-regarded by those clergymen who deny to Dissenters the title of Christian ministers. He used to be called in Lancashire the Bishop of the Laity, sometimes the Bishop of the Dissenters.

"I do not know what you may have said in the text regarding the cases of Mr. Green and Mr. Cowgill which he had to deal with, but I remember well the way in which he spoke of these cases, and especially the latter. He deeply regretted the necessity which he deemed to be laid upon him of refusing to institute Mr. Cowgill. He held that for him to do so would be to connive at an evasion of the law and suffer it to be made sport of. I think he disapproved of what was done in the way of evading it as regards Mr. Mackonochie, for his view was that a bishop is bound to carry out the law *ex animo*, because it is the declared will of the Legislature, whether he personally approves of it or not, and he never gave me any reason to believe that he did approve of the Public Worship Regulation Act. He spoke of the recalcitrant clergymen and of the party who were

attacking him so angrily with no tinge of personal resentment. He could afford to be calm, because he felt no animosity and was governed only by a sense of his official duty. At no time indeed, have I ever heard him, decided as his opinions were, speak harshly of antagonists.

"Like some of the great bishops of early Christian centuries he was the first citizen of his diocese, more influential than its political leaders or territorial magnates, not by his official dignity, but because the active duties of his post gave occasion for the display in a large sphere of the civic virtues he possessed, inexhaustible public spirit, untiring energy, perfect candour and honesty, quick and generous sympathy with every form of goodness. The association of zeal and fervour with narrowness and even bitterness is so frequent that it is pleasant to dwell on so noble an example as he presented of a truly catholic spirit combined with intense feelings and active benevolence. In this spirit he resembled Dean Stanley. Unlike as they were in many respects, Stanley had the warmest admiration for Fraser, and used to speak of him as having created a new type of episcopal excellence; they deserve to be remembered together as among the brightest lights of their Church and generation.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. BRYCE."

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